

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1921

PHILANTHROPIC DOUBTS

BY CORNELIA J. CANNON

I

FOR thirty years the philanthropists of America have indulged in a perfect orgy of charitable activity. They have developed and expanded every form of humanitarian service common to the civilized nations, and have searched the world and their own imaginations for types of moral and physical ailment to which the philanthropies of old were oblivious, in order that they might still further improve society, and have even wider openings for the spread of their social enthusiasms. They have organized to deal with every form of human need, and have established institutions to rectify every variety of human defect. They have had oversight, from the cradle to the grave, of those unfortunates who anywhere along the way have fallen out of balanced adjustment to their environment. Pre-natal clinics, baby-welfare stations, orphan asylums, charity hospitals, penny-saving societies, child-hygiene associations, home-economics organizations, social-hygiene boards, dental clinics, and settlement houses have dotted the land. The socially minded have concerned themselves with the unmarried mother, the crippled, the blind, the insane, the deaf, the traveler, the tubercular; they have agitated for better housing, for

home nursing, for backyard playgrounds; they have enunciated a philosophy of the family, developed a technique of case-work, and formulated methods for conducting the philanthropic enterprises which have been generally accepted as an essential part of our organization of society. It has been social heresy to inveigh against or even question the fundamental importance of these charities. Indifferent to a protest so feeble as to be practically unheard, institutions for social uplift have followed our spread across the continent like prairie tumble-weed blown by an autumn gale.

But something has happened in the last year or so. The apparently solid support of these societies has shown signs of giving way. The expensive philanthropies, manned by professionally trained and highly paid experts doing careful individual work with the maladjusted, have been supported by a lavish public. The gifts came from the possessors of old wealth, who had been trained to accept philanthropic obligations as paramount, a sort of first lien on property, and from the possessors of new wealth, seeking outlets for their surplus. The money came comparatively easily. A mushroom tradition of

the ethical beauty of dying poor gave impetus to the generous impulses of the donors. Rich Americans have 'gone in' for philanthropy as the English gentleman goes in for sport. Each man has adopted his pet charity, has preyed upon his friends for help, and been preyed upon in turn.

This impulse of giving did not always imply personal sacrifice. 'Give till it hurts' was a slogan developed by the war emergency. In the piping days of peace such drastic advice would have defeated its own ends. 'Give as much as you comfortably can' is about as strong a stimulus as we can stand today. Of late the charitable institutions, perhaps in desperation, have assumed a truculent tone, an air of authoritative activity, of an implied right to our donations, that has robbed us of the grace of generosity. We confess to a harried feeling in the presence of the grim alternatives daily offered to us, of either surrendering our money or accepting a major responsibility for the downfall of philanthropic institutions.

Must we bear the burden of moral obloquy imposed upon us by the anxious philanthropists, or is there some justifiable limit to our charitable efforts to help our less fortunate brethren? May it not be just possible that this revolt of the giving public is not altogether selfish, but is the harbinger of a moral revolution?

II

A survey of the philanthropic quandary discloses some new elements in the complex. Thousands of families in the past had incomes with a comfortable surplus, which was available for the support of an elaborate system of philanthropies. These surpluses have fallen into the remorseless grasp of the collector of surtaxes. Our national, and only legitimate, community-chest now

offers sanctuary to the moneys that used to be lavished on the widow and orphan. This is a consideration that might be easily overlooked, and yet is a factor of significance as a sign of the times. We have seen fit, for the common good, to appropriate from the pockets of our citizens sums so gigantic that they make the large donations of recent years to the cause of philanthropy seem like a tiny star in a giant galaxy.

If we can tax so heavily for purposes of war without raising a word of protest, would it not be possible to do something commensurate for purposes of peace without reaping the whirlwind? The money has passed beyond the reach of the philanthropists. Has the responsibility associated with its former use passed with it? After all, whose duty is it to see that this is a better world? Is it not the natural burden of the people who inhabit the earth — not of a selected few, but of all the people? Can we not look forward to a day when our philanthropic obligations will be brought to our attention, not by an appeal from boards of directors, but by a tax-bill from the properly constituted authorities?

Whatever the future may hold for us, the community of the present will no longer support private charities on the scale and in the manner it has done in the past. We are forced to ask ourselves whether the basis of the philanthropic movement is sound; whether it is doing an essential work; and whether that work can be carried on in the face of a general refusal on the part of the public to back the philanthropists.

What lies at the root of the philanthropic impulse? The moralist would say brotherly love. But it is a love that takes a very different attitude from that we show toward our blood brothers. It could hardly be called friendship, for it assumes no equal give and

take. Might it be a subconscious response to the doctrine drilled into a Christian nation, 'Thou art thy brother's keeper'? Or is it an obscure expression of some primitive herd-instinct, coming up with us from the palæozoic ooze, determining alike the conduct of the Neanderthal Man and of Edith Cavell? The impulse is not only not simple, but is probably extremely complex. There are in it elements of kindly condescension, of a sympathetic fellow feeling, and of ardent generosity.

We can imagine the philanthropist saying to himself, 'Here is a world admittedly imperfect, and here are we humanitarians eager to set it right. What exception can be taken to our urge toward betterment? What if it does perpetuate in our minds and in the community's the differences of man from man? The differences are there, and closing our eyes to them does not eliminate them. We are willing to give our time, our money, and our enthusiasm to bring health and happiness to our brothers who are poor and suffering. It is impossible that the community wishes to repudiate us. We are the exemplars, however imperfect, of the Christian ideal which is the basis of our civilization.'

We have many things to say in reply to him. An enthusiastic friend of a blind man offered to bring another blind man to see him, thinking thereby to give pleasure to both. 'No,' said the blind man, 'I do not wish to meet people on the ground of my infirmities.' Our philanthropist's first handicap lies here. His human contacts are on the basis of infirmities, poverty, ignorance, sin, never on the basis of any mutual interest or responsibility. It is not 'our baby-welfare clinic,' to which we all bring our babies, but 'your baby-welfare clinic,' to which I bring my baby to be told how I should take care of it. It is not 'our home-economics associa-

tion,' but 'your home-economics club,' to which I am invited to come and learn the wider use of corn-meal.

Environment has perhaps favored you more than it has me; but I also have a contribution to make to our mutual betterment, if you can only bring yourself to count me in. It is not enough for you to love humanity. You must have a delicate respect for the soul of humanity, that sensitive instrument which registers progress in terms of the individual's victory over himself. I do not wish to be lifted up by you or anyone else; I wish to lift myself. Even though the height I attain by my own efforts be not so lofty, the foundations of my character are firmer and are better able to resist the assaults of temptation.

A fastidious respect for our brother's personality makes heavy drafts on our tolerance — too heavy at times to be honored. So we fail in our efforts to help, and ascribe our failure to the obduracy of the beneficiary, or to inferior traditions inherited from alien races. We are willing to admit that our municipal government is very bad, but we aver that it is better for us to manage it inefficiently for ourselves than to allow anyone else to manage it for us, however admirable the immediate results might be. When, however, it comes to the decisions of a man's life by which his character is to be built up, if he happens to be poor, we may remove from him the opportunity for choice by a pressure he is unable to withstand. We show a Gargantuan daring in assuming responsibility for lives alien to our own. How much good are we justified in hoping or expecting will come of it? Of course, each reader will instantly think of cases he or she has known in which lives have been markedly altered for the better by contacts formed in philanthropic association. There are perhaps many, but how

large do these cases bulk in the total number of individuals dealt with? How do such successes balance the effort, money, enthusiasm, and vital energy that have gone into these attempts at human reconstruction? In our own personal lives, who has influenced us save those whose family relations, social status, and range of interests most closely approximate our own? We should regard as an impertinence, if done to us, the invasion of spiritual privacy that the more tolerant victims of misfortune accept as part of their disability. They act upon our advice if they must, they disregard it if they can, but they preserve untouched the inner citadel of their personality, whence their fighting forces may sally forth once the siege is raised. Could we accomplish as much with as well-bred dignity?

A serious defect, seemingly inherent in the organization of philanthropic effort, is the intense individualism of each unit and the frequent jealousy or disregard of one another. It may be the fault of their virtues, each organization having an almost fanatical sense that it holds the key to human regeneration. To the outsider it looks like a lot of ants tugging from all sides at a dead beetle. The beetle does not move, and the ants use a prodigious amount of energy, to no avail. Coöperation is a word often on the lips of the social worker, but not always understood. Indeed, such fundamental coöperation as has been achieved has usually been accomplished by forming an additional coöperating agency to accomplish it. And yet, duplication of effort or failure to recognize reasonable limits to the number of philanthropic establishments is a spoliation of the whole community.

A more fundamental danger, and one to which the best are prone, is reluctance to let go and cease functioning

when the need is past. Vested funds, rooted traditions, personal zeal, often conspire to keep alive institutions which have served their day and whose continued existence is only an incubus on the community. It is a rare board of directors that will admit the failure of its experiment or recognize that changing conditions demand an entirely new alignment if an institution is to fulfill its purpose. Occasionally a day nursery does close its doors and fight for mothers' pensions, or an orphan asylum lets its plant lie idle while it places out its charges in homes; but do not the chimneys of many a mistaken charity pour out the smoke of a high-priced coal on a world that has long ceased to have any need for such an organization? No entrenched idea seems more difficult to dislodge than this passion for a philanthropy for its own sake. Endowments perpetuate what should be only temporary; they give immortality to the normally transitory; until our land is weighted down with foundations and institutions which fetter the free spirit of a changing world.

III

Are the philanthropic societies doing an essential work? In every community there are the discerning who have eyes to see an evil and imaginations to vision a good that can be brought out of it. They gather round them the few whom they can inspire with their enthusiasm, and try out the new idea. These are the social pioneers, the leaders to whom we all look for guidance. In so far as charitable societies catch the spirit of these adventurers and hold the ideal of their own labor as pioneering, they do a vital work, and in the future, as in the past, will be essential to social progress. But the assumption of many philanthropic associations, that they are to go on forever, that they

are as permanent a part of the running of a democracy as the ballot-box itself, robs their effort of much of its significance.

'Yes,' the philanthropist may say, 'that is all very well; but if we do not care for the orphans, who will? If we do not stand by the unmarried mothers, who will befriend them? If we do not maintain day nurseries, how can needy widows go out to work?'

In a civilization so complex as ours it is not feasible that we should depend on these small philanthropic groups to keep the great machine going and the grosser injustices from being done, and it is impossible that we should continue to be mendicants for their bounty. It is not self-respecting for any community to let the few shoulder the responsibilities of the many. What are we going to do about it? The public is bringing the whole matter to an issue by refusing any longer to support private charities on the present scale, whether that scale is regarded as extravagant or not. On the other hand, there remains a mass of good-will, energy, and devotion to the bettering of the world, available for the common service. How can such money as there is, and such energy, be employed to the best advantage? How can what is prescient in the philanthropic movement be preserved, and what is unsocial be eliminated?

If you compare a city which has a full quota of philanthropic societies to care for every type of human sin and weakness with one which has practically nothing, you will not necessarily find any superiority in the more richly equipped. Of course, you may say, 'What would the first city be without the institutions? Its problems are graver than those of the second city, and its evil is held in check only by the activities of the generously inclined.' But are not a community's standard and quality primarily due to its educa-

tional opportunities, its living conditions, its civic enthusiasm, its moral standards, its homogeneity of feeling, and not to the efforts that any one group may make to improve any other group?

The status of the philanthropies during the war was a revelation like that made by a dazzling streak of lightning. During those momentous years there were high wages, prohibition, and plenty of work for everyone. The demands on the charitable societies dropped fifty per cent and more. The poor and the sick seemed to be no more with us. The question forced itself upon us, 'Is it possible that the philanthropies have been on the wrong tack, that fair wages and decent living conditions are the basis of a sound civilization, and that the philanthropists are but poulticing a surface sore?' There were some few associations which saw in the light of this great experiment the portent of their own ultimate dissolution. Though of making philanthropies there seems no end, of ending them there seems to be no beginning, so that the total number in existence has not been appreciably reduced by the world-shaking convulsions of the war.

A new orientation has, however, taken place in the public mind toward the philanthropist as the sensitive register of human suffering, and the chief guide to the alleviation of human misery. We are beginning to recognize that the same passion for humanity that inspires one man to lavish money on baby welfare, rescue homes for girls, and Christmas dinners for the poor makes another man a radical. The impulses in both cases are the same, but the second man is trying to think more fundamentally than the first. His methods may be clumsy and his suggested solution crude, but his aim is to remove the causes of human despair, not to risk the loss of precious

time by attempting to modify their tragic consequences.

The philanthropists belong to a class on which the injustices of our present basis of society have not borne heavily. They serve unconsciously as a bulwark of the *status quo*, for whose defects they are ready and eager to apply palliatives. They are the great menders and patchers-up of society, not the surgeons who cut deep into the festering sore and scrape the bone. They express the tenderness and pity of man, not his reasoning intelligence. Their technique is developed to a high degree of perfection, but their philosophy lags far behind. They know better *how* to do a thing than *why*. We must turn to them for methods, the fruit of long and careful experiment; but as yet they have offered us no fundamental basis for the work of human improvement. It is not through their eyes that we shall see life steadily and see it whole.

IV

The interlocutor queries, 'What are we here for?' and instead of being satisfied with the exemplary reply, 'To help others,' invites disaster by persisting, 'But what are the others here for?' Here is the Achilles heel of the philanthropic movement. In the soul of the philanthropist stirs a passion for betterment, a real desire that life shall be more endurable for us all. But in the method he employs he ignores participation by the 'others.' He uses the ways of an aristocracy instead of those native to a democracy.

The major indictment against philanthropy is that it has ignored the opportunities democracy offers for reforms from within. It has distracted our minds and attention from community responsibility for the removal of social defects. It has encouraged us to leave reforms to the activity of self-

appointed groups. Its reforms have tended to be superficial, because it has everywhere selected for its leaders those interested in philanthropy, but not in democracy. The typical lover of his kind will pour out money for the starving Chinese though he may hesitate to contribute to campaign expenses for public-school associations. The novice can catch the thrill of teaching folk-dancing to the tenement-house child or distributing bread tickets to the poor; but an offer to pay the expenses of a board of health 'clean-up campaign' requires imagination of a different order.

Yet a great people committed to the experiment of organizing a democratic society fails in so far as it refuses to use the forms appropriate to democracy. Here about us are all the types of community effort that we have so far evolved: boards of health, school committees, overseers of the poor, courts, probation systems, boards of parole, poorhouses, commissioners for the blind, public libraries, departments for the care of defectives, for the care of children, for giving mothers' pensions, for the supervision of public safety, for the treatment of the tubercular, hospitals, dispensaries, parks and playgrounds — and yet how few philanthropists try loyally to work out their problems through this wealth of agencies before organizing associations of their own.

And where is the reformer who ever feels that, once a law is passed and a department created, there is any further responsibility on his shoulders? Yet, if we had the wit to see it, our responsibility is then but just beginning. City and county and state officials are only our leaders; we are the rank and file, who must stand back of them if they are to be truly effective. An autocracy does not need the coöperation of its citizens; it is not organ-

ized to depend on that; but the failures of democracy are the failures of citizens to play their part. The governing departments belong to us. Their successes are ours; their mistakes disgrace us. Think what a board of health might accomplish if the citizens made an effort to work wholeheartedly with it! Think what a street-cleaning department might be in a city where every inhabitant felt as responsible for the sidewalk and street in front of his property as for his parlor floor! Think of the quality a community might acquire with a school system which was the pride and anxious concern of every parent in the city!

Where are the members of the community who might have leisure and money to band their fellows together and work unrestingly with the public officials to build the City Beautiful? They are supporting attractive homes for the aged poor, while wages are too low to allow a worker to save for the future; they are establishing asylums for illegitimate children, while public dance-halls are not safeguarded; they are forming classes to teach English to foreigners to whom the evening schools are open; they are spending large sums to teach music to children, while the school department is too impoverished to give a class more than two hours' instruction a day.

These efforts may be good in themselves, but a community must make its investments with some sense of proportion. Enthusiasm for the individual may be a blunder. Suppose that through our failure to carry on some charity individuals do suffer here and there. There are bound to be sufferers at best; but one is blind indeed who does not see that more misery may be saved in the end by the more broadly conceived plan. Even a very slight enlargement of the department for child-care in a board of health would

accomplish more for the welfare of our youthful citizens than the work any private society for the care of babies could do in twenty years.

Has philanthropy any place, then, in a modern community? The concern of the philanthropist is legitimately with those social responsibilities not yet assumed by all. A group of persons dedicating themselves to the study of existing evils, to the practice of admittedly temporary demonstrations of improved methods for combatting these evils, and to a determination never to shoulder any permanent responsibility for the carrying-out of reforms, has a very important place in society to-day. If such a group of social experimenters has, after a suitable interval of time, failed to persuade the community of the value of the suggested reforms so that the authorities are ready to adopt them, it should feel no false pride in abandoning the venture. The experiment may have been impracticable; other forces in the community may have been attacking the problem from a more advantageous position; or public sympathy, without which no reform is possible, may have been lacking. In any case the paddle-wheels are beating empty air, and it behooves the reformers to conserve their fuel till the tide comes in. Such an attitude requires a very high order of self-effacement, though one surely not beyond the capacities of true lovers of their kind.

The reluctance of organized societies to surrender their work to the community itself is not always due to an exaggerated sense of the importance of their own contribution, but may be inspired by a very real fear of a consequent lowering of standards. The apprehension is understandable, but it is shortsighted. How many persons who have seriously tried to coöperate with public servants have found them impossible to work with? In some com-

munities there is political corruption of a serious nature. This does not, however, justify turning to private charity as a way out. It might serve the poor and suffering of such a city much better if all the charitable institutions closed their doors and used their time and money to establish and back a good government. In most of our cities the government, though often inefficient and unenlightened, is not corrupt, or beyond the influence of the citizens who have no private axe to grind. The worst failures are due to the fact that, as soon as the officials are elected, the public forgets all about them and leaves them to the companionship of the few who come to abuse and the many who come to get some favor for themselves or their friends. Public servants can hardly credit their senses when citizens come with a desire to back them in doing a difficult task, or to help them in their efforts to carry on their work efficiently. Citizens have no one except themselves to thank if an official, left to the mercies of the self-seeking, becomes careless in self-defense or corrupt through evil associations.

Think of the daily battle the officers of a board of health have to fight! They are the bane of every vicious element in a city, the enemy of every man who wishes to break the sanitary laws. Every dishonest landlord, every filthy tenant hates them. They are hounded by peddlers who wish to be exceptions to the law; by the dealers who prefer to leave their trash on the sidewalk; by butchers who are unwilling to screen their premises; by stable-keepers who refuse to remove manure; by irate parents who see no sense in quarantine; by the gentry who spit on the sidewalk; and by lodging-house keepers who do not think eight sleeping in a hall bedroom excessive. The law-abiding citizens leave the board of health alone.

Is it any wonder that the officials feel that the hand of man is against them, and sometimes weaken in playing such a losing game? If only the people could realize that the board of health is their creation, trying in the face of mountainous difficulties to carry out their orders and make the community a place of safety for them and their children, they might feel a share in the responsibilities, a pride in the achievements, and a sense of personal failure in the mistakes. Real contact on the part of citizens with governmental problems often brings home the fact that the defects which loom large are due to a lack of money, of public backing, and of legal authority — circumstances beyond the control of the official, but within the power of his employer, the public.

The high standards of our heavily endowed and well-managed philanthropies may be beyond our station in life. A democracy has to surrender a certain perfection of efficiency. We deplore it, though we know the compensations are great. We make our mistakes, but we learn from our failures and develop a power that would be withheld from us if we were perpetually guarded from error by superior intelligences.

The taking over by towns and states of the responsibility for the care and prevention of tuberculosis, a work ably initiated all over the country by the anti-tuberculosis associations, undoubtedly meant in some places an inferior quality in the treatment given; but the comprehensiveness of the work that is being done and the promise that the activity throughout the country makes for an eventual control of the dread disease, is something no private organization, however efficient and ably run, could have hoped to attain. Yet anti-tuberculosis associations continue to exist, refusing to recognize that

their pioneer work is done and that their outposts should be moved further on.

Legal aid societies have figured as charities since their inception. Only recently a profoundly significant change of attitude has begun to show itself in the minds of those cognizant of the flaws in the relation between justice and the poor. Legal advice for those with small means is being accepted as a part of the public administration of justice, a responsibility of the people as a whole, not a benefit conferred by the rich on their less fortunate fellows. The very fact that the impecunious client becomes a part of the system itself brings him the assistance of the public agencies of our juridical machinery, which are not so readily available to the private organization. The needs of the litigant become of primary concern to those responsible both for protecting his rights and for enforcing the decrees of the law-makers.

In the educational world the kindergartens have passed through somewhat the same cycle. They were begun as an experiment, by private enthusiasts, then given a grudging hospitality by our public-school system, and finally accepted in their entirety as an essential part of the educational course in all progressive communities. And yet occasional settlement houses have maintained kindergartens close to those of adjacent schools, on the ground that the school was crowded or the teachers not so skilled as their own. Did the idea of lending an extra room for the use of the public school, or bringing community pressure to bear to increase school-equipment and to improve the quality of the teachers, lie beyond the range of possibilities in the minds of these settlement directors? Such institutions have kept up their old routine, instead of using their freedom to try new ways of bringing light into dark places. The

amount of public money available for experiments is always small. The taxpayer is perhaps justifiably reluctant to have his money used for purposes which may prove to be utopian; so that many promising but untried methods must wait on the generosity and initiative of private enthusiasts for their testing out. This makes the plodding work of an institution which accepts itself as a fixed part of the social universe so deeply disappointing.

The Workmen's Compensation acts can hardly be said to be the result of an enlightened refusal on the part of the private charities to bear the burden of the tragedies of industry, but they lifted from the philanthropic agencies burdens which the industry should itself bear. The acts suddenly made the problem distinct. They drew the attention of the industries to the cost of accidents, which had been previously borne by the families of the victims and the philanthropies of the community, and had now become a heavy drag on the profits of production. The expense was quickly recognized as excessive, and intelligent efforts were made to reduce it. The most spectacular effect has been the greatly increased demand for safety appliances, medical and nursing care in factories, and a final and perhaps determining pressure for the prohibition amendment. The philanthropist might have gone on indefinitely carrying the load; but when the responsibility for faulty industrial conditions was thrown on the community at large, through additional cost of the products of industry, something fundamental took place.

The Mothers' Pension acts have had a similar history. They have removed a crushing weight from the shoulders of women with young children, and placed it on the shoulders of the taxpayers. The tax-payers, however, perform a double function. They not only

provide money for the pensions, but make and enforce the laws as well. They have not been content with doling out groceries and paying rent, but have made new laws about deserting husbands, and have stimulated the activity of the courts and the extraditing agents to return these evaders to the bearing of their responsibilities. In our capacity as the governing body in a democracy, we go far beyond any individual's ability to achieve. We become supermen, and can accomplish the seemingly impossible.

Education used to be regarded as a philanthropy. Charitable schools cast their turbid shadow on mid-Victorian literature. It was a form of charity which was withheld as far as possible from the working classes, lest it make them restless and dissatisfied, and was given out only in quantities which were expected to add to the usefulness but not to the ambition of the lower ranks of society. Democracy has discredited education as a philanthropy, and recognized it as the right of every potential citizen, the only insurance against the anarchy of ignorance, and the sole safeguard of the institutions of a free people.

The public schools offer to all the children of the Republic the opportunity to prepare for citizenship together — the rich and the poor, those with long traditions of culture and those with long traditions of toil — in the atmosphere and under the inspiration of the community institution. If the schools as they exist to-day are not good enough for one man's children, they are not good enough for any man's children, and the enlightened lover of his kind must throw the money, interest, and enthusiasm he may be putting into the private schools into the public. Whatever improvement he can there achieve will better the education of hundreds of children instead of tens,

and will not lapse with the passing of his interest. Citizens interested in education, who devote themselves to the building up of private and parochial schools, have not been touched by the Americanization movement and have never fundamentally grasped the American idea. The place for them to help is in the school-system itself, where the problem is acute, the laboratory prepared, and where an outside intelligent interest is of value in keeping alive the professional enthusiasm which may be repressed by the insistent demands of the daily duty. No money can return larger dividends in real accomplishment than that added to the budget of our public schools; nor can any community interest more certainly strengthen the best elements in our civilization than that devoted to the improvement of the public education.

V

What is our moral responsibility to our brothers, fortunate and unfortunate alike? If we give the best education we can to every citizen, if we keep the community health at the highest possible level, and provide ample opportunities for innocent pleasure; if we strengthen the churches and safeguard working conditions in our industries; if we provide the most favorable environment that lies within our power, cannot we trust the individual to work out his own destiny? Even those social workers who devote most time and attention to work with the individual find that the problem of human difficulty is largely one of faulty character. Is not the remedying of that defect beyond the power as well as the province of any self-constituted group in the community? Must we not leave those changes to the interplay of the influences of a man's family, church, friends, teachers, and fellow workmen, in an

environment as wholesome for all of us as our united efforts can make it? The new keeper of his brother is the man who looks to bettering his home town, not to giving his old coat to the beggar. At the Judgment Seat we may be asked, 'What did you do to improve your city government?' and not be allowed to introduce evidence as to our distribution of the scraps from our table. Our task is, not buttressing the weaknesses of our fellows with our strength, but organizing the energies of man to reconstruct his world.

The dream of our people is the coming in of true democracy. Dreaming does not bring the realization nearer. In the organization of human society the pronouncement, 'Let there be peace,' is of no value unless it is accompanied by some concrete suggestion as to how this desirable end may be attained. The philanthropist's contribution must be experimental work on happier methods of living together. There is no particular dignity or virtue in giving money to a soup-kitchen or in giving clothes to the children of the unemployed. But there is a tonic in working in one's home, one's business, and one's community to prevent unemployment.

The genius of the American people is never going to allow itself to be daunted by such a problem. A nation that could devise the traction plough, tame the wilderness, and build the Panama Canal has inventive ability enough to make continuous mutual service a possibility. Each man's work means every other man's additional comfort and leisure. The problem of uninterrupted employment is surely no more occult than the problems of organization and distribution that our great corporations have successfully wrestled with. But so long as we placate our intelligence and pacify our consciences by our philanthropies, we put off the

day of attack on the sources of poverty and distress.

The game of democracy cannot be played from the grand stand. The humanitarian finds it fatally easy to sit on the side-lines and criticize. He may be willing to sponge the combatants' faces and run no risk of getting dirt on his clothes, but to play the people's game, he must get into the ring and be willing to take knockout blows and still come back. The only place where the game can be played is within the organizations of our towns, our counties, our states, and our nation. And the only way it can be played is by citizens fighting together as fellow sufferers against the forces of corruption and destruction that lie in wait for us.

The social workers, the professionals of the philanthropic movement, are themselves becoming weary of their dependence on the uncertain generosity of the patrons of the poor. Many of them, especially the more thoughtful, have felt an inner skepticism as to the fundamental character of their work, even while they have developed a technique which they feel is their real contribution to the solution of the social riddle. The primary interest of the best of them is not so much that of keeping their own particular institutions alive, as of animating the community as a whole with the spirit they have developed, and transferring to the public agencies the methods worked out by years of experiment in private enterprises.

The community organizations deal with masses; and, as masses are simply the sum-total of individuals, the perfection of the result depends on the intelligence with which each dependent's difficulty is treated. To carry over into public work the professional ability, the intellectual enthusiasm, and the discriminating judgment that have characterized the activities of the

best social workers, is a responsibility of the philanthropists who pay their taxes but who have ceased giving to private charities. The passing of laws alone will never bring in the millennium; the establishment of public commissions to do the work the private groups are now doing is not enough. We must feel a responsibility, as individuals and as a nation, for the organ-

izations we share in common. We can afford to give over into public control our private institutions for the service of our fellow men, if we continue to exercise the same energy that we have devoted to them in cultivating the social outlook of our public officers and in increasing the scientific and humanitarian character of our community institutions.

THE WALPOLE BEAUTY

BY E. BARRINGTON

[From a packet of letters, written in the middle of the eighteenth century by Lady Fanny Armine to her cousin, Lady Desmond, in Ireland, I have strung together one of the strangest of true stories — the history of Maria Walpole, niece of the famous Horace Walpole and illegitimate daughter of his brother, Sir Edward Walpole. The letters are a pot-pourri of town and family gossip, and in gathering the references to Maria Walpole into coherence, I am compelled to omit much that is characteristic and interesting.]

July, 1757.

WHY, Kitty, my dear, what signifies your reproaches? I wish I may never be more guilty than I am this day. I laid out a part of your money in a made-up mantua and a petticoat of Rat de St. Maur, and for the hat, 't was the exact copy of the lovely Gunning's — Maria Coventry. And though I won't flatter you, child, by saying your bloom equals hers (for I can't tell what hers may be under the white lead she lays on so thick), yet I will say that your Irish eyes may ambuscade to the full as well beneath it, though they won't shoot an earl flying, like hers, because you have captured your baronet already!

But 't is news you would have —

news, says you, of all the gay doings of the town.

And how is her Gunning Grace of Hamilton, you ask, and do the folk still climb on chairs at Court to stare at her? Vastly in beauty, child. She was in a suit of fine blue satin at the last Birthnight, sprigged all over with white, and the petticoat robings broidered in the manner of a trimming wove in the satin. A hoop of the richest damask, trimmed with gold and silver. These cost fourteen guineas a hoop, my dear. Who shall say the ladies of the present age don't understand refinements? Her Grace had diamonds plastered on wherever they would stick, and all the people of quality run mad to have a stare at so much beauty, set

off with as much glare as Vauxhall on a fête night, and she as demure as a cat after chickens.

But 't is always the way with these sudden-come-ups, they never have the easy carriage that comes from breeding, and 't is too much to expect she should be a topping courtier.

You must know Horry Walpole was there, in gray and silver brocade, as fine and finical a gentleman as ever, and most genteelly lean; and says I to him, 'What think you, Mr. Walpole, of our two coquet Irish beauties? Do they put out all the fire of our English charmers?'

So he drew himself up and took a pinch of rappee (can't you see him, Kitty, my girl?), and says he, —

'Madam, to a lady that is herself all beauty and need envy none, I may say we have a beauty to be produced shortly to the town that will flutter all the world excepting only the lady I have the honor to address.'

And, Lord! the bow he made me, with his hat to his heart!

'La, man,' says I, 'who is she? But sure I know. 'T is the Duchess of Queensbury reduced a good half in size and with a new complexion.'

But Horry shook his ambrosial curls.

'No, madam, 'pon honor! A little girl with the vivacity of sixteen and brown eyes, brown hair — in fact, a brown beauty.'

And then it flashed on me and I says, —

'Good God! — Maria! But sure she can't be presented. 'T is impossible!' And could have bit my silly tongue out when 't was said.

He shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman — 't is the last grace he picked up in Paris, and turned from me to the new lady errant, Miss Chester, who models herself on the famous Miss Chudleigh. But nothing could equal the horrid indecency of Miss Chud-

leigh's habit at the masquerade at Vauxhall t'other day! She was Iphigenia in a Greek undress, and says Horry, —

'Sure, never was a more convenient thing — the victim is prepared for the priest to inspect the entrails without more ado.'

I thought we should have died laughing. 'T is only a woman of breeding knows exactly where certainty should stop and imagination take its place.

But, Kitty child, who do you guess is the new beauty? I give you one, I give you two, I give you three! And if 't was three hundred, you'd be never the wiser. Why, Maria Walpole, you little blockhead! Maria, the daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horry's brother. What think you of that? But Sir Edward never was married, says you. True for you, Kitty, but don't you know the story? No, to be sure. There's no scandal in Ireland, for St. Patrick banished it along with the snakes and their poison, because the island that has so many misfortunes would have died of another.

Well, take your sampler like a good little girl and hearken to the history of the lovely Maria that's to blow out the Gunning candles. Let me present to your la'ship Sir Edward Walpole, brother to the Baron of Strawberry Hill. A flourish and a sliding bow and you know one another! Sir Edward, who resembles not Horry in his love for the twittle-twattle of the town, is a passable performer on the bass-viol, and a hermit — the Hermit of Pall Mall. But the rules of that Hermitage are not too severe, child. 'T is known there were relaxations. And notably one.

The Hermit some years since was lodged in Pall Mall, and in the lower floors was lodged a dealer in clothes, with prentices to fetch and carry.

Lord! says Kitty, what's this to the

purpose? Attend, Madam. The curtain rises!

'T is an old story: the virtuous pretence — and the unvirtuous. There was one of them — Dorothy Clement, a rustic beauty, straw hat tied under the roguish chin, little tucked-up gown of flowered stuff, handkerchief crossed over the bosom, ruffled elbows. 'T is so pretty a dress, that I protest I marvel women of quality don't use it! However, this demure damsel looked up at Sir Edward under the hat, and he peeped under the brim, and when he left the house and returned to his own, what should happen but the trembling beauty runs to him, one fine day, for protection, swearing her family and master have all cast her off because 't was noted the gentleman had an eye for a charming face.

Well, child, 't is known hermits do not marry. 'T is too much to ask of their Holinesses. But he set a chair at the foot of his table for the damsel and bid her share his pulse and crusts; and so 't was done, and whether in town or country, the Hermitess kept him company till she died. Sure the Walpoles are not too fastidious in their women, excepting only Horry of Strawberry Hill, who has all the finicals of the others rolled up in his lean body.

Well, Kitty, there were four children: — a boy, — nothing to the purpose, — and Laura, Maria, and Charlotte. And the poor lasses, not having a rag of legitimacy to cover 'em, must needs fall back on good behavior and good looks. I saw Laura, a pretty girl, in the garden at Englefield some years since, when I was airing in Lady Pomfret's coach; and as we looked, the little hoyden Maria comes running up in muslin and blue ribbons, all health and youth and blooming cheeks and brown curls and eyes — a perfect Hebe. And 't is she — the milliner's brat — that's to borrow the Car of Love and set the

world afire. But she can't be presented, Kitty; for our high and mighty Royals frown on vice, and not a single creature with the bar sinister can creep into court, however many may creep out. And that's that!

And now I end with compliments and curtsies to your la'ship, and the glad tidings that one of the virgin choir of Twickenham, those Muses to which Mr. Horace Walpole is Apollo, has writ an Ode so full of purling streams and warbling birds, that Apollo says he will provide a side-saddle for Pegasus, and no male shall ever bestride him again.

September, 1758.

O la, la, la! Was you ever at the Bath, child? Here am I just returned, where was great company, and all the wits and belles, and Miss Biddy Green, the great City fortune, run off with Harry Howe, and her father flourishing his gouty stick in the Pump Room and swearing a wicked aristocracy should have none of his honest guineas. But he'll soften when he sees her presented at court, with feathers stuck in her poll and all the city dames green with spite. 'T is the way of the world.

But to business. The town is talking with hundred-woman power on the marriage that Laura, — by courtesy called Walpole, — the Hermit's eldest daughter, makes to-morrow. 'T will astound you, Lady Desmond your Honor, as much as it did your humble servant. For Miss Laura honors the Church, no less, with her illegitimate hand, and no less a dignitary than a Canon of Windsor! Is not this to be a receiver of stolen goods? Does not his Reverence compound a felony in taking such a bride? What say you? 'T is Canon Keppel, brother to Lord Albemarle; and mark you, Kitty — the Honorable Mrs. Keppel has the right to be presented where Miss Laura might knock at the door in vain! We come up

in the world, child, but the Walpoles had always that secret.

'T will set the other charming daughters dreaming of bride cake. All the world talks of Maria, a shining beauty indeed. Horry Walpole is enchanted at Miss Laura's match — sure, an illegitimate Walpole, if niece to the Baron of Strawberry is worth a dozen of your Cavendishes and Somersets! I laughed like a rogue in my sleeve when says Horry to me at my drum, —

'Colonel Yorke is to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyns, great city fortunes — nieces to the rich grocer. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pounds apiece. Nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family — a marchioness or a grocer.'

Says I, flirting my fan, —

'T is gross feeding, sure, Mr. Walpole. Now, had it been a royal illegitimate.'

He looked daggers, and took a pinch of snuff with an air. Never was a man with more family pride, though he affects to scorn it.

What think you of this latest news of Lady Coventry? The people are not yet weary of gazing upon the Gunning, and stared somewhat upon her last Sunday was se'night in the Park. Would you believe it, Kitty, that she complained to the King, and His Majesty, not to be outdone in wisdom, offers a guard for her ladyship's beauty. On this she ventures into the Park and, pretending fright, desires the assistance of the officer, who orders twelve sergeants to march abreast before her and a sergeant and twelve men behind her; and in this pomp did the silly little fool walk all the evening, with more mob about her than ever, her blockhead husband on one side and my Lord Pembroke on the other! I'm sure I can't tell you anything to better this, so good-night, dear sister, with all affectionate esteem.

April, 1759.

Great news, your la'ship. I am but just returned from a royal progress to visit the Baron of Strawberry Hill. Strawberry was in prodigious beauty — flowers, cascades, and grottoes all displayed to advantage in a sunshine that equaled June. The company, her Gunning Grace of Hamilton, the Duchess of Richmond, and your humble servant.

Says Mr. Horace, leaning on his amber cane and surveying us as we sat in the shell on the terrace, —

'Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos. 'T is the land of beauties, and if Paris himself stood where I do, he could never adjudge the golden apple.'

He writ to George Montagu after, who showed the letter about town, —

'There never was so pretty a sight as to see the three sitting. A thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event and tell the young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they are now.'

There's a compliment like a fresh-plucked rose from the Lord of Strawberry. It reads pretty, don't it, child? Horry was in vast wit — 't was like the Northern Lights hurtling about us — made us blink! The Duchess of Richmond pretending she could not recall her marriage-day, says Horry, —

'Record it thus, Madam. This day thousand years I was married!'

'T was not till a week later I discovered this to be a *bon mot* of Madame de Sévigné. His jewels are polished very fine, but 't is not always in the Strawberry mine they are dug. But to our news — What will your Honor pay me for a penn'orth?

'T is of our beauty, Maria — ahem! Walpole. The pretty angler has caught her fish — a big fish, a gold fish, even a golden-hearted fish, for 't is Lord Waldegrave! A belted earl, a Knight of the Garter, no less, for the pretty milliner's

daughter. You don't believe it, Kitty? Yet you must, for 't is true, and sure, if beauty can shed a lustre over puddled blood, she has it. Lord Villiers, chief of the macaronis, said, yesterday was a week, —

'Of all the beauties Miss Walpole reigns supreme — if one could forget the little accident of birth! Her face, bloom, eyes, teeth, hair, and person are all perfection's self, and Nature broke the mould when she made this paragon, for I know none like her.'

'T is true, but 't is so awkward with these folk that can't be presented nor can't meet this one nor that. Still, I have had her much to my routs and drums, where 't is such an olla podrida that it matters not who comes. But Lady Waldegrave may go where she will; and certainly the bridegroom has nothing to object on the score of birth, for he comes from James the Second by the left hand, and for aught I know a left-hand milliner is as good these Republican days. Anyhow, 't is so, and Horry, who would have all think him above such thoughts, is most demurely conceited that a Walpole — ahem! — should grace the British peerage. Remains now only Charlotte, and I dare swear she will carry her charms to no worse market than Maria, though not so great a Venus.

I went yesterday evening to the Bluestocking Circle at Mrs. Montagu's fine house. I am not become learned, Kitty, but 't was to hear the lionesses roar, and because I knew the Lord of Strawberry would be there and was wishful to hear his exultations. Lord preserve us, child, what a frightening place! We were ushered into the Chinese Room lined with painted Pekin paper, and noble Chinese vases, and there were all the lions, male and female, in a circle — the Circle of the Universe. All the great ladies of the Bluestocking Court were there; the

vastly learned Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Delany over from Ireland, the Swan of Lichfield Miss Anna Seward, Mrs. Chapone, and other lionesses and *cubesses*. My dear, they sat in a half-moon, and behind them another half-moon of grave ecclesiastics and savants, and Horry at the head of them, in brown and gold brocade. 'T was not sprightly, Kitty. 'T is true these women are good and learned, and some of them well enough in looks; but 't is so pretentious, so serious, — I lack a word! — so censorious of all that does not pull a long face, that, when Mrs. Montagu rose to meet us with the shade of Shakespeare in attendance (for no lower footman would serve so majestic a lady), I had a desire to seize her two hands and gallop round the room with her that I could scarce restrain. But sure she and the company had died of it!

I expected great information from such an assemblage, but 't was but a snip-snap of talk — remarks passed from one to another, but served as it were on massy plate — long words, and too many of 'em. Dull, my dear, dull! And so 't will always be when people aim to be clever. They do these things better in France, where they have no fear of laughter and the women sparkle without a visible machinery. 'T was all standing on the mind's tip-toe here. And when the refreshments were served I made for Horry —

On silver vases loaded rise
The biscuits' ample sacrifice,
And incense pure of fragrant tea.

But Bluestockingism is nourished on tea as wit on wine.

'So, Mr. Walpole,' says I, 'what is this news I hear of Miss Maria? My felicitations to the bridegroom on the possession of so many charms.'

And Horry with his bow, —

'I thank your ladyship's partiality and good heart. For character and credit, Lord Waldegrave is the first match

in England, and for beauty, Maria — excepting only the lady I address. The family is well pleased, though 't is no more than her deserts, and 't was to be expected my father's grand-child would ally herself with credit.'

'T is when Horry Walpole gives himself these demureairs that I am tempted to be wicked, Kitty. For what signifies talking? The girl is a beauty, but Nancy Parsons and Kitty Fisher are beauties, too, and if the court and peerage are opened to women of no birth, why what's left for women of quality? 'T is certain the next generation of the peerage bids fair to be extreme ill-born, and the result may be surprising. But I held my tongue, for I have a kindness for Horry and his niece, though I laugh at 'em.

I thought Mr. Walpole looked ill, and doubted whether I might hope to see him at my Tuesday rout. Says he, —

'T is the gout, Madam, that ungallant disorder, and had I a mind to brag, I could boast of a little rheumatism too; but I scorn to set value on such trifles, and since your ladyship does me the honor to bespeak my company, I will come if 't were in my coffin and pair. May I hope your ladyship will favor us at Maria's nuptials. Sure the Graces were ever attended by Venus on occasions of ceremony.'

He would have said more, but the Queen of the Blues swam up, protesting and vowing she had never seen such a goddess as Miss Maria Walpole; that were she to marry the Emperor of the world, 't would be vastly below the merit of such glowing charms. And so forth. 'T is a lady that paints all her roses red and plasters her lilies white, and whether 't is malice I can't tell, but believe 't is possible to blast by praise as well as censure, by setting the good sense of one half the world and the envy of the other against the victim. So she shrugged and simpered and worked

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every muscle of her face, in hopes to be bid to the wedding; but Mr. Walpole only bowed very grave and precise, and turned away, and I with him. And no more circles for me, my dear; and here I conclude, and my next shall be the epithalamium.

18th May, 1759.

Kitty, child, when you was married, did you look about you from under your hat? — did you take a sly peep at the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, and wonder which was the bridegroom? I did, but I'll never tell which he proved to be! Well, Maria was married two days since, and Horry Walpole favored me to-day with a glimpse of the letter he writ to his friend Mann on the occasion. 'T was very obliging; but you know all he writes is writ with one eye on the paper and one on posterity, so 't is no wonder if he squints a little by times. However, here's to our letter.

'The original day was not once put off — lawyers and milliners all canonically ready. They were married in Pall Mall just before dinner, and we all dined there, and the Earl and the new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight and went to Navestock alone. On Sunday she is to be presented and to make my Lady Coventry distracted. Maria was in a white and silver night-gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face. What one could see of it was handsomer than ever. A cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world.'

So far our doting uncle, Kitty; but 't is indeed a fair creature. I saw the long soft brown eyes lifted once and flash such a look at the bridegroom — I dare to swear Lord Waldegrave wished away then the twenty years between them. Poor Lady Coventry, indeed! Her race is run, her thread is spun, her goose is cooked, and any other trope you please; for what signifies all the

white lead at the 'pothecary's compared to the warm brown of Maria's complexion and her long eyelashes!

Lady Elizabeth Keppel had a gown worthy of the Roman Empress she looks, with that beak nose and nut-cracker chin. 'T was a black velvet petticoat, embroidered in chenille, the pattern a great gold wicker basket filled to spilling over with ramping flowers that climbed and grew all about her person. A design for a banqueting hall rather than a woman; or indeed a committee of Bluestockings might have wore it to advantage. She had winkers of lace to her head, and her hoop covered so many acres that one could but approach at an awful distance and confidences were impossible — a sure reason why the modish ladies will soon drop the hoop.

I saluted the bride after the ceremony and says I, —

'Maria, my love, I attend your presentation on Sunday, and I bring my smelling bottle for Lady Coventry. 'T is already said her guards will now be transferred to your ladyship, together with a detachment from each ship of the Fleet, to secure so much beauty.'

She has the sweetest little dimple in either cheek, and twenty Cupids hide under her lashes.

'I have no wish, Madam, to dethrone my Lady Coventry, if even 't were possible,' says she. 'That lady has occupied the throne so long, that 't is hers by right, and the English people never weary of an old favorite.'

'T was two-edged, Kitty, as you see, and I will report it to the other lovely Maria, and 't will be pretty to see the rapiers flash between the two. 'T is not only the men carry dress swords, child. But I thought Miss Maria a downy nestling, with never a thought of repartee, till now. 'T is born in us, child. It begins with our first word and is our last earthly sigh.

May, 1759.

Well, was you at the presentation, Lady Desmond, for I did not see your la'ship.

Says you, 'How was that possible with the Irish Sea between us? So out with the news!'

The company was numerous and magnificent, and Horry Walpole in his wedding garment of a white brocade with purple and green flowers. 'T was a trifle juvenile for his looks, but I blame him not; for my Lady Townshend would choose for him though he protested that, however young he might be in spirits, his bloom was a little past. I could see he was quaking for his nuptialities — lest Maria should not be in full beauty.

T'other Maria — Coventry — in golden flowers on a silver ground — looked like the Queen of Sheba; and were not our Monarch anything but a Solomon, I would not say but — A full stop to all naughtiness! But I must tell you her last *faux pas*, for you know, child, she's as stupid as she's pretty. She told the King lately that she was surfeited with sights. There was but one left she could long to see. What, think you, it was? — why, a coronation!

The old man took it with good humor; but Queen Bess had made a divorce between her lovely head and shoulders for less.

Well, into the midst of this prodigious assemblage, with Uncle Horry quaking inwardly and making as though Walpole nieces were presented every day, comes the fair Waldegrave, gliding like a swan, perfectly easy and genteel, in a silver gauze with knots of silver ribbon and diamonds not so bright as her eyes. I dare swear not a man there but envied my Lord Waldegrave, and many might envy the beauty her husband, a good plain man, grave and handsome. But the bride! She swam

up to His Majesty, like Venus floating on clouds, and her curtesy and hand-kissing perfect. Who shall talk of blood in future, when a milliner's daughter can thus distinguish herself in the finest company in Europe? 'T is true 't is mixed with the Walpole vintage; but when all's said and done, who were the Walpoles? If you get behind the coarse, drinking Squire Western of a father, you stumble up against Lord Mayors and what not! So 't is a world's wonder, and there I leave it.

As for Maria Coventry — do but figure her! I saw her pale under her rouge when the bride entered, and her eyes shot sparks of fire, like an angry goddess. Could they have destroyed, we had seen her rival a heap of ashes like the princess of the Arabian Nights. I tendered her my smelling-bottle, out she dashed it from her, and then, smiling in the prettiest manner in the world, says to my Lord Hardwicke, —

"T is said women are jealous of each other's good looks, my lord, but 't is not so with me. I am vastly pleased with my Lady Waldegrave's appearance. 'T is far beyond what was to be expected of her parentage. She looks vastly agreeable, and I hope she will favor me with her company.'

'T was cleverer than I supposed her, and sure enough she did nothing but court the bride, and now the two beauties go about to all the sights and routs together and are the top figures in town, and all the world feasts its eyes upon two such works of nature — and Art it must be added, so far as Maria Coventry is concerned; for she is two inches deep in white lead, and the doctors have warned her 't will be the death of her.

Kitty, I found my first gray hair yesterday. 'T is my swan-song. I am done with the beaux and the toasts and the fripperies. When I spoke to Harry Conway at the Court, his eyes were so

fixed on Lady Waldegrave that he heard me not till I had spoke three times. Get thee to a nunnery, Fanny! I shall now insensibly drop into a spectatress. What care I! To ninety-nine women life ends with their looks, but I will be the hundredth, and laugh till I die!

Four years later.

Why, Kitty, your appetite for news grows by what it feeds on. Sure you are the horse-leech's true daughter, crying, 'Give, give!' You say I told you not of Charlotte Walpole's marriage. Sure, I did. Maria married her sister well — to young Lord Huntingtower, my Lord Dysart's son. 'T is a girl of good sense. She loved him not, nor yet pretended to, but says she to Maria, —

'If I was nineteen I would not marry him. I would refuse point-blank. But I am two-and-twenty, and though 't is true some people say I am handsome, 't is not all who think so. I believe the truth is, I am like to be large and heavy and go off soon. 'T is dangerous to refuse so good a match. Therefore tell him, sister, I accept.'

And 't was done. I had this from Maria herself, who took it for an instance of commendable good sense; but I know not — somehow I would have a girl less of a Jew with her charms. Anyhow, stout or no, she will be my Lady Countess Dysart when his father dies; and now sure, there are no more worlds left for the Walpole girls to conquer. Their doting Uncle Horry could never predict such success. The eldest girl's husband is now Bishop of Exeter.

Poor Maria Coventry is dead — the most lovely woman in England, setting aside only t'other Maria. 'T was from usage of white lead, Kitty, and tell that to all the little fools you know! It devoured her skin, and she grew so hideous that at the last she would not

permit the doctors to see her ruined face, but would put out her hand between the curtains to have her pulse took. She was but twenty-seven.

Sure, I am Death's herald, for I must tell you, too, my Lord Waldegrave is dead, and the beauty a widow after but four years' marriage. I saw her but yesterday, full of sensibility and lovely as Sigismonda in Hogarth's picture. She had her young daughter, Lady Elizabeth, in her lap, the curly head against her bosom, the chubby cheek resting on a little hand against the mother's breast. Sure never was anything so moving as the two — exact to the picture Mr. Reynolds painted.

She has a great tenderness for his memory, and well she may, when the position he raised her to is considered. 'T is like a discrowned queen, for her jointure is small, and she is now no more consequence to his party, so his death has struck away her worldly glory at a blow. Indeed, I pitied her, and wiped away her floods of tears with tenderness that was unaffected. But for such a young woman, I won't believe the scene is closed. What — are there no Marquises, no Dukes for such perfection?

But 't is brutal to talk so when she is crying her fine eyes out. I wipe my naughty pen and bid you adieu.

Two days later.

I attended Mrs. Minerva Montagu's reception, and there encountered the Great Cham of Literature, Dr. Johnson, rolling into the saloon like Behe-moth. Lady Waldegrave's bereavement was spoke of and says he, —

'I know not, Madam, why these afflictions should startle us. Such beauty invokes ill fortune, lest a human being suppose herself superior to the dictates of Providence.'

'Certainly she is the first woman in England for beauty,' says I, very net-

tled; 'but 't is to be thought she had chose a little less beauty and rather more good fortune, had she been consulted. 'T is hard she should be punished for what she could not help!'

'Let her solace herself with her needle-works, Madam. A man cannot hem a pocket-handkerchief and so he runs mad. To be occupied on small occasions is one of the great felicities of the female train and makes bereavement more bearable.'

'T is a bear roaring his ignorance of the world, my dear. But he has a kind of horse sense (if the female train would but let him be) that makes him endurable and even palatable at times.

1764.

Kitty, my dear, have you forgot that, when my Lord Waldegrave died, I writ, 'Are there no dukes to pursue the lovely widow?' Give honor to the prophet! She refused the Duke of Portland, that all the fair were hunting with strata-gems worthy of the Mohawks. She refused this, that, and t' other. And the town said, 'Pray who is the milliner's daughter, to turn up her nose at the first matches in England? Has she designs on the King of Prussia, — for our own young monarch is wed to his Charlotte, — or is it the Sultan, or His Holiness the Pope that will content her ladyship?'

No answer. But, Kitty, 't is me to smell a rat at a considerable distance, and I kept my nostrils open! Our handsome young King has a handsome young brother, — His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, — and this gentleman has cast the sheep's eye, the eye of passion, upon our lovely widow! What think you of this? That it cannot be? Then what of the King Cophetua and other historic examples? I would have you know that in the tender passion there's nothing that cannot be. It laughs at obstacles and rides

triumphant on the crest of the impossible. I knew it long since, but 't is over the town like wildfire now.

Meeting my Lady Sarah Bunbury yesterday, says she, —

'Lady Fanny, sure you know the Duke of Gloucester is desperately in love with my Lady Waldegrave. Now don't mask your little cunning face with ignorance, but tell me what's known. What have you heard from Horry Walpole?'

'Nothing, your la'ship,' says I, very demure.

Well,' says she, 't is reported the King has forbid him to speak to his fair widow, and she is gone out of town. He has given her two pearl bracelets worth five hundred pound. That's not for nothing surely. But for what?'

'Indeed, 't is an ambiguous gift, Madam,' says I, whimsically; 'and may mean much or little. Give me leave to ask whether 't is Pursuit or Attainment as your la'ship reads it?'

But she tossed her head, the little gossip, and off she went.

I can tell you thus much, Kitty: the Walpoles are main frightened. It may be a cast-back to the principles of the milliner mother. And there was never the difference between her and Sir Edward Walpole that there is between Maria and a Prince of the Blood. Her birth is impossible. My Lady Mary Coke asking me if the mother were not a washerwoman, says I, 'I really cannot determine the lady's profession.' But, spitfire as she is, 't is too true Maria is playing with fire, and there should be nothing between him and her mother's daughter. She is indeed more indiscreet than becomes her. His chaise is eternally at her door, and, as my Lady Mary says, she is lucky that anyone else countenances her at all. If they do, 't is as much from curiosity as any nobler emotion. Indeed I fear her reputation's cracked past repair. Meeting

Horry Walpole last night at the French Ambassador's, he was plagued with staring crowds, and he made off after braving it a while. I hear the King is highly offended and the Queen yet more. She has a great notion of birth, and though poor, the Mecklenburg family has as good quarterings as any Royals in Europe. For my part, Kitty, I know not. Yet, if we seek for pedigree in horse and dog, 't is to be supposed worth something in Adam's breed also. And this ill-behavior in Maria confirms me.

Yet I have visited the fair sinner, for I love her well. She can't help neither her birth nor her beauty, but sure her kind heart is all her own. She wept and would reveal nothing, but asked me to be so much her friend as to think the best of her. 'T is pity her tears were wasted on a mere woman. The drops beaded on her lashes like rain on a rose. Well, God mend all! say I. Sure none of us have a clear conscience and if anyone was to come up behind us and whisper, 'I know when, how, and who!' 't is certain there are few women but would die of terror. Yet I did not think Maria a rake — though a Prince's.

1770.

Kitty, Kitty, 't is all come out! But I may say the town knew it after the masquerade in Soho, when His Royal Highness appeared as Edward the Fourth and Maria as Elizabeth Woodville, the pretty widow he made his Queen. You'll allow 't was a delicate way to let the cat out of the bag. It could not longer be kept within it, for the lady's sake, for there is to be a little new claimant one day to the Crown, if all the elder stem should fail. They were married four years ago, Kitty! Sure never was an amazing secret better kept! And I will say she hath borne much for the Prince's sake and with good sense. But think of it! Maria

No-name — the milliner's base-born daughter — to be Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess of Great Britain! Was ever human fate so surprising? 'T was a secret even from her father and uncle, by the Duke's command; but she has now writ her father so pretty a letter that 't is the town's talk, Horry Walpole having shewed it about. But Horry — have you forgot his pride, hid always under a nonchalance as if 't was nothing? I was at Gloucester House, where she received *en princesse*, two nights ago; and to see Horry kiss her hand and hear him address her with, — 'Madam, your Royal Highness,' at every word, — sure no wit of Congreve's could ever equal the comedy! But if looks were all, she should be Queen of England — a shining beauty indeed! She wore a robe in the French taste, of gold tissue, her hair lightly powdered, with a bandeau of diamonds and the Duke's miniature in diamonds on her breast. He, looking very ill at ease, as I must own, stood beside her. The King and our little Mecklenburger Queen are distracted, the royal ire withers all before it; but it can't be undone, though they will pass a Marriage Act to make such escapades impossible in the future.

But the Walpole triumph! 'T is now proved in the face of all the world that a Walpole illegitimate is better than a German Royalty, for he might have married where he would. No doubt but Horry Walpole always thought so, yet 't is not always we see our family pride so bolstered.

Meagre as a skeleton, he looked the genteelst phantom you can conceive, in pure velvet and steel embroideries. For my part, I am well content and wish Her Royal Highness joy without grimace. 'T is true I laugh at Horry Walpole, for in this town we laugh at everything, from the Almighty to Kitty Fisher; but I have a kindness for him and for Maria, and had sooner they triumphed than another. 'T is not so with the town. O Kitty, the jealousy and malice! 'T would take fifty letters to tell you the talk, from the Court down.

Well, Her Royal Highness gave me her hand to kiss, very gracious. She will not let her dignity draggle in the mud, like others I could name. But whether she would have been more easy with Portland or another, I will not determine. The Fates alone know, and sure they can't be women, they keep their secrets so well!

MY OLD LADY, LONDON

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I ONCE heard a charming woman say at dinner, 'I don't think I ever had quite as much fresh asparagus as I wanted.' In like manner, I don't think I shall ever get as much of London as is necessary for my complete happiness; I love it early in the morning — before it rouses itself, when the streets are deserted; I love it when throngs of people — the best-natured and politest people in all the world — crowd its thoroughfares; and I love it, I think, best of all, at sunset, when London, in some of its aspects, can be very beautiful. If I were a Londoner, I should never leave it, except perhaps for a day or two now and then, so that I could enjoy coming back to it.

The terrible world-upheaval through which we have just passed is responsible for my not having been in London for six years, and I greatly feared that those years might have left some unhappy imprint upon the Old Lady. Indeed, she may have lost a tooth or a wisp of hair; but aristocratic old ladies know how to conceal the ravages of time and circumstance, and as I looked around the railway station while my belongings were being stowed away in the 'left luggage' room, I saw only the usual crowd quietly going about its business.

Then, as I stepped into my taxi and said, 'Simpson's in the Strand,' and was being whirled over Waterloo Bridge, I said to myself, 'Nothing has changed. Nothing has changed except that the

fare, which was once eightpence, is now a shilling.'

I said it again, with not quite the same certainty, when, after eating my piece of roast beef and a little mess of greens and a wonderful potato, I called the head waiter and complained that the meat was tough and stringy. 'It is so,' said that functionary, and continued: 'you see, sir, during the war we exhausted' (with careful emphasis upon the *h*) 'our own English beef, and we are now forced to depend upon —' I looked him straight in the eye; he was going to say America, but changed his mind and said, 'the Argentine.'

'Very neatly done,' I said, ordering an extra half-pint of bitter and putting a sixpence in his hand; 'to-morrow I'll have fish. I'm very sure that nothing can have happened to the turbot.'

It was only a little after one, when, leaving Simpson's I lit a cigar and turned westward in quest of lodgings. As the Savoy was near at hand, I thought no harm would be done by asking the price of a large double-bedded room overlooking the river, with a bath, and was told that the price would be five guineas a day, but that no such accommodation was at that moment available. 'I'm glad of it,' I said, feeling that a temptation had been removed; for I have always wanted a room that looked out on the river; and, continuing westward, I inquired at one hotel after another until, just as I was beginning to feel, not alarmed, but a trifle uneasy,

I secured, not just what I wanted, but a room and a bath which would serve — at the Piccadilly.

I had been kept waiting quite a little time in the lobby, and as I looked about me there seemed to be a good many foreigners in evidence, a number of Spaniards and, I suspected, Germans. A fine manly young fellow, with only one arm (how many such I was to see), who manipulated the lift and to whom I confided my suspicions, replied, 'Yes, sir, I believe they is, sir; but what are you going to do? They calls themselves Swiss!'

But in my anxiety to get to London, I have forgotten to say a word about the Emperor, on which I crossed, or of the needless expense and delay to which one is subjected in New York, for no reason that I can see, but that some of what Mr. Bryan called 'deserving Democrats' may be fed at the public trough.

After being photographed, and getting your passport and having it viséd by the consul of the country to which you are first going, and after assuring the officials of the Treasury Department that the final installment of your income tax will be paid, when due, by your bank, — though where the money is to come from, you don't in the least know, — you finally start for New York, in order that you may be there one day before the steamer sails, so that you may again present your passport at the Custom House for final inspection. I know no man wise enough to tell me what good purpose is served by this last annoyance. With trunks and suitcases, New York is an expensive place in which to spend a night, and one is not in the humor for it; one has started for Europe and reached — New York.

But fearful that some hitch may occur, you wire on for rooms and get them, and 'the day previous to sailing,' as the

regulation demands, you present yourself and your wife, each armed with a passport, at the Custom House. Standing in a long line in a corridor, you eventually approach a desk at which sits a man consuming a big black cigar. Spreading out your passport before him he looks at it as if he were examining one for the first time; finally, with a blue pencil, he puts a mark on it and says, 'Take it to that gentleman over there,' pointing across the room. You do so; and another man examines it, surprised, it may be, to see that it so closely resembles one that he has just marked with a red pencil. He is just about to make another hieroglyph on the passport when he observes that the background of your photograph is dark, whereas the regulations call for light. He suspends the operation; is it possible that you will be detained at the last moment? No! with the remark, 'Get a light one next time,' he makes a little mark in red and scornfully directs you to another desk. Here sits another man — these are all able-bodied and presumably well-paid politicians — with a large rubber stamp; it descends, and you are free to go on board your ship — to-morrow.

The Emperor made, I think, only one trip in the service of the company that built her; during the war she remained tied up to her pier in Hoboken; and when she was finally put into passenger service, she was taken over, pending final allocation, by the Cunard Line. She is a wonderful ship — with the exception of the Leviathan, the largest boat afloat; magnificent and convenient in every detail, and as steady as a church. The doctor who examines my heart occasionally, looking for trouble, would have had a busy time on her. I fancy I can see him, drawing his stethoscope from his pocket and suspending it in his ears, poking round, listening in vain for the pulsa-

tion of her engines; fearful, no doubt, that he was going to lose his patient, he would have prescribed certain drops in water at regular intervals, and, finally, he would have sent her in a very large bill.

I am quite sure that I owe my comparatively good health to having been very abstemious in the matter of exercise. But it was my habit to take a constitutional each day before breakfast; this duty done, I was able to read and smoke thereafter with a clear conscience. Four and a half times around the promenade deck was a mile, the steward told me; and I can quite believe it.

Coming back to earth, or rather sea, after this flight into the empyrean, I am bound to admit that the Germans knew how to build and run ships. And the beautiful part of the Emperor was that, though you saw a German sign occasionally, not a German word was heard. How completely, for the time being at any rate, the German nation has been erased from the sea! I sometimes doubt the taste of the English singing 'Rule, Britannia'; it is so very true — now.

II

As we entered Southampton Water after a pleasant and quite uneventful voyage, we saw almost the only sign of the war we were destined to see. A long line, miles long, of what we should call torpedo-boat destroyers, anchored in midstream, still wearing their camouflage coloring, slowly rusting themselves away.

We landed on a clear, warm September afternoon, and, Southampton possessing no charm whatever, we at once took train for Winchester, which we reached in time to attend service in the austere old cathedral. The service was impressive, and the singing better than in most cathedrals, for the choir is largely recruited from the great school

founded centuries ago by William of Wykeham. After the service, we stood silently for a moment by the tomb of Jane Austen; nor did we forget to lift reverently the carpet that protects the tablet let into the tombstone of Izaak Walton. After tea, that pleasant function, we drove out to the Hospital of St. Cross, beautiful and always dear to me, being, as it is, the scene of Trollope's lovely story, *The Warden*.

Seated at home in my library, in imagination I love to roam about this England, this 'precious stone set in the silver sea,' which, however, now that the air has been conquered, no longer serves it defensively as a moat; but as soon as I find myself there, the lure of London becomes irresistible, and almost before I know it I am at some village railway station demanding my 'two single thirds' to Waterloo or Victoria, or wherever it may be.

So it was in this case. I did, however, take advantage of the delightful weather to make a motor pilgrimage to Selborne, some fifteen miles across country from Winchester. A tiny copy of White's *Natural History of Selborne* came into my possession some forty years ago, by purchase, at a cost of fifteen cents, at Leary's famous bookshop in Philadelphia; and while I now display, somewhat ostentatiously perhaps, Horace Walpole's own copy of the first edition, I keep my little volume for reading and had it with me on the steamer.

The Wakes, the house in which Gilbert White was born and in which he died, is still standing on what is by courtesy called the main street of the little village, which is, in its way, I suppose, as famous as any settlement of its size anywhere. The church of which he was rector, and in which he preached, when he was not wandering about observing with unexampled fidelity the flora and fauna of his native parish, stands near

the upper end of a tiny public square called the Plestor, or play-place, which dates only from yesterday, that is to say, from 1271! Originally an immense oak tree stood in the centre; but it was uprooted in a great storm some two centuries ago, and a sycamore now stands in its place. Encircling it is a bench upon which the rude forefathers of the hamlet may sit and watch the children at play, and on which we should have sat but that we were more interested in the great yew which stands in the near-by churchyard. It is one of the most famous trees in England, — a thousand years old, they say, — and looking old for its age; but it is so symmetrical in its proportions that its immense size is not fully realized until one slowly paces round it and discovers that its trunk is almost thirty feet in circumference.

The church, which has luckily escaped the restorations so many parish churches have been compelled to undergo, is in no wise remarkable. Many Whites are buried therein; but our particular White, the one who made Selborne notable among the villages of England, lies outside in the churchyard, near the north wall of the chancel, the grave being marked by a half-sunken headstone on which one reads with difficulty two simple letters, 'G. W.,' and a date, '26th June, 1793'; but a tablet within the church records at greater length his virtues and distinctions.

III

There is nothing more exhausting than the elegance of a big hotel; and to move from a fashionable caravansary in Philadelphia to another in London or Paris is to subject one's self to the inconvenience of travel, without enjoying any of its compensations. One wants to enjoy the difference of foreign countries rather than their somewhat artificial

resemblances. At the end of a busy day, when one is tired, one wants peace, quiet, and simplicity — at least, this one does; and so, when our attention was called to a small apartment in Albemarle Street, from the balcony of which I could throw a stone into the windows of Quaritch's bookshop, in the event that such an act would afford any solution to the problem of securing the books I wanted, I closed the bargain instantly and was soon by way of being a householder on a very small scale.

We had been told that 'service' in England was a thing of the past, that it has disappeared with the war; but this was only one of the many discouraging statements which were to be entirely refuted in the experience. No one could have been better cared for than we, by a valet and maid who brushed our clothes and brought us our breakfast; and shortly after ten each morning we started out upon our wanderings in whatever direction we would, alert for any adventure that the streets of London might afford. This is an inexpensive and harmless occupation, interesting in the event and delightful in retrospect. Is it Liszt who conjures us to store up recollections for consumption in old age? Well, I am doing so.

I know not which I enjoy most, beating the pavements of the well-known streets, which afford at every turn scenes that recall some well-known historic or literary incident, or journeying into some unexplored region, which opens up districts of hitherto unsuspected interest. Years ago, when slumming first became fashionable, one never used to overlook Pettycoat Lane in far-off Whitechapel: of late years it has been cleaned up and made respectable and uninteresting. But how many people are there who know that there is a very pretty slum right in the heart of things, only a short distance back of Liberty's famous shop in Regent

Street? If interested in seeing how the other half lives, look it up when you are next in London, and you will be astonished at the way in which the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness unfolds itself in a maze of little streets and courts all jumbled together. London has always been a city in which extremes meet; where wealth impinges upon poverty. Nowhere can greater contrasts be obtained than in that *terra incognita* which lies just to the south of Soho. The world lives, if not in the open, at least in the streets; and food, fruit, fish, and furbelows are exposed for sale on barrows and trestles in what appears to be unspeakable confusion. I had discovered this curious slum years before my friend Lucas, that sympathetic wanderer in London, called attention to it in his delightful volume, *Adventures and Enthusiasms*.

But there is to my mind an even choicer little backwater, just off Fleet Street — Nevill's Court, which I first visited many years ago, during a memorable midnight ramble in company with David Wallerstein, a Philadelphia lawyer and an old friend, who, by reason of his wide reading, retentive memory, and power of observation, seemed able to better my knowledge of London even in a district where I had thought myself peculiarly at home.

Nevill's Court runs east from Fetter Lane. One enters it by an archway, which may easily be passed unnoticed; and to one's great surprise one comes suddenly upon a row of old mansions, one of which was pointed out to me as once having been the town residence of the Earl of Warwick. 'It was a grand house in its day, sir,' said a young woman in an interesting condition, who was taking the air late one afternoon when I first saw it; 'but it's let out as lodgings now. Keir Hardie, M.P., lodges there when he's in London; he says he likes it here, it's so quiet.'

'And how long have you lived here?' I inquired.

'Oh, sir, I've always lived about 'ere in this court, or close to; I like living in courts, it's so quiet; it's most like living in the country.'

All the houses look out upon ample, if now sadly neglected, gardens, through the centre of which flower-bordered paths lead to the front doors. Push open one of the several gates, — one is certain to be unlocked, — or peer through the cracks of an old oaken fence which still affords some measure of the privacy dear to the heart of every Englishman, and you will see a bit of vanishing London which certainly can last but a short time longer. The roar of the city is quite unheard; one has simply passed out of the twentieth century into the seventeenth.

Oxford Street is to me one of the least interesting streets in London. It is a great modern thoroughfare, always crowded with people going east in the morning, and west in the evening when their day's work is done. I was walking along this street late one afternoon, when my eye caught a sign, 'Hanway Street,' which instantly brought to mind the publishing business conducted in it more than a century ago by my lamented friend, William Godwin. I hoped to learn that it was named after the discoverer of the umbrella, but it is not. Hanway Street is a mean, narrow passage running north out of Oxford Street, as if intent upon going straightway to Hampstead; but it almost immediately begins to wobble and, finally changing its mind, turns east and stops at the Horse-Shoe Tavern in the Tottenham Court Road.

My hour of refreshment having come, I stopped there, too, and over a mug of ale I thought of Godwin, and as a result of my meditations, decided to follow up the Godwin trail. And so, the inner man refreshed, I continued east through

Holborn until I came to Snowhill, to which street Godwin subsequently removed his business and his interesting family. Turning off to the left, and doubling somewhat on my tracks, I descended Snowhill, and found myself facing a substantial modern building, which challenged attention by reason of the rather unusual decoration of its façade. It needed but a glance to see that this building had been erected on the site of the Saracen's Head Inn, immortalized by Charles Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Let into the wall were two large panels, one being a school-scene bearing the legend 'Dotheboys Hall'; the other, a 'Mail Coach leaving Saracen's Head.' Over the arched doorway was a fine bust of Dickens, while to the left was a full-length figure of the immortal Mr. Squeers, and on the right a similar figure of Nicholas Nickleby.

In the pleasure of my discovery I almost forgot all about Godwin, whose shop was once near-by; proving again, what needs no proof, that many characters in fiction are just as sure of immortality as persons who once moved among us in the flesh. Then I remembered that John Bunyan had lived and died in this street, when Snowhill was described as being very narrow, very steep, and very dangerous. This led me to decide that I would make a pilgrimage to Bunyan's tomb in Bunhill Fields, which I had not visited for many years.

And so, a few days later, I found myself wandering about in that most depressing graveyard, in which thousands of men and women, famous in their time, found sepulture—in some cases merely temporary, for the records show that, after the passing of fifteen years or so, their graves were violated to make room for later generations, all traces of earlier interments having been erased. Poor Blake and his wife are

among those whose graves can no longer be identified.

On the day of my visit it was much too damp to sit on the ground and tell sad stories of anything; but I had no difficulty in coming upon the tomb of Defoe, or that of Bunyan, a large altar-like affair, with his recumbent figure upon it. An old man whom I met loitering about called my attention to the fact that the nose had recently been broken off, and told me that it had been shot off by some soldier who had been quartered during the war in the near-by barracks of the Honorable Artillery Company. It appears that some miscreant had, to beguile the time, amused himself by taking pot shots at the statuary, and that much damage had been done before he was discovered. I think I shall accuse the Canadians of this act of vandalism. It is always well to be specific in making charges of this kind; moreover, it will grieve my talented friend, Tait McKenzie, the sculptor, who comes to us from Scotland by way of Toronto, and who thinks it a more grievous crime to mutilate a statue than to damage a man.

It will have been seen from the foregoing that I am the gentlest of explorers. Give me the choice of roaming the streets of London in search of a scarce first edition of, say, *The Beggar's Opera*,—so delightfully performed month after month at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, but which lasted scarcely a week in New York,—and a chance to explore some out-of-the-way country with an unpronounceable name, and my mind is made up in a moment. I have found the race with the sheriff sufficiently stimulating, and, on a holiday, give me the simple, or at least the contemplative, life.

Just before leaving home, I had lunched with my friend Fullerton Waldo; his face positively beamed with happiness and his eye sparkled. Why? Be-

cause he was going to Russia to see for himself what the Bolsheviks were doing. 'You will see plenty of misery, you may be sure,' I replied. 'Why look at it? Why not let the Russians stew in their own juice? Ultimately they will come home, those that are left, wagging their tales behind them.'

But no, he wanted to see for himself. So we parted, each of us going his own way, and both happy.

But I did see one thing unusual enough to have interested even so sophisticated a traveler as Waldo, and that was the crowd which, on Armistice Day, that is to say, the eleventh of November, 1920, at exactly eleven o'clock in the morning, stood absolutely silent for two whole minutes. London is a busy city; there is a ceaseless ebb and flow of traffic, — not in a few centres and here and there, as with us, but everywhere, — and when this normal crowd is augmented by thousands from the country, intent upon seeing the dedication of the Cenotaph in the centre of Whitehall and the burial of the unknown warrior in the Abbey, it is a crowd of millions. And this huge crowd, at the first stroke of eleven, stood stock-still; not a thing moved, except, perhaps, here and there a horse turned its head, or a bird, wondering what had caused the great silence, fluttered down from Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square. And so it was, we read, all over Britain, all over Australia and Africa, and a part of Asia and America: the great Empire, Ireland alone excepted, stood with bowed head in memory of the dead. Not a wheel turned anywhere, not a telegram or telephone message came over the wires.

These English know how to stage big effects, as befits their Empire; with them history is ever and always in the making. And when at last the bunting fluttered down from the Cenotaph, and when the bones of the Unknown, with

the King representing the nation as chief mourner, were deposited in the Abbey, there formed a procession which several days afterward, when I sought to join it, was still almost a mile long!

IV

London can boast of countless little museums, or memorials, to this or that great man; and it is soon to have another: Wentworth Place, in Hampstead, with which the name of Keats is so closely connected. When this is opened to the public, — I have visited it privately, — it is to be hoped that it will take on something of the kindly atmosphere of the Johnson House in Gough Square, rather than that of the cold museum dedicated to that old dyspeptic philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, in Chelsea. I remember well when he died. He was said to have been the Dr. Johnson of his time. Heaven keep us! Carlyle! who never had a good or kindly word to say of any man or thing; whose world, 'mostly fools,' bowed down before him and accepted his ravings as criticism; whose Prussian philosophy, 'the strong thing is the right thing,' was exploded in the great war. I have lived to see his fame grow dimmer day by day, while Johnson's grows brighter as his wit, wisdom, and, above all, his humanity, become better known and understood.

To Gough Square, then, I hastened, once I was comfortably installed in my little flat, to see if any of the suggestions I had made at a dinner given by Cecil Harmsworth, in the winter of 1914, to the Johnson Club, to which I was invited, had been carried out. The door was opened to my knock by an old lady who invited me in as if I were an expected guest. She explained that it was hoped that ultimately one room would be dedicated to the memory of Boswell and others of the Johnsonian

circle, — Goldsmith, Garrick, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and the rest, — and that the whole house would be pervaded by the immortal memory of Dr. Johnson, the kindest as well as the greatest of men; but that, owing to the war, not as much had been accomplished as had been hoped.

‘And so,’ I replied, ‘my suggestions, have not been entirely forgotten. I had feared —’

‘Why,’ continued the old lady, ‘can you be Mr. Newton of Philadelphia?’

I could have hugged her; for, gentle reader, this is much nearer fame than I ever hoped for. What a morning it was! Mrs. Dyble called for her daughter, and I was presented, and again found to be not unknown; and believe me, these two women were so absolutely steeped in Johnson as to shame my small learning and make me wish for the support of real honest-to-God Johnsonians, such as Tinker or Osgood, or my friend R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, who has the greatest Johnson collection in the world, and who, when next he goes to London, has a treat in store which will cause him to forget, at least momentarily, his charming wife and his young son; charming wives and young sons being not uncommon, whereas Gough Square is unique.

Any man of fine heart and substantial means could have bought the Gough Square house, but it required a singularly wise and modest man to fit it up so simply, so in keeping with the Johnsonian tradition; to say, ‘We don’t want a cold, dry-as-dust museum; we want the house to be as nearly as possible what it was when the great Doctor lived in it and compiled the dictionary in its attic room.’ So it is, that 17 Gough Square, Fleet Street, is one of the places which it is a delight to visit. A fine Johnsonian library has been lent, and may ultimately be given, to the house; paintings, portraits, rare prints, and autograph letters abound;

and in these interesting surroundings, friends, literary societies, and clubs may meet for the asking, and teas and dinners may be sent in from the nearby Cheshire Cheese. And all this might have been done, and yet the house might have lacked one of its greatest charms, namely, the kindly presence and hospitality of two women, the discovery of whom, by Mr. Harmsworth, was a piece of the rarest good fortune. Mrs. Dyble is a soldier’s wife, her husband being a color sergeant in one of the crack regiments; and the story goes that, during the air-raids, when the Germans were dropping bombs on all and sundry, the old lady went, not into the ‘tubes’ for shelter, but, to meet the bombs half-way, into the attic; there, taking down a copy of Boswell, she read quite composedly through the night; for, as she said, she would not be worthy of her soldier husband if she were not prepared to face death at home as he was doing in France. But how long, I ask myself, will her daughter, Mrs. Rowell, a pretty widow, be content to live upon the memory of Dr. Johnson?

I was especially pleased to convey to the Johnson House a superb photograph of a portrait of Dr. Johnson by Reynolds, which had recently been acquired by Mr. John H. McFadden of Philadelphia. I was sitting in my club one afternoon, when Mr. McFadden came up and asked me how I would like to see a picture of Dr. Johnson which he had just received from the Agnews in London. Of course, I was delighted, and a few minutes later I was in the small but exquisite gallery of eighteenth-century portraits which Mr. McFadden has collected. Familiar as I am supposed to be with Johnson portraits, I had never seen the one which was shown me. It was obviously Dr. Johnson; and as soon as I returned home and had an opportunity of consulting my notes, I saw that it was the portrait

painted for Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne. So far as I have been able to learn, it has never been engraved or even photographed; and I told its owner that he owed it to himself and all Johnsonians to have it photographed in the best possible manner, and to send a copy to the Johnson House at Lichfield, and also to Cecil Harmsworth. This Mr. McFadden readily consented to do; and so, on my arrival in London, I had the pleasant duty of presenting the pictures. The portrait is of a very old man; the head is bent forward, the face is kindly, and about the mouth is the tremulousness of age. *I take it, indeed, to be a speaking likeness, and it pleases me to fancy that the kindly Doctor has just made the remark quoted by Boswell: 'As I grow older, I am prepared to call a man a good man on easier terms than heretofore.'*

During the war, when Germany was dropping bombs on London and England was protesting that no real military purpose was served thereby and that the priceless treasures in the museums that had always been open to the public were being endangered, Germany characteristically replied that England should not keep her bric-à-brac in a fortress. Whether London is a fortress or not, I do not know; doubtless the Tower once was, and doubtless a certain amount of bric-à-brac is stored therein; but the Tower is a fatiguing place, and I fancy I have visited it for the last time; whereas I shall never cease to delight in the London Museum, filled as it is with everything that illustrates the history, the social and business life of a people who by no accident or chance have played a leading part in the history of the world.

This wonderful collection is housed in what was for years regarded as the most sumptuous private residence in London. It is situated in Stable Yard, very near St. James's Palace, and not

so far from Buckingham Palace as to prevent the late Queen Victoria from dropping in occasionally for a cup of tea with her friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, who for many years made it her residence. The story goes, that Her Majesty was accustomed to remark that she had left her house to visit her friend in her palace. Be this as it may, it is a magnificent structure, admirably fitted for its present purpose; and I was fortunate enough to be one of its first visitors when it was thrown open to the public in the spring of 1914. The arrangement of the exhibits leaves nothing to be desired; and if one does not find the garments of the present reigning family very stimulating, one can always retire to the basement and while away an hour or so among the panoramas of Tudor London, or fancy himself for a brief time a prisoner in Newgate.

But the streets of a great city are more interesting than any museum, and it was my custom generally to stroll through St. James's Park, gradually working my way toward Westminster, thence taking a bus to whatever part of London my somewhat desultory plans led me. One morning I had just climbed the steps which lead to Downing Street, when a heavy shower forced me to stand for a few moments under an archway, almost opposite number 10, which, as all the world knows, is the very unimposing residence of the Prime Minister. Standing under the same archway was an admirable specimen of the London policeman, — tall, erect, polite, intelligent, imperturbable, — and it occurred to me that the exchange of a 'British-made' cigar for the man's views on the war would be no more than a fair exchange. And right here let me say that, all the time I was in England, I did not hear one word of complaint or one word of exultation. There was no doubt in Bobby's mind

who won the war, 'but mind you, your fellows was most welcome, when they came'; and I thought I detected just a trifle of sarcasm in his last words. 'We don't like the Germans, but we don't wear ourselves out 'ating 'em,' he said, in reply to my question.

Just here our conversation was interrupted by an old lady, who came up to inquire at what hour Mrs. Lloyd George was going out. 'I'm not in her confidence, ma'am,' replied my friend; and continuing, he suggested that he had gone to bed hungry many a night but had n't minded in the least, because he knew that British ships were taking the American army to France. 'I've a tendency to get 'eavy, hany-way,' he continued. His views on the League of Nations were what one usually heard. He 'had no confidence a man's neighbors would do more for a man than a man would do for himself'; that 'Wilson was a bit 'eady; and the American people 'ad let 'im down something terrible.'

Another morning, walking past the Horse Guards, I noticed on approaching the Mall an enormous German cannon mounted on its heavy carriage, the wheels of which must have had at least five-inch tires. This engine of death, having shot its last bolt, was an object of the greatest interest to the children who constantly played about it. As I passed it, one little chap, probably not over four years of age, was kicking it forcibly with his little foot, his act being regarded approvingly the while by the Bobby who was looking on; but when finally he began to climb up on the wheel, from which he could have got a nasty fall, the policeman took the little lad in his arms, lifted him carefully to the ground, and bade him 'be hoff,' with the remark, 'You'll be tearing that toy to pieces before you are a month older; then we won't 'ave nothing to remind us of the war.'

'I should n't think you were likely to forget it,' I remarked, looking at his decorations and handing him a cigar.

'Well, sir,' he replied, thanking me and putting the cigar in his helmet, 'it's curious how one thing drives another out of your mind. I was in it for three years, and yet, except when I look at that gun, I can't rightly say I give it much thought.'

V

I had an experience one day, which I shall always remember, it was so unexpected and far-reaching. I was sitting in the back room of Sawyer's bookshop in Oxford Street, talking of London, and rather especially of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's district thereof, in which I had recently made several interesting 'short cruises,' in company with his night watchman (he who had a bad shilling festooned from his watch-chain, it will be remembered), when I felt rather than saw that, while I was talking, a man had entered and seemed to be waiting, and rather impatiently, to get into the conversation. Now just how it came about, I don't exactly know; but soon I found myself suggesting that Londoners know relatively little of their great city and that it was only the enlightened stranger who really knew his way about.

'And this to me,' said the stranger in a harsh, strident voice, of such unusual timbre that its owner could have made a whisper heard in a rolling-mill. 'Think of it,' he continued, turning to Sawyer, 'that I should live to be bearded in my den — by a — by a —'

He paused, not at a loss for a word so much as turning over in his mind whether that word should be kindly or the reverse. This gave me an opportunity to look at the man who had entered, unasked, into the conversation in very much the same way that I had

entered into his London. He was seemingly about sixty years of age, short rather than tall, with piercing eyes under bushy eyebrows, but chiefly remarkable for his penetrating voice, which he used as an organ, modulating it or giving it immense power. One felt instinctively that he was no patrician, but rather a 'city man' accustomed to giving orders and having them obeyed promptly, and having a degree of confidence in himself — say, rather, assurance — which one associates with Chicago rather than with London.

Now I am conceited enough to think that, with the ordinary mortal, I can hold my own in conversation when London is the subject; so almost before I knew it, I was trying to make myself heard by one who had evidently decided to take the lead in the conversation. The result was that two men were talking for victory at the same time, greatly to the amusement of Sawyer.

Finally my stranger-friend said, 'Have you many books on London?'

To which I replied, relieved that the subject had taken a bookish turn, 'Yes, about three hundred,' which number is, say, a hundred and fifty more than I actually possess.

'I have over six thousand,' said my friend; 'I have every book of importance on London that ever has been written.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and you have the advantage in discovering first how many books I had. If I had been as keen as mustard, as you are, I would have asked the question, and you would have said three hundred; then I could have said six thousand.'

'Listen to him,' roared my friend; 'he even doubts my word. Would you like to see my books?'

'Have you a copy of Stow?' I replied, to try him out.

'Yes,' answered my friend; 'every

edition, including a presentation copy of the first edition of 1598, with an inscription to the Lord Mayor.'

Now, presentation copies of the *Survey*, properly regarded as the first book on London, are very rare; I had never seen one, and I replied that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see his books. When and how could a meeting be arranged?

'Shall we say next Thursday afternoon?'

'Very good, but where?'

'Now,' continued my friend, 'pay attention. Tell your second chauffeur to get out your third Rolls-Royce car —'

'Never mind my chauffeurs and my Rolls-Royce cars,' I interrupted; 'if you are on the line of a penny bus, tell me how to reach you from Piccadilly Circus.'

'Good,' continued my friend; 'you know the Ritz?'

'From the outside,' I replied, 'perfectly.'

'Well, go to the Bobby who stands outside the Ritz, and ask him to tell you what bus to take to Clapham Junction; and when you get there, just ask any Bobby to direct you to John Burns's on the north side of Clapham Common.'

John Burns! Had I heard aright? Was it possible that I was actually talking to John Burns, the great labor leader, who had once marched a small army of 'Dockers' from the East End of London to Westminster, and who had finally become an all-powerful Member of Parliament, and Privy Councillor, and President of the Board of Trade and of the Local Government Board; John Burns, without whose approval not a statue, not a pillar-box or a fire-plug had been located for the past twenty years, and who had, when the war broke out, resigned all his offices of honor and emolument because he could not conscientiously go along with the government! As I recovered from my

astonishment, John Burns, with a fine sense of dramatic values, had disappeared. I looked at his name and address written in his own hand in my little engagement-book. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'that looks like a perfectly good invitation; John Burns will be expecting me about half-past four, and I am not going to disappoint him.'

A few days later, at the hour appointed, we descended from a taxi and found our friend awaiting us at his front gate. Across the roadway stretched Clapham Common, itself not without historic interest; but it was a cold, raw day in late October, and the inside of a city home is always more interesting than the outside. As I removed my coat, I saw at a glance that I had not been deceived in the number of his books. There were books everywhere, about fifteen thousand of them. All over the house were open shelves from floor to ceiling, with here and there a rare old cabinet packed with books, which told the life-story of their owner. Books are for reading, for reference, and for display. John Burns had not stinted himself in any direction. Throwing open the door of a good-sized room in which a fire (thank God!) was burning brightly, Burns said briefly, 'London, art and architecture in this room; in the room beyond, political economy, housing and social problems. Rare books and first editions in the drawing-room. Now come upstairs: here is biography and history.' Then, throwing open the door of a small room, he said, 'This is my workshop; here are thousands and thousands of pamphlets, carefully indexed.' On landing at the head of the stair, he said, 'Newton, I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm going to let you handle — carefully, mind you — the greatest collection of Sir Thomas More in the world; over six hundred items, twice as many as there are in the British Museum. Here they are, manu-

scripts, letters, first editions.' And then, dropping the arrogance of the collector who had made his point, he took up a little copy of *Utopia*, which he had bought as a boy for sixpence, and said, 'This book has made me what I am; for me it is the greatest book in the world; it is the first book I ever bought, it is the corner-stone of my library, the foundation on which I have built my life. Now let us have tea!'

During this pleasant function I plied my host with question after question; and he, knowing that he was not being interviewed, was frankness itself in his replies. His judgment of the great men of England with whom he had worked for a lifetime was shrewd, penetrating, and dispassionate; and, above all, kindly; their conduct of the war, his reason for not going along with the nation (he and Lord Morley were the two conspicuous men in England who, upon the outbreak of the war, retired into private life) was forceful if, to me, unconvincing; and I quoted Blake's axiom, that a man who was unwilling to fight for the truth might be forced to fight for a lie, without in the least disturbing his equanimity. My remark about Blake served to send the conversation in another direction, and we were soon discussing Blake's wife, whose maiden name he knew, and his unknown grave in Bunhill Fields, as if the cause and effect of the great war were questions that could be dismissed. Seeing a large signed photograph of Lord Morley on the wall, and a copy of his *Life of Gladstone* and his own *Recollections* on the shelves, I voiced my opinion that his friend was the author of five of the dull-est volumes ever written, an opinion I would be glad to debate with all comers.

In reply to my question as to how he had accomplished so much reading, leading as he has done for so many years the life of a busy public man, he answered, 'I read quickly, have a good

memory,' (there is no false modesty about John Burns) 'and I never play golf.'

'Well, I am like you in one respect.'

'What's that?' he asked; and then, with a laugh, 'You don't play golf, I suppose.'

What I thought was my time to score came when he began to speak French, which I never understand unless it is spoken with a strong English accent. This gave me a chance to ask him whether he had not, like Chaucer's nun, studied at Stratford Attre Bowe, as evidently 'the French of Paris was to him "unknowe."' He laughed heartily, and instantly continued the quotation. But anyone who attempts to heckle John Burns has his work cut out for him; a man who has harangued mobs in the East End of London and elsewhere, and held his own against all comers in the House of Commons, and who has received honorary degrees for solid accomplishment from half a dozen universities, is not likely to feel the pin-pricks of an admirer. And when the time came for us (for my wife was with me) to part, as it did all too soon, it was with the understanding that we were to meet again, to do some walking and book-hunting together; and anyone who has John Burns for a guide in London, as I have had, is not likely

soon to forget the joys of the experience.

Holidays at last come to an end. -

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

We came home and, greetings exchanged, our first impressions were those of annoyance. As a nation, we have no manners; one might have supposed that we, rather than the English, had had our nervous systems exposed to the shock of battle; that we, rather than they, had been subject to air-raids and to the deprivations of war; that we had become a debtor rather than a creditor nation. We found rudeness and surliness everywhere. The man in the street had a 'grouch,' despite the fact that he was getting more pay for less work than any other man in the world; and that the President had told him that he had an *inalienable* right to strike. For the first time in my life I felt that 'labor would have to liquidate' — to use a phrase to which, in the past, I have greatly objected. No question was civilly answered. The porter who carried our bags took a substantial tip with a sneer, and passed on. It may be that America is 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'; but we found the streets of our cities dangerous, noisy, hideous, and filthy. It is not pleasant to say these things, but they are true.

BACK-YARD ARCHÆOLOGY

BY WARREN K. MOOREHEAD

DURING the past fifty years citizens and institutions of New England and New York have contributed large sums for archæological expeditions in remote sections of the New and Old Worlds. I suppose it is not inaccurate to state that certain individuals of New England were pioneers in financing Mexican, Central American, and South American expeditions for the Peabody Museum. Dr. Winslow's labors aroused much interest in the study of early European and Egyptian cultures, and other researches which were begun by the English, French, or Italians. To-day, the explorer seeking funds for a survey of ruins in Yucatan finds ready response to his appeal for contributions. In short, our American public — particularly here, east of the Hudson — is more or less educated in archæological matters. The subject has become of popular interest. We read with avidity articles in the *National Geographical Magazine* concerning peoples of remote corners of the globe — although these same descriptions, printed thirty years ago, would have bored us. Everybody knows about the cave-man, and what he did; our Sunday newspapers regularly announce the discovery of another 'new buried city.' Even the movies portray expeditions of all kinds, some slightly 'scientific,' and others made in the foothills out from Los Angeles, or in the mountains and woods a mile from the business section of Saranac Lake.

Last, but not least, Mr. Wells has delved — or his assistants have — into archæological lore, and we find the whole

'beginnings of the human race' condensed into a few pages, in order that the tired business man, or weary professional person, or the general public, may absorb the leading facts of pre-history, as well as history itself, quickly and conveniently.

People not only buy, but they actually read, books treating in more entertaining fashion of archæological discoveries and primitive peoples. I recall that, thirty years ago, a scientist immediately lost caste, did he write for the public. Following the prevalent custom of that time, his works were dull and pedantic. Few persons outside the cult to which he belonged knew him or his books; for it was considered bad form for him to do that which would interest mankind at large. To-day, most of us believe that our work is a part of the generally accepted educational system; that it should be presented in an attractive form, in order that it may reach the largest number of readers. While much nonsense has undoubtedly been published in the press and magazines, and a great deal of sensational and unscientific information disseminated by the movies, yet, on the whole, people are better informed to-day concerning the early history of our race, and of primitive man in general, than they were two decades ago.

Permit me to hasten, at this juncture, to assure the anxious scholar that I do not claim there are more masters of archæology to-day than formerly; what I wish to convey is the impression that our public has a more intelligent inter-

est in the subject. This is indicated in the correspondence files of the average archæologist. Let him compare letters of 1890 with those of to-day, and he will observe that the correspondent to-day, when addressing the museum curator or a field-man, is somewhat familiar with the subject. We have fewer 'crank' communications. It has been three years since one of these came to our Department; yet in one month during 1895 I received two letters from persons who wished to know my 'formulæ' for making 'mineral rods, by means of which buried treasures are found.'

Formerly, most persons supposed that a museum was a place where 'relics' were bought and then exhibited to gaping and curiosity-seeking visitors. This changed attitude toward the museum may be traced to our museum propaganda; to the work of the Association of Museums, to the spread and influence of children's museums, — popular among their elders, as well, — and to the many illustrated talks on natural history and related topics.

New England's part in lifting archæological research (and museum study) out of the narrow rut of the specialist and placing it upon the hill, that its light might not be hidden, but, on the contrary, be seen of men, is considerable. Indeed, New England occupies a place of distinction as the patron of archæology and research. Was it not at Salem, away back in 1803, that the trading- and whaling-vessel masters brought their 'curios' and ship-models home and exhibited them? Most fitting is it that the museum there, after a century of honorable existence, should display these priceless objects of the long ago. Here, Professor Morse, and at Cambridge, Professor Putnam, began their work in the early eighteen-sixties. Morse's popular lectures, sparkling with humor, filled with worth-while information, stimulated interest and had a

far-reaching result. Putnam preached thorough science in exploration, and gathered about him many young students. These men are to-day heads of, or occupy positions of standing in, a dozen of the larger museums in this and other countries.

Yet all the interest on the part of the young scientists who went forth, and of the men who gave funds, and of the public, seemed to centre in places *away* from and not *in* New England. With a few exceptions — notably Mr. C. C. Willoughby's explorations in Maine — no one thought that there *was* and *is* such a thing as the archæology of New England. Obviously, the reason they all neglected the home territory is not far afield. We have no mounds, no cliff-dwellings or ruined cities. We even lack caverns and cave-man! Thus we possess nothing calculated to appeal to the imagination. Wealthy people would give money for investigations of visible monuments. They had seen pictures of remains in the West, the South, and Asia. Putnam could secure little money for work hereabouts. He was told that there was neither romance nor charm in New England exploration. As a natural sequence, archæologists, with one accord, went West, South, or abroad, with the result that, until systematic explorations were undertaken in 1912, we knew less about our own land (archæologically) than we did about regions five thousand miles away.

In 1909 I visited my friend Director Willoughby of the Peabody Museum, and consulted with him concerning work in our home field. It had been neglected; yet here we might find the beginnings of Algonquin culture, Eskimo influence, tribes of pre-Pilgrim days, and so forth. There were far-reaching possibilities. Our trustees kindly voted the necessary funds, and I applied methods used in Ohio, Arizona,

and New Mexico to the State of Maine. In short, we ran a Western survey in the East.

For nine years we have worked hard, carrying large crews to the most distant points in Maine and elsewhere; it is now time to render the public an account of our stewardship. During this period we have traveled over 5000 miles in our large, twenty-foot canoes. We have found seventeen Indian cemeteries of the prehistoric period, and taken out the contents of 440 graves. Our men mapped over 200 village, camp, or shell-heap sites in Maine alone. The grand total of artifacts in stone, bone, shell, and clay is rising 17,000; and all this in *one* state of New England where there were supposed to be few 'Indian remains.' We found one shell-heap (in the Bar Harbor region, near Lemoine) over 700 feet long and five feet deep, in places, and averaging over two feet of debris. From this heap the men took 5000 articles of prehistoric manufacture, and two years later reexplored for another museum, and secured 2500 more. So far as I am aware, the total of 7500 stone, clay, bone, and shell objects (all human handiwork) from *one* site is exceeded by only five other sites in the whole United States, and these are in the thickly settled mound-builder and cliff-pueblo regions of the West.

Our stone-gouges from Maine graves evince a skill in stone-working, grinding, and polishing not excelled elsewhere in the world. That is, the Maine gouges are easily the highest Stone-Age art in gouge manufacture. I am not speaking of axes or hatchets, but of the long polished gouges.

We find slender spears 14 to 22 inches in length, beautifully wrought and scarcely thicker than a lead pencil. The famous prehistoric Japanese spears are much shorter and of less fine workmanship. One polished dagger of slate, with a wide blade and handle carefully

worked out, is the equal of any similar specimen I have observed from Europe or Asia.

These graves are of such antiquity that no bones remain therein. There are eight distinct types of tools found, — all stone, — and great quantities of powdered red hematite occur in each grave, seldom less than one or two quarts, and frequently half a bushel. No large deposit of soft hematite occurs in Maine, save at Katahdin Iron Works; and analysis indicates that the Indians brought it from that source, probably in canoes, possibly overland, to their villages farther south. None of the ochre masses has been found in shell-heaps along the coast, or in caches, or at their village sites. We therefore conclude that it was used in mortuary ceremonies.

These types of stone artifacts persistently occur in the 'Red Paint People's' graves, but in more recent Algonquin burials they are totally absent. We have proved the existence of a very ancient culture, different from any other in this country.

My purpose in mentioning these discoveries at some length is merely to call attention to the interesting and unknown field that we have at hand. It is now proposed to spend the next eight years in intensive exploration of ancient Indian places in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, with the coöperation of local historical and scientific societies and certain individuals. We shall attempt — at least, in some small measure — to reconstruct the life of our aborigines in pre-Colonial times; and at best our task is beset with difficulties. There are no prominent monuments indicating where we shall excavate. Our results are obtained through persistent testing of one region after another, for the surface indications are meagre. Land has been cultivated hereabouts for the past two and a half

centuries, and most of the village-site indications forever destroyed. We look for flint, chert, or quartz chips, burned stone, and discolored soil. Then we sink holes in search of ash-pits and pottery, which are signs of a large or permanent Indian town. Upon a knoll, or the slope of a hill, near-by, should be the cemetery, and we set the men at work searching for that. It has been carefully estimated that in one hundred farms or estates examined, we find one site. Thus, the percentage is ninety-nine to one against us—not a very attractive proposition if measured by commercial standards.

Dr. Thomas Wilson, for many years Curator of Anthropology in the Smithsonian, was wont to utter a sentiment somewhat as follows: 'Evidences of prehistoric occupation of a given area are found, not in proportion as they exist, but rather as men search.' This is especially true of New England. Because of the scarcity of remains and the long labor necessary to discover sites, zest and charm are added to our explorations. The element of chance is not so much a factor as the element of discovery of new types. Common broken bones from the shell-heaps, if occurring in lower layers, when studied by Dr. Allen, proved to be those of the extinct mink, prehistoric dog, and extinct seal. Our 'Red Paint People' culture may be the beginnings of Eskimo culture—certainly, it is unlike anything else on our continent.

Descending the St. John River, in extreme northern Maine, a region of unbroken forests, with no sign of human habitation save the occasional abandoned logging-camp, we discover pottery at a point farther north in Maine than it has been previously reported. We land at the mouth of Big Black River, near the Quebec line, and find a spruce forest growing over ancient ash-pits, and that here man tarried some

time and manufactured stone knives and weapons.

We voyaged down the Penobscot and stopped at Mattawamkeag. Here once stood a village of large extent, inhabited at different times; for we discovered one type of implement on the west bank and other and different forms on the east bank. Upon the high hill to the north were buried the later Abenaki of the Jesuit mission; we found some of their simple graves, but ceased excavating, as it has not been our custom to excavate in cemeteries where Indians were buried with church rites. Tradition has it that one of the priests was mortally wounded when the mission was destroyed by Massachusetts troops; and on the retreat of the English, the Indians searched the ruins, found the chapel-bell, and buried it alongside the good Father in a simple grave on that hill.

Many interesting things are to be observed in New England archæology. Pipes were not so common as in the West or South, and the pottery is far inferior to that of the Iroquois and southern Algonquins. Thus, smoking was not in general use and the ceramic art was undeveloped. The stone axe probably came in from the West, and does not appear to be native to the region.

Our greatest Indian population lay along the coast, the lower Connecticut Valley, Martha's Vineyard, and Rhode Island. It is here that the larger villages of Pequots, Narragansetts, Podunks, and others were located. On the large town-sites and in the cemeteries one should be able to discover articles indicating tribal commerce with bands living in New York or New Jersey, and also to obtain specimens of aboriginal art, since the more skilled workmen would naturally locate in the populous communities. Hence, when the survey inspects the site of King Philip's town,

the Pequots' fort, and similar spots, it is hoped that lower layers of the ash-pits will prove rich in evidence. There must have been Indian towns in New England long before the Smith, Cabot, and other visitations. Whence these people came, and their relationship to Long Island and New Jersey Algonquins — all these and similar questions may not be solved, but we shall certainly obtain more reliable data upon their migrations or origins.

New England is thickly settled, and most Indian sites are to-day occupied by towns. Where once were wigwams, lawns stretch down to the sea. One would suppose that we might encounter opposition in securing permission to excavate, yet the contrary is true. In twelve years of expeditions, we have requested hundreds of owners to allow us to excavate, and have been refused but ten times. This is a remarkable record. One lady at Bar Harbor stated that I could open trenches, provided no dirt was left on her lawn. We brought our tent-flies into service, used a sod-cutter, rolled the turf and stacked it on one tent, the earth on another. We dug large pits, filled them carefully, replaced the sod, and wet it down. My men, proud of a good job, have always, with one accord, agreed that she paid them their greatest compliment. We worked three hours; she, meanwhile, played auction bridge with her friends in the cottage. When we had finished, she came out, looked over the lawn, and asked me *when* we were to begin digging!

At Orland, Maine, a cemetery extended under a large barn, filled with new hay. The owner consented to explorations, provided his hay was not left out over-night. We secured extra labor, moved the stock, vehicles, and hay outside, took up the floor, and found seventeen graves. These were opened and photographed. Then the

floor was relaid, the stock led back, hay put in the mow, and work finished before dark. We have taken up trees and flower-beds, moved pens and sheds, worked under a saw-mill, and even dug in railroad yards. One wealthy lady would not permit us to complete an important cemetery because the pine-needles covering the sand might be disturbed. These had fallen from 'runt' pines out on an ocean-swept point, and were of no size. I offered to send the men with a team into a heavy pine growth a mile distant and bring her a wagon load of larger needles; but in vain. Nature had deposited those pine 'spills,' and they must remain. Hence, we were compelled to desist; but local people dug there Sundays, undermined her precious trees, and they all fell! Therefore, she lost both trees and needles, and the cemetery was lost to science.

There is a charm in New England archæological research. Most explorers prefer difficult tasks, and finding evidences of our prehistoric American predecessors in this region is not easy. It is pleasant, this voyaging along in the canoe, carrying a crew of State o' Maine men, who have accompanied us on many a trip — the Susquehanna, Texas deserts, Connecticut, Lake Champlain, New Brunswick, and all the Maine rivers. We land at a convenient spot, and set up camp in thirty-two minutes. All hands help the cook, and we get four tents erected and baggage stored within that time. Then we scatter and look for surface signs. The farmers or villagers come to camp, and our mission is explained. They are very accommodating and kind — only the foreigners living in the lower Connecticut have caused us trouble.

One might suggest that explorers in distant lands face dangers, and that our work, contrasted with theirs, is both simple and easy. I have worked in the

Southwest in early days, before the automobile, and personally know one's sufferings in sand-storms, how one feels when without water in the desert. I have had trouble with horse-thieves, been in quicksand, and experienced kindred discomforts. Yet, in July or August in the North Woods, the 'five standard flies' have made life miserable for the survey, and have caused more real inconvenience than we ever experienced on that famous Far Western Painted Desert. The running of our canoes, one at a time, safely through the worst part of the fifteen-mile falls on the Connecticut, by Ralph Dorr, was a performance unsurpassed by anything ever witnessed by us on the Western surveys. Navigating three long open canoes in a heavy sea-fog, from Bangor to Castine in one day, constituted a record of which the crew may justly be proud.

So, if one should suppose that there are no 'adventures' possible in line of duty (for we never take unnecessary risks) in New England explorations, that person should, if possible, join us on our last trip to Maine to be made this summer, when we hope to examine the upper Aroostook and head of the East Branch, and from thence travel across northern Maine to the upper St. John

waters, turn southeast, and work down to the Rangeleys.

There are not many indications of ancient Indian occupation in that region, for natives could exist with less hardships nearer the coast. As the colonists spread inland, there was an Indian migration northward; but there is no evidence of long-continued residence north of the central portion of the state. Indeed, I am of the opinion that the Indian occupation of much of Maine and Canada is comparatively recent.

Quite likely the next few years of exploration along the lower Connecticut River, and the coast from New Haven to Providence (including a strip some twenty miles back from salt water), will prove that we had a considerable Indian population prior to the Smith and Cabot voyages. The relationship of these tribes to other Algonquins is to be carefully studied, through a comparison of artifacts. Archæology alone must furnish the evidence, since languages and folk-lore of native Americans living prior to 1600 are unknown.

A few years hence, the pages of New England Indian history previous to European contact will have been written. We shall then realize that our aborigines played no unimportant part in the life of the American red race.

PIONEERS

BY MRS. A. DEVEREUX

[The following authentic letters, which the Atlantic has been privileged to copy from the yellowing sheets still in the writer's possession, tell a story of the pioneer spirit which ought to be preserved. No introduction is necessary, but the reader should know that the writer was, in 1865, a wife of ten years. Mrs. Devereux still lives, at the age of ninety-three.]

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, October 15, 1865.
(Geographical centre of the United States)

DEAR MOTHER, —

I have a long story to tell you, of why I am here with Will, in this small, rough prairie village, so small and remote, I am sure you have never heard of it before. It is 90 miles from our home in Council Bluffs, with no nearer settlement of any size in any direction, and hundreds of miles from any railroad, and I doubt if the view from our window would impress you very favorably, yet it seems very good to us to be here.

My last letter to you told of Will's successful return journey from Denver, as far as Cottonwood Springs; from Fort Kearney later he wrote of greatly improved health: he would be home ready for duty in two weeks more, coming on slowly to get the full benefit of longer outdoor life in the early October days; and his enthusiasm over wagon-travel and camping-out for health was greater than ever. Ranches were not so far apart, and the ranch women could bake his bread, which, he owned, with his own baking in the Dutch oven, had been often very poor. Nor need he wait to join the slow progress of pack-trains, as he was forced to do farther West, where the Indians were dangerous and an escort of soldiers was furnished. He would enjoy camping by

himself in freedom and quiet, and he would soon be home.

At 4 o'clock P.M. of the very day this letter reached me, a telegram came from Grand Island, saying, 'Very ill by the roadside; come at once and bring the doctor.' You can imagine how dazed I was for an instant, and then the impulse to move heaven and earth to reach him quickly; but where Grand Island was, or how I was to get there, I knew no more than if I had not lived two years at one of the gateways to that great plain stretching 500 miles west to Denver.

I called to a passing friend, who, fortunately, was a woman of presence of mind, and had been to Denver herself. She recalled at once the important fact that it was the day for the Overland coach, which only every other day left Omaha at evening for Denver; and it was nearly time for the last boat on the ferry to Omaha, and the ferry was two miles away.

'Send me the doctor and someone to take me to Omaha,' was all that I waited to say; and hastened to put the few things in my bag I could think of.

She found our good friend and banker, Mr. Deming, at the first corner, in his buggy, and he drove to the door at once, and offered to see me started on the coach; and best of all, a need I had

not yet thought of, he could furnish me funds for the journey, and arrange, as we drove on, for any emergency which should call for more. It was impossible for the doctor to go with me, but he came to me, and gave me all the advice he could.

In half an hour from the time the telegram reached me, we were on our way, and I had a little time to collect myself before reaching the ferry. I was so absorbed in going over that terrible telegram, to gain some new light on it, that I had no fear or hesitation about taking the journey, nor did I recall what little I knew about such rough travel in the unsettled West, or what it might demand of my strength, if not of my courage; and I wondered, vaguely, why Mr. Deming should ask me if I were sure I had better try to go. Of course I must go.

We reached Omaha just in time, and Mr. Deming secured the whole of the back seat of the coach for me; and as I crawled into it at 9 o'clock, in the darkness, I heard the driver say, 'Two nights and a day will bring her there'; and the dim lanterns outside showed me Mr. Deming's pale and frightened face as we rolled away.

It was well fear was not added to my anxiety. The rapid movement of the four horses gave me relief, and the intense silence of the black night left me free to think; for though Mr. Deming said with trembling voice, as he shut the coach-door, 'A lady going to her sick husband; won't you be kind to her?' and I was conscious of persons in the other seats, I thought no more of them, and set about making myself comfortable enough for one who could not sleep. I rolled the ill-smelling blanket into pillows, and made a tent-cover from head to foot of the big mosquito net that my thoughtful friends insisted I should take, as I left home.

When day dawned, we had left the

rolling hills between Omaha and the Elkhorn behind us, and were passing rapidly over the plains of the Platte valley. I had grudged the delays of the night, when they stopped to change horses, for every hour made one less of that terrible sum of 'two nights and a day,' before I could reach Will, 'ill by the roadside'; but when the light became clearer in the coach, there was a moment's sense of repugnance, but no fear, when I met the eyes of three of the roughest-looking men I had ever seen, staring at me. They had not spoken a word through the long night, I believe in kindness to a lone woman, though they seemed not only coarse, but dull. They rarely spoke to each other during the time I was with them, and never to me; and when awake, seemed filled with astonishment at my presence there.

At the noon station a new passenger took the vacant seat in front of me, and it was very pleasant to see the unmistakable signs of a more cultivated type of man. He was kind to me, giving me helpful attentions at the rough stage-stations, where we tried to eat. Once he insisted, without any complaint of mine, that a basin of water should be placed on a chair inside the shanty for my use, instead of my sharing with the men the towels and basin on the bench outside the door. A sense of being protected by this good man encouraged a little sleep, and the slow hours wore on.

Toward night I began to inquire about Grand Island, supposing that I was to go on to that station, and should reach it next morning. But when, later, the driver was changed with the horses, the new one came to the coach-door and asked, 'Is there a woman here, going to her sick husband?' To my eager inquiries of what he could tell me about Will, he could only say, 'They told me to watch out for ye, and leave ye at Lone Tree; get there in the night

some time.' This, I found, was eight miles east of Grand Island, from which the telegram came.

After midnight I began to peer into the darkness with beating heart, full of vague and terrible fears. I think my friend in the coach was anxious, too, with too much sympathy to sleep; for he was good to me in a silent way, which helped me to wait quietly.

At two o'clock in the morning the coach suddenly stopped, and we knew it was not to change horses; it was too quiet. The coach-door opened, and in silence my neighbor sprang out, and I silently followed. The driver bade us make for a dim light not far away; it was a lantern hanging under Will's wagon, standing by the roadside. My friend helped me to climb into the dark opening under the canvas cover, from which a voice strangely unnatural called faintly, 'I thought you would never come; now let me go to sleep.'

Instinctively I knew there was peril, though I could not distinguish his face.

The stranger exclaimed, 'I can't leave you so; this is dreadful; I will stay.'

But I knew Will must, first of all, get rest that night. No doubt he had forced himself to keep awake until the coach came by. I hope the man knew I was grateful for his kindness, but I could only whisper, 'Go on; I can do; send me a physician if you can find one.' Later on, I did get comfort at a critical time, through his remembrance of us, though he found no physician.

I crawled along the wagon-bed until I came to Will's head, and sat down on the straw and soothed him to sleep. He was too ill to tell me anything about himself, only feebly saying once, 'I shall get well now.'

When it was light enough to see, I crept out the front, and found the wagon was drawn up beside an old empty hut, and near-by was a newly

built log-cabin, and a long sod-barn, and no other habitation in sight. Two half-grown boys came out of the new cabin, and I went in to find someone to get me the nourishment I must have for Will, and food for myself, and to learn something about him.

A frowzy, dull-eyed woman met me; her yellow face and yellow hair and lank figure told me the kind of emigrant she was. She seemed to have not a particle of interest in the sick man outside; had I been some unknown species of human kind, she could not have appeared more dazed. A coarse-featured girl of eighteen, maybe, joined her, and paying no attention to my wants, they continued to stand silent, and stare at my face, my clothes, and my hair.

I think nothing up to that time came so near breaking my courage as the silent stare of that dull, passionless woman. I knew then that I was little better than alone, on the wide prairie, with a very sick man.

I begged for fire, and hot water, and milk, and gained by degrees from them, that Will had come to their cabin a week before and given his horses to the care of the sons, because he was ill, and had sent one of them back to Grand Island with the dispatch to me, later; and they had made soup for him once, when he said they must. Did I think he would die? and, Was it a catching sickness?

I knew as little as they what his sickness was; but I meant that he should *not* die, and that they should give me help, though I did not say so. The hot milk I gave him revived him, and he slept again, while I searched his box of stores, and made myself a homelike cup of tea on their old broken cook-stove. A spider and a kettle were all the utensils they had; but I cleaned up Will's saucepans, and then looked about me. He could not stay longer in that wagon. I could not climb in and out, and care

for him. They insisted there was no place for him in their cabin, and indeed he needed quiet and good air, which he would not have there; but I found in the old hut a bedstead frame, with boards across it, and on them a ragged hay-bed.

The floor of the hut was like that of an old barn, and the sod-roof was broken in spots, but was shelter enough for those mild sunny days. I asked for fresh hay for the bed, and in perfect silence they did just what I bade them to do, and then stood again and stared at me.

The bed was the sole piece of furniture in the hut, and there was not much more in the newer cabin. I looked about for a box to serve as a chair, but none could be found. A cask of onions and one of oats stood at one side of the small square room, and the chickens ran in and out of the broken door, freely, all day. When the boys came to their breakfast, I got them to carry Will to the hut on the mattress-bed in his wagon, on which he had slept during his two months' journey; and on my taking off his heavy clothing, he slept more quietly, but could tell me little about himself.

I gradually learned that, after his last letter to me, he had failed for some nights to get good sleep. Mosquitoes appeared in swarms, and horse-thieves were about, so that Punch and Judy had to be watched at night. He felt himself growing ill, and pushed on, hoping at least to get to Columbus, the nearest place he could find advice and care. But that was 60 miles farther east, and when his strength gave out entirely, he stopped beside this cabin, because there was a barn where his horses could be made safe. How he had lived since he sent the dispatch, he did not know. He thinks the women brought him water, and he wanted nothing more. He was waiting for me.

I made a seat for myself on the foot of his bed, with his overcoat as a pillow, and watched, and fed him with all the nourishing things I could contrive from our limited stores, and did not know enough to know that he had a low malarial fever, fast assuming a typhus form. He insisted that he needed nothing but rest, and in his weak state I dared not experiment with the few medicines I had with me. I ate in the other cabin, with the silent family, living mostly on rice and crackers, and tea of my own making; their bacon and mashed potatoes, with the bacon fat stirred into the potato until it was almost a soup, was intolerable to me; and badly made hot soda bread, with coffee, was all they had besides to eat.

They came west from Southern Indiana. The women wore home-made linsey-woolsey gowns, with straight, scant skirts, and I envied them, as I went about in the dust with full skirts and hoops; so I packed away the hoops, and sewed up my skirts in festoons, and laid aside my small hat, which seemed so absurd a covering in that spot, and went bareheaded to and fro in the sun.

One evening the boys came in with an antelope thrown across one of their ponies, which they had shot at some distance, somewhere, and I thought Will could have soup, and I could have a change in food; but before morning they had it all packed in salt, and the stew they made for dinner had a dreadful taste.

All day long the sun shone from a cloudless sky. A few rods in front of our door, the perfectly level trail to Denver stretched in a yellow line of dust to the limits of the horizon, east and west. Four or five miles away, a brown spot indicated a cabin, and a dim fringe of low trees, still farther away, marked a stream; otherwise, the circle of the horizon bounded an unbroken plain,

green as in summer, but utterly silent and unvaried, except when clouds of dust rose in the west, and long lines of oxen came slowly by the door, sometimes as many as sixteen pairs fastened behind each other, drawing as many huge white-covered empty wagons on their return trip to Omaha. Made up in this fashion, one or more men could manage the train returning; and in these days of emigration west, wagon-drivers could be readily found to go to Denver; but few wished to return. Every day the stage-coach passed, east or west, and it seemed a friendly link between us and the world, 150 miles away.

The mail was carried the alternate day on a buckboard with a single seat, sometimes shared with the driver by a passenger. After ten days of hope and despair, I saw plain signs of increasing weakness in Will, and watched eagerly for the buckboard to pass at noon. I must get advice from someone, if only from the stage-man. It seemed odd that it should halt before I went out, and a passenger should spring out and come at once to me, asking, 'How is your husband?' I knew at a glance he was an Eastern man and a gentleman; and oh! the intense relief to my overstrained nerves just the sight of him gave me, utter stranger as he was.

In a few words he explained: he had heard of our desolate state from the man who was kind to me in the coach when I came to Will; he was not sure he should find us still there, but he would inquire. He was engineer of the force then at work at points east and west, surveying the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

I could not speak of our great need, but he turned away and ordered the man to go on without him. I protested, 'You will lose your place in the stage, and cannot get away from here, maybe for days.'

'I can walk, and nine miles farther on I have a corps of men, and can overtake them.'

'But you will have no place to sleep, and little to eat.'

'I shall do; and this is dreadful for you and your husband,' he said, and bade the stage-man go on. He told me he knew nothing at all of sickness, and Will was too weak to bear the sight of a strange face; so he sat down on the wagon-tongue outside, and I went back to the hut with more courage.

He brought me my food to the door; and when, at evening, the mosquitoes grew worse than usual, he built a smudge of damp grass before the door, and all night I saw him at intervals, pacing backwards and forwards beside it. He could not rest in the wagon even, for there were no blankets, and the mosquitoes had taken possession. Toward morning Will revived, and I could leave him, to consult with my new friend a moment. He said I must send one of those boys back twenty-five miles to Wood River, where there was said to be a physician; and he undertook the task of getting the boy off.

Then, finding he could do little for us, and the coach going east fortunately having a vacant seat, he took it, charging me, if we needed assistance later, either there or on our way east, to send someone to hunt up a surveying-party, and he would give orders to them, along the line, to go at once at my call. This gave me much comfort; for a vague, horrible sense had been growing clearer to me of what might be my needs if Will did not improve in that desolate land, sixty miles from an Eastern settlement.

The doctor came next day; he proved to be a German, from a small cattle-ranch, with little knowledge of English, and less of medicine. He looked at Will in astonishment and then at me, and fairly gasped as he exclaimed, 'What-

ever sent such a man as *he* out here?' Will's pale, refined face certainly was not that of the ordinary 'freighter' he had prescribed for.

He finally said that he did n't know what to do for '*his* kind,' and he thought 'he would die if he did n't get out of here,' and he 'minded he would anyway'; and then he turned away indifferently, and went to gossip with the woman in the cabin.

That coarse bluntness was needed to settle my mind. We must move east early next morning, and that man should go with us and drive. He protested that he could not. He must go back to his cattle. But I still had some faith in his medical knowledge, and meant he should go with us, and set about getting ready. Will was too ill to counsel me about arrangements, and the wagon was ready to start before I disturbed him, to tell him my plans.

My firmness about its being best to go gave him courage to allow us to move him carefully into his old place in the wagon; and when I turned to the doctor, who still doggedly declared he could not go, and told him to get into the driver's seat at once, he obeyed, as if I had some right to control him.

With our small store of brandy at hand, I climbed in beside Will, and we moved on slowly. At first the motion exhausted him; but he was certainly no worse when we halted at noon, four or five miles on; and at the end of a short day's journey, we found, at a ranch, a comfortable lounge in the living-room of the family, which made a bed for him; and he took milk more freely, and slept quietly; and I lay on the floor beside him, and slept, too.

It was strange how little sleep I needed, and how little I minded the roughness of everything.

Still under protest that his cattle would suffer for care, the German helped me make things comfortable for

the second day's journey, and, to my relief, went with us, though sulky and silent. As for nursing or giving advice to his patient, the man was utterly incapable; but I believed he could drive and care for the horses; and, in my anxiety, I had failed to take carefully the direction in which the surveying-party were to be found, and no one seemed to know anything about them, nor could we make any delay with safety, to find help from them. We must make a longer drive that day, to reach shelter at night; but the death-like look had gone from poor Will's face, and the smooth prairie trail gave little jar to the spring wagon, as the horses never moved faster than a steady walk.

Noontime brought us to the best sod-house I had seen; it was really a comfortable home. There were no floors, but the ground was hard and polished, and the inside walls were covered with white cotton cloth, and a ceiling, made of the cloth, was suspended under the roof of sod-covered poles. I made tea and toast for Will on the good cook-stove, and ate with relish, myself, the good dinner that the wholesome-looking women of the house prepared for the doctor and me; for though it was not a stage-station, in that new country all houses 'keep,' as the people say. At night, the house where we had planned to stay was more pretentious, but I did not like the looks of the ranch men and women who came out to help us; and having my choice between a bed in the living-room of the family and one in an empty old cabin near-by, I chose the latter. The door would not shut, the bed was not clean, the dirt-floor was no better than the roadway, and the dust from the old sod-roof above us lay in black ridges on our faces next morning; but it was enough that Will was certainly gaining strength.

The weather was still soft and mild,

and the sun shone all day; the air was a tonic, and Will dozed away the hours in comfort. I had been able to buy an empty soap-box, of which I made a better seat for myself, and we started, with good courage, on our last day's ride to Columbus, where we should find a hotel and a good physician, and could dismiss our German, and rest until Will was well enough to go home.

But a new trouble met me. Our driver had found whiskey at the ranch, and brought a bottle away with him. He soon fell asleep and, after a little, tumbled in a heap on the floor of the wagon, under the high seat. I could not reach the reins nor dare I alarm Will, who was sleeping and had observed nothing. I only hoped the man would continue to sleep, for the dear horses were old friends, and I knew they would keep to the trail, and turn all right if they should meet a train, which was not likely to happen, as at this season they were all going east. Before we reached the crossing at the Loup River, not far from Columbus, which was a difficult ford and my dread all the anxious day, the man had slept off his stupor enough to climb to his seat and take the reins again; and to my great relief, another single wagon, like our own, was about to crawl down the steep bank into the deepest portion of the current. Our Punch and Judy did not need guiding to follow the lead; and we went safely on across the many islands and channels of the wide river, dangerous, some of them, from quicksands, if you lost the trail, and soon after drew up before this house, where I am writing to you; and it seems a palace to me, though it really is a dingy two-story building, very bare and common-looking. Freighters and stage-drivers, dressed in rather uncouth style, lounged on the dirty narrow porch; but I climbed down from the rear of the wagon, in my soiled, oddly draped cotton dress, with a con-

fidence in their good-will that I did not find misplaced. A dozen strong men came forward to lift Will out, and take off the horses, and unpack the wagon — not employees of the house, but its guests on the porch; and if I had suggested to them to take that drunken doctor away and hang him, I think they would have done it.

An Ohio woman kept the hotel; she had heard of us from the stage-men, and a word secured us a room up the stairs, in her barrack-like house, though it was already overfull of men.

The wretch who had kept me in fear all day, and could then stand with difficulty, was paid and dismissed. He had seemed to obey me in coming, as if I owned the world; and I am sure he believed I owned it all when I paid him what he asked for coming; but it mattered little to me so long as we were safe and among friends, and Will was better. I ate my supper with pleasure, though the forty rough men seated at the table with me seemed much embarrassed at my presence. I recognized respect for me in my helpless state, when they scarcely lifted their eyes from the table, and spoke to each other in whispers.

But oh, dear! when I came back to our room, hoping to find Will resting and happy, he was, for the first time in his illness, wildly delirious. The sight of so many people, and the bustle and noise of the house, after the worries of the day, were too much for his weak state. I sent in haste for the physician here whom I had heard of, and when he came, I saw I could rely on his aid and his knowledge. He gave a quieting medicine, and this morning, as I sit beside Will, writing, he is quite himself, resting and stronger.

Daylight has shown the room to be exceedingly dirty; the house has been full of disbanded soldiers going east from stations and camps north of the

Platte River. The bed was unfit for decent people, and we grow more particular when we reach settlements. As there seem to be few, if any, women attendants in the house, I have taken the room in hand myself a little. I succeeded in getting a 'bucket' of warm water and a mop, and have taken up a good deal of the dust, and no doubt some fleas and other vermin. We hope soon to be able to go on home.

I have not dared to write to you before this. To think of you and my Eastern home, and put in words, during the past two weeks, what has taken all my strength and courage to face, would have weakened my self-control. Now I write full of hope and in comparative comfort.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA
October 30, 1865.

It is two weeks since I wrote to you, soon after reaching Columbus, and we thought a day or two would see us on our way to our home; but Will did not mend as fast as we hoped he would. Sometimes I lost hope; but had I not escaped with him alive, from those desolate prairies behind us, the very 'valley of the shadow of death'! We had the aid of a kind and intelligent physician, and the essential comforts of life.

I cooked Will's food on the kitchen stove myself; but I was in no way disheartened, nor did my appetite fail me, when I saw the process of cooking the food for the public table; I even helped pull out some of the flies from the batter of soaked bread, which stood on the cooking-table ready to be fried into great balls, in spiders full of grease, and knew, when I ate them later for supper, that not a few remained. To show daintiness, or seem to be different from those about me, would repel the kindness so freely given, which was our support and help.

When I could leave Will, I went to the

porch and talked with the stage-drivers, as they came in, about the 90-mile journey still before us — learning how many miles we would be forced to travel in a day to reach the stage-stations at night; for our experience had taught us the wisdom of staying at public places on the road. That we were not molested the night our German doctor found the whiskey, at that lonely wayside ranch, was fortunate.

But, after ten days without much change, we both grew restive; there were so many things to make our going-on more and more imperative.

It was the last of October; these constant days of sunshine must soon end. What if November winds and cold storms set in early? We had no clothing warm enough for late traveling on the plains, and, to my great satisfaction, Will had come to see, what I had long known, that at his best, even in our pleasant city home, he would not be equal to the demands of Western life upon his physical strength, and we must go back to New York before winter. A coach-ride from Council Bluffs to Des Moines, of 150 miles, was not to be thought of at that season, and the only other way to reach the nearest railroad was by the Missouri River; and if we delayed too long at Columbus, the last boat of the season would leave for St. Joseph, Missouri. We *must* go on.

The anxiety and thinking kept Will from getting strong; but he could not yet walk, much less drive horses, and I could find no one to hire. Every man who could work was out on the prairie with hay-machines, cutting and curing hay for the keeping of the great trains of oxen and mules, which, coming and going to and from the far West, made Columbus a 'refitting' station, as Council Bluffs is called an 'outfitting one.'

Huge stacks of hay, high and long, and long barns, built of sod and stacked over with hay, stretched in every direc-

tion from the little cluster of cabins near the hotel, which made what we call a village and they call a town. They had been cutting hay since July, and would keep on till the frost drove them in; but there were not men enough to do the work of getting in the hay still needed.

There was a camp of soldiers stationed a few miles away, and someone mentioned that a convalescent soldier, an under-officer, had received a furlough, and would be glad of the free passage east, and would be a suitable person to help us. I wrote at once to the commandant of the post, and received a courteous reply, that the man would come the next morning and go with us as we wished; so, without delay, I made everything ready, and Will grew bright at the prospect of moving on. Our good friends, the stage-drivers, brought him to the porch next morning before they went out with their coaches, and our horses were put on the wagon, already loaded up and before the door. Good-byes were said to our hostess and her barkeeper, who stood smilingly in the doorway (after confirming to us our previous surmises, that they would soon make a united head to the house), and we waited for our soldier.

He came with a note from the commandant, saying there had been a mistake. The soldier's papers required him to report by the Southern route at Leavenworth, and he could not go with us!

Will grew faint with disappointment, and exclaimed, 'I shall certainly die if I stay here.' One glance at his despairing face, and then at our trusty horses, and a look at the sunny sky, and a thought of those stage-drivers who had promised to meet us at the stations, and I said, 'I will drive myself; help him in.'

Will did not object, and in ten minutes he was in his old place on the mat-

tress and pillows, and his voice sounded quite strong and cheery as he called to tell me how to climb over the high sides of the wagon, to reach the seat, perched up so high that the canvass cover almost touched my head; and I felt elated and happy as I gathered the reins in my bare hands, and turned into the trail to commence our four days' journey, and, in a few moments more, left all signs of habitation behind us.

I knew a good deal more about prairie traveling than when I came out. I had not yet resumed my hoops; the demands of fashion at Columbus, proud and central city as it claimed to be, had not required it. I had completed that morning a most satisfactory bargain, some days under consideration, with a stage-driver's wife, who had come for a few days to the hotel, for her last summer's Shaker sunbonnet, with a buff chambray cape and strings, in exchange for my quite stylish and new hat. I was to pay her two dollars in cash besides, for she was not *sure* that the *hat* was quite the thing. 'Most uns wore Shakers.' At the last moment, she yielded. I knew the comfort of that deep shade and fast strings, under the bright sun and prairie winds; not that my complexion needed shade: I was already brown as the prairie dust, and my gloves were long ago worn out. A heavy flannel shirt of Will's, put on under my dress, may have looked a trifle clumsy, but gave me warmth and left my arms free.

I was a little dismayed when Punch began to go lame after a mile or so. I dared do a good many things, but not to lift his foot to see what was the matter, and Will must not be worried. But he soon cast a shoe, and I climbed down and recovered it; the soft, stoneless soil could do no harm, and the first station-master put it on again.

Our lunch-box was well filled and I made tea on the station stove, while the men hastened to take off the horses and

care for them. When our stage-man John came swinging up later, on his coach from the East, he gave a ringing whoop at sight of us, and said I 'would do,' which gave me satisfaction.

And from that time on, for the whole four days, we were under the special care of the stage-men. They looked after the horses and our comfort, in every way possible to them. It was not *one* man, for of course we could not keep up with the coach, and the men were frequently changed; but going east and going west, all knew about us, and passed us on to each other, so that a bed was ready for us, and men waiting to lift Will out tenderly and carry him to it, at every night station.

The stations were sometimes very rough places, sometimes only one room for living and sleeping; but the one curtained bed was always ours; at least it was Will's; and if it was only a lounge, I spread our blankets on the floor for myself, as I had done farther west. It did not ruffle me in the least, if one or two men snored lustily in another corner of the room; I had learned to trust kind hearts under very rough exteriors. All our good Johns waved their hands to us, as they passed us on the road; and each day's travel was laid out for us by one of them each morning.

One day we were told not to go to the regular stage-station at night; it was *too* rough; but to leave the trail at a certain point and make for a house in sight, two miles across the prairie, where we would get a good room and bed. The owner knew we were coming, how, we could not tell, and welcomed us like friends; and when Will found he could sit at the table with us, and taste the fried bacon, our host looked at him with tears streaming down his face, and swore big oaths at him roundly, to show how glad he was. Later, the tall figure of our John stood in the doorway of our room, and he too cried like a

child because Will called out 'Hullo' in a good full voice. The man had walked across the prairie several miles, 'to see if they was square with the horses,' he said, but really to see if *we* were all right. I cannot begin to tell you the comfort these men were to us. They scorned any reward for their services, and had few words to say; if we expressed gratitude, they turned away shyly and disappeared; they still looked at us in that wondering sort of way, I suppose because we showed plain marks of being 'tender-feet,' as newcomers from the East are called.

I was never frightened at our loneliness on the prairie, even when one day they told us there would be a stretch of 16 miles without a house. One day, I was startled for a moment, at a sudden apparition, behind a slight rise of ground, of a dozen Indians, coming in single file, at right angles across our trail; and the horses, too, showed signs of fear; but their squaws were with them with loaded ponies, and I knew we were beyond dangerous Indian ground, and they were soon out of sight.

Once, at our noon halt, we found no men at home at the station, only a young German woman who could not speak English; and as the usual custom for travelers was to water and feed their own horses, I was at a loss what to do; for to lift a pail of water to those thirsty, eager horses, was beyond my strength and my courage as well; but the woman came to my help, and did it all with ease.

Until the afternoon of the third day we had been following the unbroken trail on the level prairie; then we came to a large stream with deeply worn banks, and, to my dismay, some of the planks of the long bridge were upset, and it was impassable. I could not leave the horses nor could I lift the heavy planks to replace them. It was

nearing sundown; what could we do if darkness found us in that place? The coach had already passed us, and not a train or house was in sight. For the first time my teeth chattered with fear.

A half-hour's waiting, and two men in an open spring wagon came rapidly up beside us. Spring wagons are unusual on the plains. The slow-moving heavy white-covered wagons we call 'prairie schooners' are commonly used, and they can be seen at a long distance. I thought this one had dropped from the sky, and still more, when the men came quickly to speak to us, and in the tone and language of the far East, asked us how we were. They were entire strangers, but belonged to the surveying-party, of whom we had seen and heard nothing since that morning at Lone Tree, when our friend left us after his night's vigil. They had been told by their chief to look out for us, and had been expecting to find us at some point farther west, days before that time. Just when all other help failed us, they appeared, and we were soon safely on our way, to the last night station of our journey.

The last day was a difficult one for me, though Will was already so nearly well he needed but little care, reclining cheerfully on his cushions, telling me stories and enjoying the sunshine.

But the country changed to high rolling prairie after leaving the valley of the Elkhorn River, and the frequent long descents were perfectly smooth, like ice, and the worn shoes of the horses obliged me to 'put on the brake.' It was hard to reach it, and harder to

press it down. Then the front bow of the wagon cover had broken, and left the canvas to flap about my face, and the sun beat in my eyes, altogether bringing on a violent headache. For the first time in all the four weeks of care and labor, I came near giving out; and the nearer we came to thickly settled country and town life, the less we could expect of personal interest in us. We were being lost in the edges of the rushing, busy life of that world, which seemed to commence at the Missouri River; and Heaven, which had been so near, and Angelic care, in the shape of good Johns and civil engineers, no longer seemed about us. When at last, we took our places in the line of white-topped wagons, waiting their turn to cross the river on the ferry-boat at Omaha, I hoped I might never again see the valley of the Platte. We realized, too, when we were unrecognized by friends on the boat with us, that we were filling well the rôle of emigrant 'poor white,' whose faded-out, shabby look had often excited half pity, half contempt in us, in the streets of Council Bluffs.

When we drew up at last, at our own door, safe and nearly sound, amid the congratulations of the kindest of neighbors and friends, I still kept in mind the tender, almost worshipful respect and care of our stage-driver friends.

And now Punch and Judy, our faithful horses, are to be sold, and a few days must see us on our way down the Missouri, for November's chill air is here, and our faces are set towards New York and home.

THE FOURTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER

1321-1921

BY CHARLES H. GRANDGENT

As age, their shadow, follows life and birth,
So autumn shadowed summertime and spring
And day was yielding fast to equal night,
When, homeward soaring from the rustling shore
Where weary Po exchanges life for peace,
His spring-born spirit fled, so long ago.

Six slowly winding centuries ago,
Reborn was he in everlasting birth,
To taste the food for which he hungered, peace,
At marriage suppers set in endless spring,
Shoresman eternal on the radiant shore
Which never saw its sun engulfed in night.

A sinful world of self-created night
He left behind, so many years ago,
A world where hatred ruled from shore to shore
And men, despite their gentle Saviour's birth,
Like ancient Adam forfeited their spring,
For greed and discord bartering their peace.

To light the day of universal peace,
God-sent he dawned upon our bloody night,
Greatest of poets since the primal spring
Flashed forth into existence long ago.
Benignant stars presided o'er his birth,
That he might speak to every listening shore.

Still rings his voice on ocean's either shore,
And when he speaks, our Muses hold their peace

And wonder if the world shall see the birth
 Of man like him before the Judgment night,
 For all he died so many years ago
 When this our iron age was in its spring.

Ere winter blossom into balmy spring,
 Ere peace prevail on any mortal shore
 (So taught the Tuscan poet long ago),
 Justice must reign: in it alone is peace.
 The Hound shall chase the Wolf into the night,
 Then earth and heaven shall witness a rebirth.

Heaven gave him birth, one ever blessed spring,
 Whose lamp through all the night illumines our shore.
 He found his peace six hundred years ago.

WHAT IS A PURITAN?

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

BOTH the contemporary and the historical Puritan are still involved in clouds of libel, of which the origins lie in the copious fountains of indiscriminating abuse poured out upon the Puritans of the seventeenth century by great Royalist writers like Butler, Dryden, and Ben Jonson. The Puritan of that day was ordinarily represented by his adversaries as a dishonest casuist and a hypocrite. To illustrate this point, I will produce a brilliantly malevolent portrait from Jonson's comedy, *Bartholomew Fair*.

This play was performed in London six years before the Pilgrims landed at

Plymouth; and it helps one to understand why the migratory movement of the day was rather to than from America. Jonson presents a group of Puritans visiting the Fair. Their names are Zeal-of-the-land Busy, Dame Purecraft, and Win-the-fight Little-wit and his wife. Roast pig is a main feature of the Bartholomew festivities; and the wife of Win-the-fight Little-wit feels a strong inclination to partake of it. Her mother, Dame Purecraft, has some scruples about eating in the tents of wickedness, and carries the question to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, asking him to resolve their doubts. At first he replies

adversely, in the canting, sing-song nasal fashion then attributed to the Puritans by their enemies: —

‘Verily for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite . . . and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural; now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceedingly well eaten: but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This, I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.’

Master Little-wit remonstrates, saying, ‘But in state of necessity, place should give place, Master Busy.’ And Dame Purecraft cries: ‘Good brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy, think to make it as lawful as you can.’

Thereupon, Zeal-of-the-land Busy reconsiders, as follows: —

‘Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the Wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety and humbleness; not gorged in with gluttony or greediness, there’s the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable and not good.’

Finally, Zeal-of-the-land Busy not only consents, but joins the rest, saying, ‘In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceeding-

ly and prophesy; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on it: by the public eating of swine’s flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly.’

The entire passage might be regarded as a satirical interpretation of Calvin’s chapter on Christian Liberty. In this fashion the anti-Puritan writers of the seventeenth century habitually depicted the people who set up the Commonwealth in England and colonized Massachusetts. In the eyes of unfriendly English contemporaries, the men who came over in the Mayflower and their kind were unctuous hypocrites.

That charge, though it has been revived for modern uses, no longer stands against the seventeenth-century Puritans. Under persecution and in power, on the scaffold, in war, and in the wilderness, they proved that, whatever their faults, they were animated by a passionate sincerity. When the Puritan William Prynne spoke disrespectfully of magistrates and bishops, Archbishop Laud, or his agents, cut off his ears and threw him back into prison. As soon as he could get hold of ink and paper, Prynne sent out from prison fresh attacks on the bishops. They took him out and cut off his ears again, and branded him ‘S.L.’, which they intended to signify ‘Seditious Libeller’; but he, with the iron still hot in his face and with indignation inspiring, perhaps, the most dazzling pun ever recorded, interpreted the letters to mean, *Stigmata Laudis*. When the Puritans came into power, Prynne issued from his dungeon and helped cut off, not the ears, but the heads of Archbishop Laud and King Charles. After that, they said less about his insincerity. Prynne and his friends had their faults; but lack of conviction and the courage of their conviction were not among them.

When, a hundred years ago, Macaulay wrote his famous passage on the Puritans in the essay on Milton, he tried to do them justice; and he did brush aside the traditional charge of hypocrisy with the contempt which it deserves. But in place of the picture of the oily hypocrite, he set up another picture equally questionable. He painted the Puritan as a kind of religious superman of incredible fortitude and determination, who 'went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.'

Now this portrait of Macaulay's is executed with far more respect for the Puritan character than Jonson exhibited in his portrait of Zeal-of-the-land Busy. But it is just as clearly a caricature. It violently exaggerates certain harsh traits of individual Puritans under persecution and at war; it suppresses all the mild and attractive traits; and Carlyle, with his hero-worship and his eye on Cromwell, continues the exaggeration in the same direction. It gives an historically false impression, because it conveys the idea that the Puritans were exceptionally harsh and intolerant *as compared with other men in their own times*.

For example, the supposedly harsh Puritan Cromwell stood for a wide latitude of religious opinion and toleration of sects at a time when the Catholic Inquisition had established a rigid censorship and was persecuting Huguenots and Mohammedans and Jews, and torturing and burning heretics wherever its power extended. It is customary now to point to the Salem witchcraft and the hanging of three Quakers in Boston — who incidentally seem to

have insisted on being hanged — as signal illustrations of the intolerance of Puritanism and its peculiar fanaticism. But, as a matter of fact, these things were merely instances of a comparatively *mild* infection of the Puritans by a madness that swept over the world. In Salem there were twenty victims, and the madness lasted one year. In Europe there were hundreds of thousands of victims; and there were witches burned in Catholic Spain, France, and South America a hundred years after the practice of executing witches had been condemned among the Puritans. Comparatively speaking, the Puritans were quick to discard and condemn the common harshness and intolerance of their times.

The Puritan leaders in the seventeenth century were, like all leaders, exceptional men; but if looked at closely, they exhibit the full complement of human qualities, and rather more than less than average respect for the rights and the personality of the individual, since their doctrines, political and religious, immensely emphasized the importance and sacredness of the individual life. They had iron enough in their blood to put duty before pleasure; but that does not imply that they banished pleasure. They put goodness above beauty; but that does not mean that they despised beauty. It does not set them apart as a peculiar and abnormal people. In every age of the world, in every progressing society, there is, there has to be, a group, and a fairly large group, of leaders and toilers to whom their own personal pleasure is a secondary consideration — a consideration secondary to the social welfare and the social advance. On the long slow progress of the race out of Egypt into the Promised Land, they prepare the line of march, they look after the arms and munitions, they bring up the supplies, they scout out the land, they rise

up early in the morning, they watch at night, they bear the burdens of leadership, while the children, the careless young people, and the old people who have never grown up, are playing or fiddling or junketing on the fringes of the march. They are never popular among these who place pleasure first; for they are always rounding up stragglers, recalling loiterers, and preaching up the necessity of toil and courage and endurance. They are not popular; but they are not inhuman. The violet smells to them as it does to other men; and rest and recreation are sweet. I must illustrate a little the more intimately human aspect of our seventeenth-century group.

II

It is a part of the plot of our droll and dry young people to throw the opprobrium of the present drought upon the Puritans. These iron men, one infers from reading the discourses, for example, of Mr. Mencken, banished wine as a liquor inconsistent with Calvinistic theology, though, to be sure, Calvin himself placed it among 'matters indifferent.' And the Puritans, as a matter of fact, used both wine and tobacco — both men and women. If Puritanism means reaction in favor of obsolete standards, our contemporary Puritans will repeal the obnoxious amendment; and all who are thirsty should circulate the Puritan literature of the seventeenth century. Read your *Pilgrim's Progress*, and you will find that Christian's wife, on the way to salvation, sent her child back after her bottle of liquor. Read Winthrop's letters, and you will find that Winthrop's wife writes to him to thank him for the tobacco that he has sent to her mother. Read Mather's diary, and you will find that he suggests pious thoughts to be meditated upon by the members of his household while they are engaged in home-brew-

ing. Read the records of the first Boston church, and you will find that one of the first teachers was a wine-seller. Read the essays of John Robinson, first pastor of the Pilgrims, and you will find that he ridicules Lysurgus, the Spartan law-giver, for ordering the vines cut down, merely 'because men were sometimes drunken with the grapes.' Speaking of celibacy, Robinson says, 'Abstinence from marriage is no more a virtue than abstinence from wine or other pleasing natural thing. Both marriage and wine are of God and good in themselves.'

Since I do not wish to incite a religious and Puritanical resistance to the Volstead Act, I must add that Robinson, in that tone of sweet reasonableness which characterizes all his essays, remarks further: 'Yet may the abuse of a thing be so common and notorious and the use so small and needless as better want the small use than be in continual danger of the great abuse.' And this, I suppose, is exactly the ground taken by the sensible modern prohibitionist. It is not a matter of theological sin with him at all. It never was that. It is now a matter of economics and æsthetics, and of the greatest happiness and freedom to the greatest number.

These iron men are accused of being hostile to beauty, the charge being based upon the crash of a certain number of stained-glass windows and altar ornaments, which offended them, however, not as art, but as religious symbolism. Why fix upon the riot of soldiers in war-time and neglect to inquire: Who, after the death of Shakespeare, in all the seventeenth century, most eloquently praised music and the drama? Who most lavishly described and most exquisitely appreciated nature? Who had the richest literary culture and the most extensive acquaintance with poetry? Who published the most magnificent poems? The answer to all these

questions is, of course, that conspicuous Puritan, the Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, John Milton.

In a letter to an Italian friend, Milton writes: 'God has instilled into me, if into anyone, a vehement love of the beautiful. Not with so much labor is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpine, as it is my habit day and night to seek for this idea of the beautiful . . . through all the forms and faces of things.' With some now nearly obsolete notions of precedence, Milton did place God before the arts. But was he hostile to the arts? The two most important sorts of people in the state, he declares, are, first, those who make the social existence of the citizens 'just and holy,' and, second, those who make it 'splendid and beautiful.' He insists that the very stability of the state depends upon the splendor and excellence of its public institutions and the splendid and excellent expression of its social life — depends, in short, as, I have insisted, upon the coöperation of the Puritans and the artists, upon the integrity of the national genius.

These iron men are said to have been devoid of tenderness and sympathy in personal relations. But this does not agree with the testimony of Bradford, who records it in his history that, in the first winter at Plymouth, when half the colony had died and most of the rest were sick, Myles Standish and Brewster, and the four or five others who were well, watched over and waited on the rest with the loving tenderness and the unflinching fidelity of a mother.

These people had fortitude; but was it due to callousness? Were they really, as Macaulay intimates, insensible to their own sufferings and the sufferings of others? Hear the cry of John Bunyan when prison separates him from his family: 'The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh

from my bone; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, *especially my poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides. O the thought of the hardship I thought my blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.'

Finally, these iron men are grievously charged with a lack of romantic feeling and the daring necessary to act upon it. Much depends upon what you mean by romance. If you mean by romance, a life of excitement and perilous adventure, there are duller records than that of the English Puritans. Not without some risk to themselves, not without at least an occasional thrill, did these pious villagers decapitate the King of England, overturn the throne of the Archbishop of Canterbury, pull up stakes and settle in Holland, sail the uncharted Atlantic in a cockleshell, and set up a kingdom for Christ in the howling wilderness. I don't think that dwellers in Gopher Prairie or Greenwich Village have a right to call that life precisely humdrum.

Add to this the fact that the more fervent Puritans were daily engaged in a terrifically exciting adventure with Jehovah. Some women of to-day would think it tolerably interesting, I should suppose, to be married to a man like Cotton Mather, who rose every day after breakfast, went into his study, put, as he said, his sinful mouth in the dust of his study floor, and, while the tears streamed from his eyes, conversed directly with angels, with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' If a Puritan wife was pious, she was engaged in a true 'eternal triangle'; when Winthrop left home, his wife was committed by him to the arms of her heavenly

lover. If she were not pious, she stole the records of his conversation with angels, and went, like Mather's wife, into magnificent fits of jealousy against the Lord of Hosts. The resulting atmosphere may not have been ideal; but it is not to be described as 'sullen gloom'; it was not humdrum like a Dreiser novel; it was tense with the excitement of living on the perilous edge of Paradise.

Did these Puritan husbands lack charm, or devotion to their women? I find that theory hard to reconcile with the fact that so many of them had three wives. Most of us modern men feel that we have charm enough, if we can obtain and retain one, now that higher education of women has made them so exacting in their standards and so expensive to maintain. Now, Cotton Mather had three wives; and when he was forty or so, in the short interim between number two and number three, he received a proposal of marriage from a girl of twenty, who was, he thought, the wittiest and the prettiest girl in the colony. I conclude inevitably that there was something very attractive in Cotton Mather. Call it charm; call it what you will; he possessed that which the *Ladies' Home Journal* would describe as 'What women admire in men.'

As a further illustration of the 'sullen gloom of their domestic habits,' take the case of John Winthrop, the pious Puritan governor of Massachusetts. After a truly religious courtship, he married his wife, about 1618, against the wishes of her friends. We have some letters of the early years of their life together, in which he addresses her as 'My dear wife,' 'My sweet wife,' and 'My dear wife, my chief joy in this world.' Well, that is nothing; at first, we all do that.

But ten years later Winthrop prepared to visit New England, without his family, to found a colony. While

waiting for his ship to sail, he writes still to his wife by every possible messenger, merely to tell her that she is his chief joy in all the world; and before he leaves England he arranges with her that, as long as he is away, every week on Tuesday and Friday at five o'clock he and she will think of each other wherever they are, and commune in spirit. When one has been married ten or twelve long years, that is more extraordinary. It shows, I think, romantic feeling equal to that in *Miss Lulu Bett*, or *Poor White*, or *Moon-Calf*.

Finally, I will present an extract from a letter of this same John Winthrop to this same wife, written in 1637, when they had been married twenty years. It is an informal note, written hurriedly, in the rush of business: —

SWEETHEART, —

I was unwillingly hindered from coming to thee, nor am I like to see thee before the last day of this weeke: therefore I shall want a band or two: and cuffs. I pray thee also send me six or seven leaves of tobacco dried and powdered. Have care of thyself this cold weather, and speak to the folks to keep the goats well out of the garden. . . . If any letters be come for me, send them by this bearer. I will trouble thee no further. The Lord bless and keep thee, my sweet wife, and all our family; and send us a comfortable meeting. So I kiss thee and love thee ever and rest

Thy faithful husband,

JOHN WINTHROP.

If, three hundred years after my death, it is proved by documentary evidence that twenty years after my marriage I still, in a familiar note, mixed up love and kisses with my collars and tobacco — if this is proved, I say, I shall feel very much surprised if the historian of that day speaks of the 'sullen gloom of my domestic habits.'

III

But now, three hundred years after Winthrop's time, what is actually being said about the Puritans? In spite of abundant evidences such as I have exhibited, our recent Pilgrim celebration was a rather melancholy affair. From the numerous commemorative articles which I have read, I gather that there are only three distinct opinions about the Puritan now current — every one of them erroneous.

The first, held by a small apologetic group of historians and Mayflower descendants, is, that the Puritan was a misguided man of good intentions. Since he was a forefather and has long been dead, he should be spoken of respectfully; and it is proper from time to time to drop upon his grave a few dried immortelles. The second opinion is, that the Puritan was an unqualified pest, but that he is dead and well dead, and will trouble us no more forever. The third, and by far the most prevalent, is, that the Puritan was once a pest, but has now become a menace; that he is more alive than ever, more baleful, more dangerous.

This opinion is propagated in part by old New Englanders like Mr. Brooks Adams, who have turned upon their ancestors with a vengeful fury, crying, 'Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.' And I noticed only the other day that Mr. Robert Herrick was speaking remorsefully of Puritanism as an 'ancestral blight' in his veins. But the opinion is still more actively propagated by a literary group which comes out flatfootedly against the living Puritan as the enemy of freedom, of science, of beauty, of romance; as a being with unbreakable belief in his own bleak and narrow views; a Philistine, a hypocrite, a tyrant, of savage cruelty of attack, with a lust for barbarous persecution, and of intolerable dirty-mindedness.

Despite the 'plank' of universal sympathy in the rather hastily constructed literary platform of these young people, it is manifest that they are out to destroy the credit of the Puritan in America. We are not exceptionally rich in spiritual traditions. It would be a pity, by a persistent campaign of abuse, to ruin the credit of any good ones. One of the primary functions, indeed, of scholarship and letters is to connect us with the great traditions and to inspire us with the confidence and power which result from such a connection. Puritanism, rightly understood, is one of the vital, progressive, and enriching human traditions. It is a tradition peculiarly necessary to the health and the stability and the safe forward movement of a democratic society. When I consider from what antiquity it has come down to us and what vicissitudes it has survived, I do not fear its extermination; but I resent the misapprehension of its character and the aspersion of its name. Perhaps our insight into its true nature may be strengthened and our respect renewed, if we revisit its source and review its operations at some periods a little remote from the dust and diatribes of contemporary journalism.

IV

A good many ages before Rome was founded, or Athens, or ancient Troy, or Babylon, or Nineveh, there was an umbrageous banyan tree in India, in whose wide-spreading top and populous branches red and blue baboons, chimpanzees, gorillas, orang-outangs, and a missing group of anthropoid apes had chattered and fought and flirted and feasted and intoxicated themselves on cocoanut wine for a thousand years. At some date which I can't fix with accuracy, the clatter and mess and wrangling of arboreal simian society began to

pull on the heart of one of the anthropoid apes. He was not happy. He was afflicted with ennui. He felt stirring somewhere in the region of his diaphragm a yearning and capacity for a new life. His ideas were vague; but he resolved to make a break for freedom and try an experiment. He crawled nervously out to the end of his branch, followed by a few of his friends, hesitated a moment; then exclaimed abruptly, 'Here's where I get off,' dropped to the ground, lighted on his feet, and amid a pelting of decayed fruit and cocoanut shells and derisive shouts of 'precisian' and 'hypocrite,' walked off on his hind-legs into another quarter of the jungle and founded the human race. That was the first Puritan.

In the beginning, he had only a narrow vision; for his eyes were set near together, as you will see if you examine his skull in the museum. He had a vision of a single principle, namely, that he was to go upright, instead of on all fours. But he gradually made that principle pervade all his life; for he resolutely refrained from doing anything that he could not do while going upright. As habit ultimately made the new posture easy and natural, he found that there were compensations in it; for he learned to do all sorts of things in the erect attitude that he could not do, even with the aid of his tail, while he went on all-fours. So he began to rejoice in what he called 'the new freedom.' But to the eyes of the denizens of the banyan tree, he looked very ridiculous. They called him stiff-necked, strait-laced, unbending, and inflexible. But when they swarmed into his little colony of come-outers, on all fours, and began to play their monkey-tricks, he met them gravely and said: 'Walk upright, as the rest of us do, and you may stay and share alike with us. Otherwise, out you go.' And out some of them went, back to the banyan tree;

and there, with the chimpanzees and the red and blue baboons, they still chatter over their cocoanut wine, and emit from time to time a scream of simian rage, and declare their straight-backed relative a tyrant, a despot, and a persecutor of his good old four-footed cousins.

You may say that this is only a foolish fable. But it contains all the essential features of the eternal Puritan: namely, dissatisfaction with the past, courage to break sharply from it, a vision of a better life, readiness to accept a discipline in order to attain that better life, and a serious desire to make that better life prevail — a desire reflecting at once his sturdy individualism and his clear sense for the need of social solidarity. In these respects all true Puritans, in all ages and places of the world, are alike. Everyone is dissatisfied with the past; everyone has the courage necessary to revolt; everyone has a vision; everyone has a discipline; and everyone desires his vision of the better life to prevail.

How do they differ among themselves? They differ in respect to the breadth and the details of their vision. Their vision is determined by the width of their eyes and by the lights of their age. According to the laws of human development, some of the lights go out from time to time, or grow dim, and new lights appear, and the vision changes from age to age.

What does not change in the true Puritan is the passion for improvement. What does not change is the immortal urgent spirit that breaks from the old forms, follows the new vision, seriously seeks the discipline of the higher life. When you find a man who is quite satisfied with the past and with the routine and old clothes of his ancestors, who has not courage for revolt and adventure, who cannot accept the discipline and hardship of a new life, and who

does not really care whether the new life prevails, you may be sure that he is not a Puritan.

But who are the Puritans? Aristotle recognized that there is an element of the Puritan in every man, when he declared that all things, by an intuition of their own nature, seek their perfection. He classified the desire for perfection as a fundamental human impulse. Still, we have to admit that in many men it must be classified as a victoriously suppressed desire. We can recognize men as Puritans only when they have released and expressed their desire for perfection.

Leopardi declared that Jesus was the first to condemn the world as evil, and to summon his followers to come out from it, in order to found a community of the pure in heart. But this is an historical error. Unquestionably Jesus was a Puritan in relation to a corrupt Jewish tradition and in relation to a corrupt and seriously adulterated pagan tradition. But every great religious and moral leader, Christian or pagan, has likewise been a Puritan: Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Confucius, Buddha. Every one of them denounced the world, asked his followers to renounce many of their instinctive ways, and to accept a rule and discipline of the better life — a rule involving a purification by the suppression of certain impulses and the liberation of others.

There is much talk of the austerities of the Puritan households of our forefathers, austerities which were largely matters of necessity. But two thousand years before these forefathers, there were Greek Stoics, and Roman Stoics, and Persian and Hindu ascetics, who were far more austere, and who practised the ascetic life from choice as the better life. There is talk as if Protestant Calvinism had suddenly in modern times introduced the novel idea of putting religious duty before gratification

of the senses. But a thousand years before Knox and Calvin, there were Roman Catholic monasteries and hermitages, where men and women, with a vision of a better life, mortified the flesh far more bitterly than the Calvinists ever dreamed of doing. If contempt of earthly beauty and earthly pleasure were the works of Puritanism, then the hermit saints of Catholicism who lived before Calvin should be recognized as the model Puritans. But the hermit saint lacks that passion for making his vision prevail, lacks that practical sense of the need for social solidarity, which are eminent characteristics of the true Puritan, both within and without the Roman Church.

In the early Middle Ages the Roman Church, which also had a strong sense of the need for social solidarity, strove resolutely to keep the Puritans, whom it was constantly developing, within its fold and to destroy those who escaped. If I follow the course of those who successfully left the fold, it is not because many did not remain within; it is because the course of those who came out led them more directly to America. In the fourteenth century, John Wycliffe, the first famous English Puritan, felt that the Roman Church had become hopelessly involved with the 'world' on the one hand, and with unnatural, and therefore unchristian, austerities on the other, and that, in both ways, it had lost the purity of the early Christian vision of the better life. To obtain freedom for the better life, he became convinced that one must come out from the Roman Church, and must substitute for the authority of the pope the authority of the Bible as interpreted by the best scholarship of the age. He revolted, as he thought, in behalf of a life, not merely more religious, but also more actively and practically moral, and intellectually more honest. For him, accepting certain traditional doc-

trines meant acquiescence in ignorance and superstition. His followers, with the courage characteristic of their tradition, burned at the stake rather than profess faith in a 'feigned miracle.' True forerunners, they were, of the man of science who 'follows truth wherever it leads.'

A hundred and fifty years later the English Church as a whole revolted from the Roman, on essentially the grounds taken by Wycliffe; and under Mary its scholars and ministers by scores burned at the stake for their vision of the better life, which included above all what they deemed intellectual integrity. At that time, the whole English Church was in an essentially Puritan mood, dissatisfied with the old, eager to make the new vision prevail, fearless with the courage of the new learning, elate with the sense of national purification and intellectual progress.

But the word Puritan actually came into use first after the Reformation. It was applied in the later sixteenth century to a group within the English Church which thought that the national church had still insufficiently purged itself of Roman belief and ritual. Among things which they regarded as merely traditional and unscriptural, and therefore unwarrantable, was the government of the church by bishops, archdeacons, deacons, and the rest — the Anglican hierarchy. And when these officers began to suppress their protests, these Puritans began to feel that the English Church was too much involved with the world to permit them freedom for the practice of the better life. Accordingly, in the seventeenth century, they revolted as nonconformists or as separatists; and drew off into religious communities by themselves, with church governments of representative or democratic character, the principles of which were soon to be transferred to political communities.

If I recall here what is very familiar, it is to emphasize the swift, unrelenting onward movement of the Puritan vision of the good life. The revolt against the bishops became a revolution which shook the pillars of the Middle Ages and prepared the way for modern times. The vision, as it moves, broadens and becomes more inclusive. For the seventeenth-century Puritan, the good life is not merely religious, moral, and intellectual; it is also, in all affairs of the soul, a self-governing life. It is a free life, subject only to divine commands which each individual has the right to interpret for himself. The Puritan minister had, to be sure, a great influence; but the influence was primarily due to his superior learning. And the entire discipline of the Puritans tended steadily toward raising the congregation to the level of the minister. Their daily use of the Bible, their prompt institution of schools and universities, and the elaborate logical discourses delivered from the pulpits constituted a universal education for independent and critical free-thought.

Puritanism made every man a reasoner. And much earlier than is generally recognized, the Puritan mind began to appeal from the letter to the spirit of Scripture, from Scripture to scholarship, and from scholarship to the verdict of the philosophic reason. Says the first pastor of the Pilgrims: 'He that hath a right philosophical spirit and is but morally honest would rather suffer many deaths than call a pin a point or speak the least thing against his understanding or persuasion.' In John Robinson we meet a man with a deep devotion to the truth, and also with the humility to recognize clearly that he possesses but a small portion of truth. He conceives, indeed, of a truth behind the Bible itself, a truth which may be reached by other means than the Scripture, and which

was not beyond the ken of the wise pagans. 'All truth,' he declares, 'is of God. . . . Whereupon it followeth that nothing true in right reason and sound philosophy can be false in divinity. . . . I add, though the truth be uttered by the devil himself, yet it is originally of God.'

The delightful aspects of this 'Biblical Puritan,' besides the sweetness of his charity and his tolerance, are his lively perception that truth is something new, steadily revealing itself, breaking upon us like a dawn; and, not less significant, his recognition that true religion must be in harmony with reason and experience. 'Our Lord Christ,' he remarks — quietly yet memorably — 'calls himself truth, *not custom*.'

Cotton Mather, partly because of his connection with the witchcraft trials, has been so long a synonym for the unlovely features of the culture of his time and place, that even his biographer and the recent editors of his journal have quite failed to bring out the long stride that he made toward complete freedom of the mind. If the truth be told, Mather, like every Puritan of powerful original force, was something of a 'heretic.' For many years he followed a plainly mystical 'inner light.' His huge diary opens in 1681 with a statement that he has come to a direct agreement with the Lord Jesus Christ, and that no man or book, but the spirit of God, has shown him the way. He goes directly to the several persons of the Trinity, and transacts his business with them or with their ministering angels. There is an 'enthusiastic' element here; but one should observe that it is an emancipative element.

Experience, however, taught Mather a certain distrust of the mystical inner light. Experience with witches taught him a certain wariness of angels. In 1711, after thirty years of active serv-

ice in the church, Mather writes in his diary this distinctly advanced criterion for inspiration: —

'There is a thought which I have often had in my mind; but I would now lay upon my mind a charge to have it oftener there: that the light of reason is the law of God; the voice of reason is the voice of God; we never have to do with reason, but at the same time we have to do with God; our submission to the rules of reason is an obedience to God. Let me as often as I have evident reason set before me, think upon it; the great God now speaks to me.'

Our judgment of Mather's vision must depend upon what reason told Mather to do. Well, every day of his life reason told Mather to undertake some good for his fellow men. At the beginning of each entry in his diary for a long period of years stand the letters 'G.D.,' which mean Good Designed for that day. 'And besides all this,' he declares, 'I have scarce at any time, for these five-and-forty years and more, so come as to stay in any company without considering whether no good might be done before I left it.' One sees in Mather a striking illustration of the Puritan passion for making one's vision of the good life prevail. 'It has been a maxim with me,' he says, 'that a power to do good not only gives a right unto it, but also makes the doing of it a duty. I have been made very sensible that by pursuing of this maxim, I have entirely ruined myself as to this world and rendered it really too hot a place for me to continue in.'

Mather has here in mind the crucial and heroic test of his Puritan spirit. Toward the end of his life, in 1721, an epidemic of smallpox swept over Boston. It was generally interpreted by the pious as a visitation of God. Mather, a student of science as well as of the Bible had read in the *Transactions of the Royal Society* reports of

successful inoculation against smallpox practised in Africa and among the Turks. He called the physicians of Boston together, explained the method, and recommended their experimenting with it. He also published pamphlets in favor of inoculation. He was violently attacked as opposing the decrees of God. In the face of a storm of opposition he inoculated his own child, who nearly died of the treatment. None the less, he persisted, and invited others to come into his house and receive the treatment, among them a fellow minister. Into the room where the patient lay, was thrown a bomb intended for Mather, which failed, however, to explode. To it was attached this note: 'Cotton Mather, you dog, damn you; I'll inoculate you with this, with a pox to you!'

Mather stood firm, would not be dissuaded, even courted martyrdom for the new medical truth. 'I had rather die,' he said, 'by such hands as now threaten my life than by a fever; and much rather die for my conformity to the blessed Jesus in essays to save life than for some truths, tho' precious ones, to which many martyrs testified formerly in the flames of Smithfield.'

Here, then, please observe, is the free Puritan mind in revolt, courageously insisting on making his new vision of the good life prevail, resolutely undertaking the discipline and dangers of experiment, and, above all, seeking what he calls the will of the 'blessed Jesus,' not in the Bible, but in a medical report of the Royal Society; thus fulfilling the spirit of Robinson's declaration that 'Our Lord Christ calls himself truth, *not custom*'; and illustrating Robinson's other declaration that true religion cannot conflict with right reason and sound experience. In Mather, the vision of the good life came to mean a rational and practical beneficence in the face of calumny and violence. For

his conduct on this occasion, he deserves to have his sins forgiven, and to be ranked and remembered as a hero of the modern spirit.

He hoped that his spirit would descend to his son; but the full stream of his bold and original moral energy turned elsewhere. There was a Boston boy of Puritan ancestry, who had sat under Cotton Mather's father, who had heard Cotton Mather preach in the height of his power, and who said years afterward that reading Cotton Mather's book, *Essays to do Good*, 'gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been . . . a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.' This boy had a strong common sense. To him, as to Mather, right reason seemed the rule of God and the voice of God.

He grew up in Boston under Mather's influence, and became a free-thinking man of the world, entirely out of sympathy with strait-laced and stiff-necked upholders of barren rites and ceremonies. I am speaking of the greatest liberalizing force in eighteenth-century America, Benjamin Franklin. Was he a Puritan? Perhaps no one thinks of him as such. Yet we see that he was born and bred in the bosom of Boston Puritanism; that he acknowledges its greatest exponent as the prime inspiration of his life. Furthermore, he exhibits all the essential characteristics of the Puritan: dissatisfaction, revolt, a new vision, discipline, and a passion for making the new vision prevail. He represents, in truth, the reaction of a radical, a living Puritanism, to an age of intellectual enlightenment.

Franklin began his independent effort in a revolt against ecclesiastical

authority, as narrow and unrealistic. Recall the passage in his Autobiography where he relates his disgust at a sermon preached on the great text in Philipians: Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praise, think on these things. Franklin says that, in expounding this text, the minister confined himself to five points: keeping the Sabbath, reading the Scriptures, attending public worship, partaking of the sacraments, and respecting the ministers. Franklin recognized at once that there was no moral life in that minister, was 'disgusted,' and attended his preaching no more. It was the revolt of a living Puritanism from a Puritanism that was dead.

For, note what follows, as the consequence of his break with the church. 'It was about this time that I conceived,' says Franklin, 'the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time, and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into.' Everyone will recall how Franklin drew up his table of the thirteen real moral virtues, and how diligently he exercised himself to attain them. But, for us, the significant feature of his enterprise was the realistic spirit in which it was conceived: the bold attempt to ground the virtues on reason and experience rather than authority; the assertion of his doctrine 'that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, *the nature of man alone considered.*'

Having taken this ground, it became necessary for him to explore the nature of man and the universe. So Puritanism, which, in Robinson and Mather, was predominantly rational, becomes in Franklin predominantly scientific. With magnificent fresh moral force, he seeks for the will of God in nature, and ap-

plies his discoveries with immense practical benevolence to ameliorating the common lot of mankind, and to diffusing good-will among men and nations. Light breaks into his mind from every quarter of his century. His vision of the good life includes bringing every faculty of mind and body to its highest usefulness. With a Puritan emancipator like Franklin, we are not obliged to depend, for the opening of our minds, upon subsequent liberators devoid of his high reconstructive seriousness.

I must add just one more name, for the nineteenth century, to the history of our American Puritan tradition. The original moral force which was in Mather and Franklin passed in the next age into a man who began to preach in Cotton Mather's church, Ralph Waldo Emerson, descendant of many generations of Puritans. The church itself had now become Unitarian: yet, after two or three years of service, Emerson, like Franklin, revolted from the church; the vital force of Puritanism in him impelled him to break from the church in behalf of his vision of sincerity, truth, and actuality. 'Whoso would be a man,' he declares in his famous essay on Self-Reliance, 'must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the *name* of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.'

No American ever lived whose personal life was more exemplary; or who expressed such perfect disdain of outworn formulas and lifeless routine. There is dynamite in his doctrine to burst tradition to fragments, when tradition has become an empty shell. 'Every actual state is corrupt,' he cries in one of his dangerous sayings; 'good men will not obey the laws too well.' To good men whose eyes are wide and full of light, there is always breaking a new vision of right reason, which is the will of God, and above the law. Emer-

son himself broke the Fugitive Slave Law, and in the face of howling Pro-Slavery mobs declared that John Brown would 'make the gallows glorious like the cross.'

That is simply the political aspect of his radical Puritanism. On the æsthetic side, Emerson disregarded the existing conventions of poetry to welcome Walt Whitman, who saluted him as master. Emerson hailed Walt Whitman because Whitman had sought to make splendid and beautiful the religion of a Puritan democracy; and a Puritan democracy is the only kind that we have reason to suppose will endure.

Let these two examples of Emerson's revolt and vision suffice to illustrate the modern operation of the Puritan spirit, its disdain for formalism and routine.

Now, our contemporary leaders of the attack against the modern Puritan declare that modern Puritanism means campaigns of 'snouting and suppression.' That, we should now be prepared to assert, is precisely and diametrically opposite to what modern Puritanism means. Modern Puritanism means the release, not the suppression, of power, welcome to new life, revolt from decay and death. With extravagant asceticism, with precisianism, modern Puritanism has nothing whatever to do.

What made the teaching of Emerson, for example, take hold of his contemporaries, what should commend it to us to-day, is just its unfailingly positive character; its relish for antagonisms and difficulty; its precept for the use of the spur; its restoration of ambition to its proper place in the formation of the manly character; its power to free the young soul from the fetters of fear and send him on his course like a thunderbolt; and, above all, its passion for bringing the whole of life for all men to its fullest and fairest fruit; its pas-

sion for emancipating, not merely the religious and moral, but also the intellectual and the political and social and æsthetic capacities of man, so that he may achieve the harmonious perfection of his whole nature, body and soul. To this vision of the good life, Puritanism has come by inevitable steps in its pilgrimage through the ages.

What have I been trying to demonstrate by this long review of the Puritan tradition? This, above all: that the Puritan is profoundly in sympathy with the modern spirit, is indeed the formative force in the modern spirit.

The Puritan is constantly discarding old clothes; but, being a well-born soul, he seeks instinctively for fresh raiment. Hence his quarrel with the Adamite, who would persuade him to rejoice in nakedness and seek no further.

Man is an animal, as the Adamites are so fond of reminding us. What escapes their notice is, that man is an animal constituted and destined by his nature to go on a pilgrimage in search of a shrine; and till he finds the shrine, constrained by his nature to worship the Unknown God. This the Puritan has always recognized. And this, precisely, it is that makes the Puritan a better emancipator of young souls than our contemporary Adamite.

A great part of our lives, as we all feel in our educational period, is occupied with learning how to do and to be what others have been and have done before us. But presently we discover that the world is changing around us, and that the secrets of the masters and the experience of our elders do not wholly suffice to establish us effectively in our younger world. We discover within us needs, aspirations, powers, of which the generation that educated us seems unaware, or toward which it appears to be indifferent, unsympathetic, or even actively hostile. We perceive gradually or with successive shocks of

surprise that many things which our fathers declared were true and satisfactory are not at all satisfactory, are by no means true, for us. Then it dawns upon us, perhaps as an exhilarating opportunity, perhaps as a grave and sobering responsibility, that in a little while we ourselves shall be the elders, the responsible generation. Our salvation in the day when we take command will depend, we believe, upon our disentanglement from the lumber of heirlooms and hereditary devices, and upon the free, wise use of our own faculties.

At that moment, if we have inherited, not the Puritan heirlooms, but the living Puritan tradition, we enter into the modern spirit. By this phrase I mean, primarily, the disposition to accept nothing on authority, but to bring all reports to the test of experience. The modern spirit is, first of all, a free spirit open on all sides to the influx of truth, *even from the past*. But freedom is not its only characteristic. The modern spirit is marked, further, by an active curiosity, which grows by what it feeds upon, and goes ever inquiring for fresher and sounder information, not content till it has the best information to be had anywhere. But since it seeks the best, it is, by necessity, also a critical spirit,

constantly sifting, discriminating, rejecting, and holding fast that which is good, only till that which is better is within sight. This endless quest, when it becomes central in a life, requires labor, requires pain, requires a measure of courage; and so the modern spirit, with its other virtues, is an heroic spirit. As a reward for difficulties gallantly undertaken, the gods bestow on the modern spirit a kind of eternal youth, with unfailing powers of recuperation and growth.

To enter into this spirit is what the Puritan means by freedom. He does not, like the false emancipator, merely cut us loose from the old moorings and set us adrift at the mercy of wind and tide. He comes aboard, like a good pilot; and while we trim our sails, he takes the wheel and lays our course for a fresh voyage. His message when he leaves us is not, 'Henceforth be masterless,' but, 'Bear thou henceforth the sceptre of thine own control through life and the passion of life.' If that message still stirs us as with the sound of a trumpet, and frees and prepares us, not for the junketing of a purposeless vagabondage, but for the ardor and discipline and renunciation of a pilgrimage, we are Puritans.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

My academic orbit is not too rigid to permit an occasional deviation into the outer world. At such times I direct my steps into the neighboring City of Destruction, where, in a lofty building, is one of those centres of light and leading which punctuate the darkness of the metropolis. The structure is not externally remarkable, but the modest fraction of it assigned to my activities is certainly no ordinary apartment.

The extraordinary thing about my classroom is its sides. One is formed by a vast accordion door, loosely fitting, as is the manner of such doors. It faithfully conceals the persons behind it and their every action, while it as faithfully transmits all they may have to say. Theirs is an eloquent concealment. From the sounds that well through the ample interstices of that door, we gather that it is psychology that is going on in the adjoining room. The fascinating affirmations of that most intimate science break in upon our occasional pauses with startling effect. It is thus beyond doubt that theology should always be inculcated to a psychological *obligato*, an accompaniment of the study of the mind.

Even more unusual is the other side of the room. From floor to ceiling it is all of plate-glass, not meanly divided into little squares, but broadly spaced, so that you are hardly conscious it is there. Through it you may behold, as in an aquarium, a company of men and women going through many motions but

making no sound. A tall romantic youth, presumably the teacher, stands before them, and they rise up and sit down for no perceptible reason and to no apparent purpose. One of them will get up and stand for a long time, and then will as suddenly and causelessly sit down again. At other times, even more distressing, they are all motionless. Lips move, but they give forth no sound. It is like a meeting of the deaf-and-dumb society. Worst of all, they will sometimes unanimously and quite without warning rise in their places, simultaneously adjust their wraps, and silently depart. It is as if they all suddenly realize that they have had enough of it. You know that you have. There is something weird in all this soundless action, this patient motiveless mechanical down-sitting and uprising, something far more distracting even than in those disembodied psychological voices that murmur in our ears.

But much more disturbing than either of these extraordinary neighbors of our reflections is their combination. The sounds that come through the door do not tally with the sights that come through the glass. What you hear bears no relation to what you see. It does not even contradict it. There is a war in your members. Your senses do not agree.

And yet you are haunted by the notion that what you are hearing has something to do with what you are seeing. When someone asks a question

behind the door at your left and someone makes a motion beyond the glass at your right, you instinctively try to relate the two. But in vain; there is no relation. Especially when all the visibles get up and leave, it seems as if it must be because of something the audibles have said. Nevertheless, the audibles go right on psychologizing, entirely oblivious of the visibles' departure.

Reflection has satisfied me that much confusion of the modern mind is due to the incongruity of what we hear and what we see. The conditions of my quaint lecture-room are typical. You look about upon a community of earnest hard-working people, soberly doing their daily work at business and at home. But you pick up the Home Edition, and read of a very different world of violence and vice. All its men are scoundrels and its women quite different from those you see, to say the least. You have long been assured that this is the Age of Reason; but observation finds little to support the claim. The Age of Impulse would seem as good a guess. You hear that the League of Nations is dead, but on visiting the movies you are astonished to see it in session and to find that it yet speaketh. You are told on all hands that everything about the war was a failure, and yet, as a whole, it seems to have accomplished its immediate end. You hear much lamentation over the sensationalism of the press, but as you read it, it is its conventionality that oftener leaves you mourning. The newspapers show you a comfortable view of the steel strike, but the cook's brother, who was one of the strikers, tells you something entirely different. With a laudable desire to preserve your reason, you do your best to cultivate the virtues of blindness, deafness, insensibility, and unbelief. Yet you are sometimes just a little bewildered. Your universe is not unified.

The most disturbing thing is not that things seen and things heard contradict each other: that we might learn to allow for. The great trouble is that they seem to bear no relation to each other at all. Most political talk is of this description. It has nothing to do with the case. It is like the effort of a young friend of mine who, on being asked to translate a well-known passage of Epicurus, produced the following: —

'If teachings are no longer the reasons of all things, and who has false doctrines, how much should be the cause, and as such the destruction.'

That mythical creature, the American of British fiction, so boldly portrayed by Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Buchan, Mr. Oppenheim, and Mr. Doyle, much as we love and enjoy him, is, it must be confessed, little known save by reputation on this side of the sea. He is fiction in the strictest sense. Like Mr. De Quincey's unfortunate reporter, *non est inventus*. But he is not the less popular among us for being an imported article. He is so rich, so ready, so unspoiled, so clear-eyed, clean-limbed, nasal-toned, poker-faced, and best of all (true to the great traditions of his country), so quick on the trigger!

The trouble is not merely that the things we hear we never see, but that the things we see we never hear. For how extraordinary is the sensation when you hear of something you have seen! Perhaps it is only an accident. Do you not yearn to rise up and cry out, 'I saw that! I was there'? It is because, for once, things seen coincide with things heard.

Brain-proud men of science sourly say that Greek is dead. But to the Grecian mind it is refreshing to observe that familiarity with Greek is now extraordinarily widespread in this country. This is all the more fascinating at a time when the practical educators have triumphantly excluded the study of

Greek from most institutions of learning, as an impractical subject, not suited to the training of a materialistic people.

As I look about the world in which I live, I observe that every high-school boy or girl knows his Greek letters. He does not have to be compelled to learn them. He wishes to learn them. He would feel humiliated if he did not learn them. He would be looked down upon by his companions as a person without social ideals. His college brothers are equally conversant with the eponym of all alphabets. So are their sisters and their sweethearts. They may not know the rule of three or the multiplication table; they may be without a single formula of chemistry or a solitary principle of physics; but, rely upon it, they will know their Greek letters. Their parents will know them, too. They will learn them at their children's knee, in all docility and eagerness, for fear of disgracing themselves and their offspring by not always and everywhere distinguishing the illustrious Tau Omicron Pi's from the despised Nu Upsilon Tau's. The fact is, it is difficult to be even a successful delivery boy in our community without knowing one's Greek letters.

I doubt whether the Greek alphabet was ever more widely and favorably known than now. In our midst the celebrated Cato could not have survived till eighty without learning it.

I shudder to think what anguish this must cause the practical educators aforesaid, as they walk abroad and see every house boldly and even brazenly labeled with the hated letters. Even their own favorite students, who show promise in the use of test-tubes and microscopes, insist upon labeling themselves with more of the Greek alphabet. Why will they not be content to call their honor societies by some practical Anglo-Saxon name, like the Bread and

Brick Club, or the Gas and Gavel? But no! These rational considerations have no force with our youth. Nothing will satisfy them but more Greek letters. I have seen a man use twelve of them, or just half the alphabet, to set forth his social and learned affiliations.

Of course, to us Greek professors, shambling aimlessly about the streets with nothing to do, these brass signs are like the faces of old friends (no offense, I hope), and remind us of the names of the books of Homer, if nothing more.

But the Greek renaissance has gone much further than the alphabet: It pervades science. It is positively nonplussing to hear one's scientific friends rambling on in the language of Aristotle and Euclid, with their atoms and ions, their cryoscopes and cephalalgias, their sepsis, analysis, and autopsies. The fact is, they really talk very little but Greek, which is one reason why we all admire them so. They are greatest when they are most Greek; and were their Greek vocabulary suddenly taken from them, half their books would shrivel into verbs. Three fourths of them are indeed teaching Greek as hard as they can, though mercifully unconscious of the fact.

The Greek, on seeing a queer animal, waited till it was dead and then counted its toes. He thus soon knew enough to make a distinction between genus and species, which zoölogists are still talking about. Whence it comes about that our little Greek friends, the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, are household favorites still. Consistent people who object to Greek will expunge these words from their vocabulary.

The Greek conquest of our social youth and of our grizzled age is nothing, however, to its triumphs in commerce. Here both letters and vocabulary come into their own. It must be

admitted that we English-speaking people are poor word-makers. Only in moments of rare inspiration do we achieve a Nabisco or a Mazola. But in this age of new creations one of Adam's chief needs is names for the bewildering things he sees about him. How indispensable to us inarticulate moderns is the voluble Greek! Like one who hides a thimble for you to find, he has named everything in advance, and all we have to do is to discover it. From Alpha Beer to Omega Oil, from Antikamnia to Sozodont, the Greek has taught us names. Even automobile is half Greek, which is really what makes it desirable. Who would want an ipsomobile? And Solon and moron, those twin pillars of the journalistic vocabulary, without which no newspaper could exist a week, are pure Grecian. When I attend the funeral of Greek, therefore, as I am constantly invited to do, I am comforted to observe old Greek himself and his whole family, thinly disguised, heading the chief mourners.

II

Nowhere is the contrast between things seen and things heard more striking than in language. Very conscientious people have observed this and, fearful of seeming something other than they are, have evolved phonetic spelling. Witty people like Max Beerbohm and Josh Billings have observed it too, and made such use of it as 'Yures til deth,' and "'The laibrer iz werthi ov hiz hire,' an that iz aul.' Children are proficient here. One I know recently addressed a letter to his 'Dere ant LN.' 'Nit mittenz ar the kynd,' as they spell at Lake Placid. An intelligent-looking man steps in front of you at the club, and murmurs a deferential 'Skewmy,' to which you suavely reply, 'Dough-meshnit.' No one has ever been able to reproduce conversation in print. The

gulf between the words we see and the words we say is too great. Feeble efforts in this direction are sometimes made by ambitious writers, but the truth is that, from the standpoint of the printed page, we all speak in dialect.

The fact is, almost everything we hear is more or less conventionalized in type or in telling. People exchange fragments of news, or funny stories of a few familiar types. Newspaper items can easily be grouped under five or six thoroughly conventional heads. An observant friend once remarked that the women of literature were mere pallid contrivances compared to the actual ones we know, and I was really startled to perceive that he was right. Even in books no one will go to the pains of relating things as unconventionally as they really happen. We are accustomed to stereotypes, and we expect and desire them. In reality, of course, things happen much more intricately than anyone will bother to report them, or to hear them reported. This is probably what is meant when we say that truth is stranger than fiction. It is vastly more complex.

Take a simple example. As you plod homeward of an autumn morning, fatigued by the labors of the professional day, you are met by a colleague of high degree, who declares that he has been looking for you. Will you go and meet the Cardinal? Like the Sage of Concord, you like a church, you like a cowl, and you are careful not to say No, as you conceal your gratification and fence for more definite information. You fortify yourself by the reflection that you have encountered cardinals and dukes before this, and struggle to remember which is His Eminence and which His Grace. It seems that the Archbishop is to bring the Cardinal out from the other end of town, and at one-fifteen they will hesitate at a certain down-town corner long enough to pick

you up. All you have to do is to carry your cap and gown, to mark you off from the passing throng. And you would better give the motor-cycle man who will lead the way a memorandum of the route he is to follow.

You do not decline. You move on homeward, thinking quite without effort of some flattering things you will say to the Archbishop and some observations you will address to the Cardinal. In particular, you decide to ask him if, when the German Cardinal condescendingly remarked, 'We will not speak of war,' he really did answer, 'We will not speak of peace.' Your simple preparations are soon made, and you make your way down-town in some preoccupation.

Promptness has been said to be the courtesy of princes and you do not wish to disappoint a Prince of the Church. At one-five you take your stand at the curb beside the streaming boulevard. Traffic is at its highest. You are less inconspicuous than you could wish, for no one else is carrying an academic cap in his hand and a doctor's gown upon his arm. But to conceal these accoutrements may defeat the purpose of your vigil. It is precisely by a wave of that Oxford cap that you are to bring the whole proud sacerdotal cortège, motor-cycles and all, to a stop. You scan each south-bound car with eagerness. It becomes one-fifteen. The Archbishop is the soul of promptitude. He should be almost here. You perceive approaching a particularly stately limousine, which conforms to your preconceived ideas of the archiepiscopal in automobiles. It proves to be empty. You have now scanned hundreds of passing cars. It is one-twenty — one-twenty-five — one-thirty. Great Heavens! Have you missed the Cardinal's car, Archbishop and all? Even in your dawning dismay habits of scientific observation reassert themselves. The stately limousine you

had once taken for his reappearance, from the same direction as before and still empty. You are not mistaken. You recognize the chauffeur. You almost think he recognizes you. It strikes you that these cars that you have been seeing are not all different ones, but are simply circling about before you, like Caesar's army on the stage.

It is two o'clock. You despair. The party has eluded you. It has probably already arrived at the University, having gone out some other way. After all, why should you have escorted the Cardinal out? He is escorted everywhere by two archbishops, five motor-cops, five plain-clothes men, and a civilian guard of honor. This should suffice. He is indeed a stranger in the city, but he can hardly go astray. You begin to feel sadly superfluous, yet, following a Casabiancan instinct, you stay on. A friend who has observed your situation goes into the club and telephones. He returns to inform you that, owing to the Cardinal's fatigue, the programme has been postponed one hour. It is two-ten. You observe that it is just time for him now to be appearing. The stately and mysterious limousine, already twice seen, now passes for the third time. It is still vacant.

The mystery of it fascinates you. Is it inextricably caught in the circling current, like some flying Dutchman on wheels, powerless to make a port? It occurs to you that, if the cars before you are in some instances merely running around in circles, the foot-passengers behind you may be doing the same thing. Two-twenty-five, and again that silent, vacant, funereal limousine sweeps by, for the fourth time. It is getting on your nerves. Is it possible that public-spirited owners send their limousines on idle afternoons to circle showily about the Avenue, hour after hour, to swell the concourse and thus contribute their mite, as it were, to the

gayety of nations? Or is this mysterious vehicle, with its hawk-like circling, bent on some sinister errand of abduction, or worse?

But at this instant a police-gong clangs down the thronging street. Five motor-cops appear, and in the car behind them a mediæval saint, a modern archbishop, and divers celebrities such as one sees in guards of honor. One knows them instinctively by their tall hats, and observes that there are still occasions for such hats — the cardinal points of existence, as it were. But you have scarcely registered this observation and handed the leading motor-police-man his typewritten instructions, when you are aware that one of the hats is pointing you to the second car. You turn swiftly to it. The gentlemen in it spring out with surprising agility and make a place for you among them. The cortège has hardly stopped. The nimble gentlemen spring in again (the car is an open one), and you are off.

You experience a momentary disappointment that you are not to hobnob with the illustrious prelates, but bend your attention upon their distinguished representatives about you. They are little given to conversation. If they are not communicative, neither are they inquisitive. They are of a negative demeanor. They drive at a frightful speed, shepherding all other traffic to the curb out of their way as they advance. They achieve this flattering effect by blowing a siren, sounding a loud gong, and hurling deep-throated objurgations, much deeper than you are accustomed to, at anyone who crosses their path. Who are these supreme autocrats, you ask yourself? Mere money could not behave thus. A suspicion crosses your mind and you ask what car this is. You are informed that it is the Police Car!

Of course, you do in the end meet the Cardinal and set his feet upon the long

carpet pontifically stretched for his reception. That is all there is to be said about it. You did meet the Cardinal, and you 'acted' (admirable word!) as his escort. But as you look back upon that day, that bald statement does not summarize or even adumbrate its impressions.

III

In one respect alone that I detect does observation agree with rumor. Both are generally inconclusive. Miss Repplier has recently remarked how frequently one who reads is told the beginnings of things and left to conjecture the end. It is just as true of life. We are always wondering what 'finally' became of this man and that, once of our acquaintance, and of this movement or that, once brought to our ears. Life and print are alike full of mysterious fragments, which we have not time to fit into their exact places in the general order.

Domestic rearrangements drove me, on a recent winter night, to go to rest in a room at the back of the house, overlooking what I call the garden. Before retiring I put up a window, so that a refreshing whiff of the stock-yards might perfume my dreams and reassure me that there was no immediate danger of famine.

The night was cold, and my efforts at slumber were frustrated by a strange, steadily recurring sound like a man shoveling coal or clearing frozen slush from a sidewalk. But the hour, between eleven and twelve, seemed an improbable time for such operations. About midnight, however, it ceased and I fell asleep.

The next morning I mentioned the sound to a member of the family who had also been sleeping on the garden-side of the house, and she declared that she too had noticed it and been much mystified about it. It did not seem a

reasonable time to shovel off the hardened snow — for it was, of course, hardest at night, when the thermometer was low. What was my astonishment, however, when I retired on the following night, to hear the same harsh, grating, sound patiently repeated for an hour or two toward midnight. I thought again of the possibility that it was coal that was being shoveled. Perhaps some poor unfortunate neighbor was hoarding coal, and his enjoyment took the form of shoveling his hoard over and over, and gloating over it through the midnight hours. This theory appealed to me strongly as I lay awake and listened to the sound, until I noticed that the shoveled stuff, whatever it was, made no sound when it fell. It therefore could not be coal.

It must, of course, be snow, or at least must fall upon a bed of snow, which made it noiseless. But why this tireless shoveling of hardened snow from the concrete walks night after night in the dead vast and middle of the night? Was it some wretch who had formerly neglected his sidewalks and so wrought an involuntary homicide, who now, sleepless with remorse, must pick away with ringing shovel at the icy crust till midnight came to his relief? I never learned.

Should these lines ever meet the eye

of an elderly seafaring man, a pigeon-tamer by trade, who called upon me last Saturday on his way home to Pittsburgh from his second mother-in-law's funeral five miles from Madison, Wisconsin, which he had attended because he considered a wife the best friend a man has in the world, and his second wife, with whom he had become acquainted through advancing her eight dollars to enable her to reach Pittsburgh, was one whom he could not surpass if he married a thousand times; but in returning from which to Chicago by train, overcome by grief and fatigue, he had been robbed of all his money except fourteen dollars and was forced in consequence to seek out his old employer, a professor variously pronounced Riddle, Griggle, and Gridley, but spelled Lelley, in default of finding whom or the grand master of his fraternal order in Englewood, he was reduced to borrowing enough money to make up the price of a ticket to Pittsburgh, or four dollars and eighty-seven cents, from me, a perfect stranger — I should be glad to hear from him again. Till when, I shall continue to reflect on the disparity of what I have seen with what I have heard. Perhaps he was an actor out of work. If so, the performance was worth something, and it certainly had a plot.

AT THIRTY

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

I

LINDA MAINWARING awoke to consciousness on the morning of her thirtieth birthday rather reluctantly. It was a day she had dreaded; for although her twenties had been somewhat turbulent, she had, on the whole, enjoyed them; and they had been, at least, intensely interesting. She was a person with great zest for life; but now, as she lay in her bed, it seemed to her that she had passed through every emotional crisis, in the last ten years, that a woman is capable of; and that there was very little left that life could hold besides stodgy and comfortable existence.

It was a long time that she lay there, thinking, before she rang the bell which would summon her maid, her mail, and her breakfast. She rather wondered that, at the end of thirty years, she felt so tremendously fit, so interested and eager for whatever the future might hold for her, so fearful that it might contain nothing that would not prove an anti-climax to all she had already experienced. She was rather given to self-analysis, and it interested her to compare the woman she was to-day with the girl who, ten years before, had married Harry Mainwaring. She told herself with some humor that, in spite of many lost illusions and the added years, she greatly preferred herself at thirty.

'What a horrible little thing I must have been,' she thought, 'half-doll and half-animal; and if I had any brains, they were sound asleep. Yet how important and how confident I felt; how

convinced that no one else was capable of such ideals or of such love as Harry's and mine.'

This trend of thought brought her to considering another situation which the day held for her. To-day her divorce became absolute; from to-day on, she would be as free to plan her own life, dream her own dreams, think her own thoughts, as she had been before she married. Only the voices of her three little girls, whom she could faintly hear chattering at their schoolroom breakfast, could make her married life vivid to her. Financially she had always been less dependent on Harry than he on her; the house she lived in she had been born in and been married from. Yet she felt entirely free from bitterness for the experiences of the past ten years. Nothing could be entirely regretted that had helped to transform the sensual little doll that had been Linda Emmett into the clear-eyed, clean-witted Linda Mainwaring. There was no room for bitterness in her, no room for resentment for the forces that had tempered her, the fire that had left her pliable.

She marveled that Harry cared to use this glorious new freedom that she was reveling in, to form other bonds. He was to be married at noon to a woman in whom Linda, from a slight acquaintance, could discover nothing to equal this thrill of youth, recaptured through freedom. Passion was so dead in her that she was apt to forget it as a factor in other people's lives; and, as a

matter of fact, so distasteful was the memory of her own experience, she made a point of ignoring it. What could Harry possibly find in marriage with a commonplace little woman, she wondered, to compensate for this magnificent liberty?

While she wondered at his desire to reënter the holy state of matrimony, she resented it not at all. She was, in fact, rather grateful to the woman who, in making herself responsible for Harry's future, rendered Linda infinitely freer than the judge's decree alone could have done. But she was sorry on the children's account for the newspaper notoriety which the wedding would evoke. Philippa, aged eight, was too wise a child to be put off much longer with evasions; and in a house full of servants with careless tongues, an intelligent child could learn a good deal about her parents. The divorce itself had been very decently conducted, and the little arrangement which made Harry beneficiary for life of a trust fund created for the children, on condition that he gave up all claim to them, had never been made public. It had always been a quality of Harry's that Linda had despised, — though it had worked times innumerable to her advantage, — that money was an argument he could never resist; and when she had signed the check for the sum for which her lawyer was to be trustee, she realized gratefully that she fully compensated Harry for any loss he might sustain.

She was free, then. Thirty years old and free; not only from marital ties — spinsters of thirty are free from those, but they are still prisoners in the house of life, peering with curious eyes into love's garden, trying surreptitiously to inhale the fragrance and see the colors of the flowers. Linda had lived in the garden the whole season, and watched the flowers from fresh bud to withered stalk; now the gate at the end was ajar,

and she stood gazing with eager eyes on a far horizon.

Thirty years old and free — when the power of youth and the wisdom which experience can give meet for a brief space. There was so much to do and so much to do with. Linda felt that, at this moment, the vitality of her body found its complement in the virility of her mind. The dark room suddenly seemed to stifle her; there was not time, with all she wanted to accomplish, for mornings in bed and breakfast on a tray; those had belonged to that half-numbed creature whom circumstance had so nearly wrecked. She would have to steer her boat clear from the sluggish current it had drifted into; she wanted to find the fast-flowing river where there were other boats to compete with; and of what use her certificate of pilot, if she could not avoid the rapids?

II

The maid came in response to her bell, and in a moment the room was flooded with sunlight. Hermence brought a handful of letters and papers before the breakfast-tray appeared; people were making a point of being nice to Linda — a fact she appreciated, though their attentions bored her. Her mail was full of notes from women, including invitations with their birthday congratulations. There was one letter which really interested her, and that was from a man. It read: —

MY DEAR LINDA, —

You must admit that I've respected your wish to be let alone for the past few months; but isn't it time to let down the bars a little? Aren't you making a mistake in thinking you can build up your life again irrespective of your friends? Even if you blame a few people (and, by the way, a remarkably silly set of people) who happened to be

your intimates for a few years, you can't eschew the whole race of your contemporaries and expect to make very much of the time left you. It's rather ridiculous in you, Linda, to despise all motion because you could n't keep up with a fast set. So, unless you absolutely forbid me, I'm coming out to see you to-morrow. For one reason, it's your birthday; and for another, there are n't any rules in the etiquette book on how to behave on your husband's wedding-day; and at least you can talk to me, which you can't to Philippa or Tiny.

Yours always,

LEIGH VANE.

Linda digested this with her breakfast. She had long ago ceased to wonder that Leigh Vane rushed in upon ground where the most tactful of ministering angels could not have trodden; yet she knew he was as wholesome for her as are sun and air for a fever patient. Many times in the past few years he had opened windows letting in light to the sick-room of her almost morbid brain. In a way, his letter took the edge off the mood in which she found herself prepared to face life; only a short time ago she had felt that she was ready for whatever the future held for her; but she realized now that she had wanted nothing so disturbing to her tranquillity as this meeting with Vane to happen at once. She was quite willing to enjoy her peace superficially, without stirring any of the depths of thought which he invariably discovered in her; nor did she want to be scolded for the philosophy of little resistance upon which she planned to erect her life. Vane, who appreciated only what he gained by his own labor, was not always sympathetic to Linda's moods. She had once told him that he made accomplishment his God, and had lost all temperament in his mania for efficiency.

As she dressed for riding, she regarded herself very critically. In the past months she had been a bit slack about her personal appearance, but she realized that her physical attractiveness was no less an asset than her mentality. She certainly did not look thirty: she was still essentially young in the slimmness of her figure and the contour of her face; the hair was bright and luxuriant; and if the light eyes were a little hard, the mouth was adorable. She was, moreover, lucky in that supreme gift of wearing her clothes well and in being blessed with a skin that every color became. She was considered a beauty, but in reality she was more dependent on a certain dramatic quality than on any perfection of line.

She had ordered her horse at ten, and there was much to be attended to now she was up and dressed. Her house, her servants, and the welfare of her children brought duties which she treated with serious consideration, though the result produced so smooth a mechanism that a casual critic might have failed to recognize the personality which lay behind it.

It was a delightful day. The sun beat down with the first radiance that everything alive must respond to; the fresh wind from the northwest seemed to be engaged in a gigantic house-cleaning to remove any traces of the old tenant before spring took up her definite abode. Linda, mounted on a young chestnut thoroughbred, enjoyed her ride hugely. It made her feel even more enthusiastic about life in general and her own in particular, than she had in the confining walls of her house. In this riot of sun and air, face to face with this colossal transformation that the world undertook every year, her own immediate problems took on their relative proportions. Harry's marriage, her own birthday, her meeting with Leigh Vane, all proved themselves in Nature's

scheme of things as trivial as the dandelions that were beginning to star the fields she rode through. It was enough for the moment just to live and enjoy, to let the sun reawaken all that the winter of her discontent had felt die within her; enough to let this clean wind freshen the habitation of her mind and make it fit for the Linda Mainwaring who was preparing to abide there.

Her thoughts were distracted from herself by a chance meeting with a neighbor, a man too closely connected with the old order of her existence to render him entirely welcome. He was the husband of a woman who had once been a boon companion of the Mainwarings; and though Linda had often felt that he did not entirely endorse her, he apparently was making an effort to be cordial to-day, probably because he approved of Harry still less. As he was riding for exercise, he joined her, making civil remarks about the weather. It was obviously difficult for him to bring his conversation down to any local topic for fear of wounding her susceptibilities; but at last he ventured to mention a mutual friend who was not too closely connected with the somewhat unsavory memories they shared in common.

'I see that your friend Leigh Vane is slated for great things,' he said. 'If they run him for governor and he does pull it off, at his age, there's no telling where he'll end up.'

She was interested at once.

'Are they considering running him, then? I have n't seen Leigh for ages; and while I knew he was always dabbling in politics, I had no idea they really took him as seriously as that.'

'He is very well thought of in the state to-day,' the neighbor told her. 'He did a big thing in keeping out of the congressional election last year, and the powers that be are n't always ungrateful. He ought to have a chance, be-

cause, if a good man is put up for our party, he'll poll a good many votes from the Democrats. Their man, you see, is a renegade from the Roman Church, and so Leigh has a hope of that vote.'

'I do hope he'll win out,' Linda said. 'He's exactly the type of man who ought to go in for politics in this country at a time like this. I must leave you here,' she added, 'as I'm going home through the woods. It's been awfully nice to see you.'

She nodded and turned her horse, starting off briskly through the sun-dappled path, glad to be alone again.

She had lunch with the little girls and their governess. When the clock struck twice, as they finished, it occurred to her that their father was already the husband of another woman. As the two younger girls left the dining-room with Mademoiselle, Philippa dawdled behind, apparently eager to converse with her mother. She waited, with the intuitive tact that children sometimes display, until they were alone in the room, before she put the question which had been troubling her ever since she had overheard a conversation between the servants that morning.

'Mother,' she said, 'how can Daddy marry somebody else? Caroline told Hermence this morning it was a wonder you felt like riding horseback at the very hour of your husband's wedding.'

Linda had been expecting some such question, but it found her with no ready answer. She was almost tempted to evade it, to chide Philippa for listening to the servants' gossip; but she knew that would in no way check the ideas forming in the busy little head.

'I am sorry you heard Caroline,' she said at last. 'I had hoped you need know nothing about it until you were older, when of course I should have explained it to you myself. You knew that Daddy did n't live here with us

any more because Daddy and I are not married any longer.'

'Is n't he our father any more?' asked Philippa.

'Yes, he's your father still, and because he's your father you must always love him and believe the best of him. You see, when he and I were married, we loved each other very much, so it was right for us to be married and have you and Tiny and Nancy for children; but after we found we did n't care, it became wrong to live together the way people do who love each other.'

'Did you get unmarried?' queried Philippa.

'So we got unmarried,' answered her mother. 'Only it's called getting divorced, and that left Daddy free to marry again, someone whom he did love.'

'How do you get di—divorced?' the child asked. 'Is it like a wedding? Do you go to church and have music and flowers and wear a white dress like Aunt Tina's?'

'It is n't like a wedding at all, dear. When people are married, it is a very happy time; but there is nothing happy about a divorce. It is very sad when two people, who planned to live all their lives together, find they don't love each other enough to make it possible.'

'Are you very sad, mother?'

She wished she could answer truthfully that she was. It seemed so terrible to have to explain the sordid tragedy of divorce, and to admit that it had left her almost untouched. All the arguments which she had used a few months before in justifying the course she had determined to pursue appeared so futile in the face of Philippa's bewildered gaze.

'I'm not very sad any longer,' she answered at last. 'You see, I have you three girls to make me happy; and if I had never married Daddy, I should never have had you. And we will hope

that Daddy will be very happy, too, won't we?'

She tried to smile and started to rise from her chair, hoping that her rather lame explanation had satisfied the child; but Philippa had one more question.

'Then will you marry somebody, too?'

This time Linda was able to laugh.

'Oh, dear, no,' she said. 'I don't want to marry anybody. We shall all be very contented here just as we always have been. Run along now, my darling, and remember that mother has been telling you things she does n't want you to talk about with anyone, not even Mademoiselle or the little girls. If there's anything you don't understand, you're to ask me.'

III

They left the dining-room together, Philippa to prepare for her afternoon drive in the pony-cart, and Linda to read up on any political news she could find before Vane should appear. She discovered, however, that it was almost impossible to keep her mind on the printed pages, so often did her thoughts revert to her conversation with Philippa. She had not meant to make light to the child of the sanctity of marriage; yet it seemed impossible to explain the enormity of the step she and Harry had taken, and she doubted whether Philippa's psychology would not be more affected if she found her parents in a position which they themselves questioned.

But her pleasure in the day had gone, and Vane found her as he very possibly expected to find her when he had chosen this particular time to prove his friendship. It would have surprised and probably shocked him had he discovered Linda in her mood of the morning. As it was, he had the satisfaction of drawing her out of herself by talking

to her openly of his own prospects. He had a delightful personality, and as he always took it for granted that women are no less interested in the broader topics of life than men, he took the same pains to talk well to them.

When he had broken down the barriers of her reserve, and they were again on their old footing, he began to question her about herself. He approved her attitude: she had been dignified and yet she had won the sympathy of everyone, simply by making no bid for it. He found her distinctly improved, and told her so.

'You've grown up,' he told her; 'not old, you understand, because, as a matter of fact, you look younger than ever, but you strike one now as an intelligent adult being.'

'I'd like to strike you as an adult being,' she answered, making a little face at him; but she was not displeased to be again talking personalities with a man who was interested in her. She told him how keen she was to make up for all the time she had lost on things which had proved so deplorably worthless, and how eager she felt to reconstruct her life on more rugged lines.

'One part of life is so entirely over,' she said, 'and that's the only part I know anything about. It's rather hard to know where to begin afresh.'

'Meaning, I suppose,' Vane answered, 'that your career as a wife is closed? My dear Linda, you have only just learned how to be a wife for a man; not a boy, you understand, but a grown-up man who wants a grown-up woman. Not,' he added, 'that your present frame of mind is n't a very healthy one until the right man comes along. You can't afford a second mistake.'

This was going a little far, even for Leigh. Linda became intensely serious.

'I wish you would try to appreciate the situation,' she said. 'You say I seem to have grown up, and I assure

you that it is true, if it is only in the way I look at the things which I accepted so lightly a few months ago. While I find myself happier to-day than I have been since I outgrew my infatuation for Harry and have seen him with the eyes of all the people, yourself included, who begged me not to marry him, I realize more than ever before the tragedy that has occurred, and I would rather go back to the hell which made up my life until six months ago than have had to make the explanation which I made to Philippa to-day. So there is no need, Leigh, for your kindly little warning about second mistakes.'

'My dear Linda,' he said, quite as serious as she, 'I don't want you to think that I, of all people, have taken this step of yours as anything but the very best way out of an intolerable situation, and I trust with all my heart that it is one which will prove to be for the happiness of everyone concerned; although I understand you perfectly when you say that to-day you feel that happiness is hardly an essential compared to your children's belief in the sanctity of marriage. Forgive me if I have offended by too great frankness in stating that I can't believe that life is over for anyone who has developed under it as magnificently as you.'

Compliments from Leigh were few and far between, and Linda treasured them correspondingly. She took his proffered hand.

'You will help me to go on, won't you?' she said. 'I am depending on you to keep me in touch with lots of big things, which are all around you and quite out of reach of a lone woman.'

'As a start, I'll send you some books which may be of interest,' he promised. 'At least, I hope they'll prove so involved you'll have to let me come often to explain them.'

In a few moments he took his departure, conscious that he felt more intense

sympathy for this old friend than he had in all the miserable years which had followed her rash disregard of his advice and the advice of all the people who had known both Linda and Mainwaring. To him, divorce was a very hideous thing; and the fact that it had become so to her made her more appealing than she had been before she had experienced it. Linda, on her side, felt that her friendship with Leigh had been put through the acid test and come out pure gold.

IV

She began to pick up the broken threads again, and in the next few months, although she became intimate with no one, she resumed a normal intercourse with the people who had been lifelong friends and neighbors. But behind her outer life she continued to expand and develop within herself. The books which Leigh sent her she not only read, but studied; and soon he was coming, not only to expound their meanings, but to discuss and argue them with her. That summer they went deep into a comprehension of Socialism, and, strangely enough, it made a strong appeal both to the woman who had spent her whole life among the frivolous by-products of capitalism and to the man who was running for governor, the choice of serious capitalists. As the work of his campaign grew more engrossing, he found tremendous inspiration in Linda's freshly awakened mental responsiveness; and in meeting the demands of her eager mind for more and ever more facts and explanations, he developed a knowledge of the psychology of the people whom he wanted for his constituents.

It happened that year that there was no dearth of gubernatorial material for the Republicans to choose from, and the nomination of a candidate promised a more bitter fight than the election it-

self. The state had suffered through a considerable period from a Democratic governor, who had been sustained in office by the labor vote and the Roman Church, of which he was a member. He had pushed representatives of that institution on every state board which had hitherto kept clear of sectarian differences; and he had been very much to the fore in advocating parochial schools to be supported by the unredeemed but tax-paying public.

But, although many people despised the Governor, his policies did not awaken enough antagonism in the country districts, where the Republicans must look for their strength, to defeat him, unless some defalcation should split his own ranks. Suddenly, when his enemies were despairing, he not only threw ammunition into their hands, but caused an explosion among his own adherents. Whether it was a question of real conviction, or pressure brought to bear by some political magnate who was in matrimonial difficulties, could not be ascertained; but without warning to the leaders of his party or his Church, the Governor announced himself in favor of more uniform and lenient divorce laws. The present laws, he was quoted as saying, entailed suffering only on the poor, while the rich evaded them by taking up residence in some other state. It was preposterous, if a person could obtain divorce from a criminal, that one could not from a lunatic; and if religious conviction made divorce and remarriage possible for one cause, it should do as much for several causes. He added that the state laws could not affect people to whom the Church denied divorce; that personally, as a Catholic, he deplored divorce, but as governor of a people of varying creeds, he invoked justice.

This last, which was obviously intended as a sop to his Church, failed to abate the antagonism that his position

aroused; and even the weight of such an influential politician as Mr. Henry McFarland was unable to crush the opposition which threatened to break the Democratic strength. The fact that McFarland's wife had been confined in an institution for the hopelessly insane earned for that gentleman the opprobrium of Henry the Eighth; and it was hinted, not only that the Governor had broken faith with his Church, but that his political honor was not above suspicion.

It was felt by Republican leaders that a crisis had presented itself which gave their party a chance for reinstatement; for while McFarland and his colleagues were strong enough to keep a fresh candidate from acquiring control in their own party, they were unable to influence a number of individuals who loudly acclaimed their disapproval of the present Governor's pretension to another term. It therefore seemed not only possible, but highly probable that, should the Republican nominee prove popular personally, he would stand an excellent chance.

To men like Leigh Vane, the present opportunity led to a hope, not only that his party would win the coming election, but that a man of ideals and vision could do much more than hold down the office — he could lead the state back to the Republican majority which a fairly recent invasion of foreign labor had temporarily overthrown. But it would need a man who firmly believed in his party to accomplish this, — not a mere opportunist, — and it would take a man of great personal integrity and sincerity, quite apart from his political persuasion, to induce the wavering element to come over to his side. Of the present aspirants to the nomination, three names stood out more and more prominently as the date for decision approached. These were Bernard Fabian, Edward Joyce, and Leigh Vane.

Fabian was one of the largest employers of labor in the state; he was a self-made man, who had worked his way up in one of the woolen mills that he now controlled.

Joyce was the more usual type. He had been through the political mill, and had given up a profitable law practice to enter politics.

Though not a capitalist like Fabian, Vane came of people who had always belonged to the moneyed class. They were also people who had served their country in various branches. His grandfather had held the rank of colonel in the Civil War, where his name was still remembered in the homes of men who had composed his regiment. His son, Leigh's father, was concluding his useful if not brilliant term as United States Senator at the time of his death. Leigh himself had been brought up in the traditions of Republicanism, and several of the big men of the party had been his personal friends from childhood. But his present strength lay far less in these affiliations than in the esteem in which the influential men of his own state held him. Orphaned and well-to-do, he had chosen a life of rigorous work on a newspaper, where he had never attempted to score personally, but had given freely of himself to the good of the cause. A year before, he had been requested to contest the Congressional seat of his district, and for a while he had been greatly tempted; but he had proved himself big enough not to risk splitting the slim Republican majority; and he had done such excellent work in upholding the man who might have been his rival, that he was henceforth considered a definite political factor.

Linda had made a point of meeting both Fabian and Joyce, and assured herself that, quite apart from her affection for him, Leigh was far better qualified for the office than either of the

others. She was not the kind of woman who would ever be a direct factor in public life, but her influence could be none the less real. Men said things to her, when she expressed a wish to take politics seriously, which they might not have said to so casual a male acquaintance; and she was clever in using the information she received. She secured several bits of political gossip, which were of some value to Vane; and when he told her so, she was conscious of greater enthusiasm for life than she had felt for years. And it was not only in this way that she helped him. He had no one very near to him with whom to discuss the problems that his campaign presented; and not only did Linda's eager interest prevent him from feeling that he was imposing them upon her, but in putting them before her, he put them more clearly to himself. If Linda was a help to him, he proved himself invaluable to her, not only in stimulating her intellect, but in many little crises of her domestic life.

There were, of course, comparatively long stretches of time when they did not see each other at all, but these made them realize how closely their interests were attuned. Perhaps the fact that the whole situation was abnormal made both Linda and Vane slow to realize its normal consequence. Summer burned itself out, and the early autumn brought new political activities, which made frequent meetings impossible.

V

It was in October, after an interval of some weeks, that Vane found an opportunity to dine and spend a quiet evening with Mrs. Mainwaring — the last before his immediate prospects would be determined.

He came down to the country rather early; he wanted to see the children, he said; and they, enchanted to see him,

swarmed over him, showed him every new acquisition since his last visit, played a series of delightful games with him, and went reluctantly upstairs at their bedtime, bribed by the promise that he would come and help Mummy tuck them up. Linda had been more audience than participant in the games. She was conscious of a queer heartache when she saw Leigh with her children — a jealousy for them, and a knowledge that he filled a place in their lives she could never fill.

He stood up when they had gone, smoothing his hair with his hands, straightening his tie, which their last mad game had disarranged, and met Linda's eyes. The expression in them hurt him unbearably — it made her look so detached, so apart from his own healthy, ambitious life.

'I should like some air before dinner,' he said. 'Is it too cold for a last look at the garden, do you think, before we say good-night to the children?'

'It's not very cold. This moon brought a frost, and there's nothing left in the garden, but it's delicious there, I know.'

She got up from her chair; he opened one of the long glass doors and followed her out on the terrace; they crossed, and descended some steps. It was dark save for the cold light of the young autumn moon, which cast hard, curious shadows. The garden, surrounded by a great hemlock hedge, had been a riot of color only a few days before; but to-night the flowers in the moonlight appeared dry husks, ghosts of a vanished loveliness.

They were both very quiet; she was thinking that once she had stolen out of the house and danced in this moonlit garden with a vine twisted in her hair, and a man had pursued her and kissed her in the shadow of the hemlock hedge, and she had thought she loved him. Vane was thinking what a little

thing a career was, compared to a woman with eyes like that; a woman who needed him more than state or party could ever need him; a woman he wanted far above the laurels of a statesman. They gazed into the blackness of the hemlocks as if they were visualizing there the things they were thinking of—until at last he broke the long silence.

‘Linda, my dear — my dear!’ And she was in his arms, their lips together in their first communion. And with that kiss she was sealed his; with it she entered her kingdom, the kingdom that had never been hers before. The dancing girl who had been kissed in the garden was no part of the woman in Vane’s arms. Harry Mainwaring had captured some excrescence, which her youth had thrown off, but he had never touched the seed of her soul that had matured under Leigh’s companionship and blossomed at his kiss.

He held her until the children’s insistent voices penetrated their fastness, when they retraced their steps to the house. Up in the nurseries, the little girls in their night-clothes were eager for another romp, but Leigh was in no mood for it. He was sweet with them, tender even; but it was he who stood apart, a spectator, while they crowded around Linda to say their prayers and be kissed good-night.

At dinner neither of them spoke much, their understanding was too deep, their content too complete, to need words. The dramatic touch, which no woman lacks, enabled Linda to start fitful topics of conversation when the servants were in the room, as their sense of convention led them to make a pretense of eating; but it was a relief to have the meal over and to find themselves again in the drawing-room, free from interruptions.

At half-past nine, when the motor came to take him to the train, they had not begun to say good-night, to discuss

their next meeting, to plan any detail of their future—the present was gloriously sufficient.

‘I’ll write you in the morning, Linda; to-night, perhaps, when I get to town. Good-night, my darling—’ And he was in the hall, struggling with the overcoat which her old butler was holding for him.

She watched him through a crack in the door, eager to see him, to see his face when he was not aware of her. He pulled a paper from his pocket and wrote upon it hastily. She saw him turn to the servant, and heard him speak.

‘Mitten, here’s a telegram — get it off for me to-night, will you? I meant to send it from the village, but I can’t make my train if I do. You can send it over the telephone, but it must go at once. Thanks awfully.’

And he was gone, after handing the paper to the man. The noise of the motor became louder for a moment, and then died away in the distance.

Linda went back to her big chair beside the fire, almost unconscious of any movement she made. She had ceased to be mere flesh and blood; rather she was a sunlit beach flooded by warm waves of happiness.

The entrance of Mitten aroused her.

‘Beg pardon, Miss Linda,’ he said — after Harry’s departure, he could never bear to call her Mrs. Mainwaring, and had gone back to her girlhood appellation. ‘Mr. Vane left a message for me to send over the telephone, but I can’t ’ardly make hout ’is ’andwriting. I wondered would you mind, miss, being as ’ow ’e said hit was most himportant?’

‘I’ll send it, of course. You can put the lights out here, and I’ll telephone the message from my room. Good night, Mitten.’

‘Good-night, miss.’

‘Lord,’ he thought as she went out,

'ow 'appy she looks — the way she did before that skunk came foolin' round 'ere.'

Up in her room, Linda found it difficult to concentrate on the mechanical act of forwarding Leigh's message. She sat down by her telephone and smoothed out the paper; but it took several readings for his written words to connect with her mind, which happiness had temporarily drugged.

Then suddenly they and their purport became burned upon her brain. It was addressed to his campaign manager and left unsigned.

'Stop all activities to further my candidacy. Events have arisen which would render it impossible for me to accept the nomination. Throw any influence we can control to Joyce. Will see you to-morrow morning.'

If Linda had lost time through being unable to concentrate her thoughts, she made up for it now. Thoughts, unwelcome and at times confused, rushed through her mind, bearing her down with the weight of their evidence. Leigh was giving up his career because he was pledged to marry her, — Linda Mainwaring, — a divorced woman. She was that in the eyes of the world, though in her own she was divorced, not only from Mainwaring, but from the girl who had married Mainwaring. Had she known Leigh less well, she might have hesitated, might have seen less clearly that, should she marry him, his thwarted career would always prove a barrier between them that even their love could not surmount. But she knew him too intimately to deceive herself; she was fully aware of his ambitions, his convictions as to what a man in his circumstances owed to his country and to his tradition.

It was midnight when her course presented itself to her; so clearly did she see it, and so quickly must she act, that she was only dimly aware of her

emotions. Soon they would claim her, they would engulf her in utter misery and despair; but for the moment, the too swift reaction from her bliss had numbed them.

She opened the door that led from her fire and lamp-lit room to the dark spaciousness of the hall, felt her way along to the servant's portion of the house, and knocked on Mitten's door. The old man opened it cautiously, his gaunt figure and curious, lined face illumined in the dim light which burned on the service stairway.

'Miss Linda, — you're not hill?'

'No, — no, Mitten, — nothing is the matter. I mean, nothing with me. Something has happened which makes it necessary I should get a letter to Mr. Vane early to-morrow morning, — his message was very important, — an answer has come to it. I want you to go to town on the milk train and take it to him yourself; it is very important. Wake Henry and tell him he must take you to the station at five; I'll have the letter for you then, — the letter will be quite ready, — it's very important.'

She was aware that she was repeating herself, that her voice sounded flat and without emphasis; but she gathered from Mitten's concerned replies that he comprehended and would follow out her instructions.

Back in her own room she managed to control her voice sufficiently to send the telegram. Then she was confronted with the necessity for writing the letter — the terrible letter which would keep Leigh from her forever, the lying letter which was in itself a sin against love. She sat at her desk for hours, writing, destroying what she had written, re-writing, drawing aimless lines and little pictures of nothing. It was nearly five o'clock when she folded her completed missive into its envelope and reeled across the room in response to Mitten's knock.

DEAR LEIGH, —

I think I must have been mad to-night — life has been so difficult that at times I have felt utterly defeated, and it was one of those moments, my dear, when you called to me in the garden. All at once it seemed to me possible, because of my deep affection for you, to lay the whole burden of my problems on you. But now I am alone again, I am sane. I care too much for you to be willing that the woman you marry should go to you defeated, wanting only rest and comfort; she shall go to you triumphant, wanting nothing but your love. That part of me is gone forever, burned out by the fire which destroyed my youth—what I gave once I shall never have to give again; and here in this house where so much of my drama has been enacted, I realize that the stage cannot be reset, or the play-

ers recast for its conclusion. You have been a loyal, helpful, wonderful friend always; you will not, I am sure, ask me to relinquish that friendship because for a few short hours we mistook it for something else. You have made me more reliant, given me new confidence to meet situations as they arise in my path. It would be a poor return to give you the husk of love; forgive me for offering it, and forget that I once thought it could be made to satisfy you. It would be as impossible to find within myself anything more worthy of you as it would be to recapture summer in my frost-touched garden; but there will still be warm, pleasant days of Indian summer, when our friendship will ripen and deepen.

With every wish always for your success and happiness,

LINDA MAINWARING.

PRIME

BY AMY LOWELL

Your voice is like bells over roofs at dawn
When a bird flies
And the sky changes to a fresher color.

Speak, speak, Beloved.
Say little things
For my ears to catch
And run with them to my heart.

PREACHING IN LONDON. II

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

January 1, 1918. — Christmas is over, thank God! The contrast between its gentle ideals and the ghastly realities round about us almost tears one in two. Here we sing, 'Peace on earth among men of good-will'; out there, the killing of boys goes on. What irony! Still, one remembers that it was a hard old Roman world in which the Angels of the first Christmas sang their anthem of prophecy. How far off it must have seemed that day; how far off it seems to-day. The world is yet in twilight, and from behind dim horizons comes ceaselessly the thunder of great guns. A frost-like surface of garish gayety sparkles in our cities, as anxiety turns to laughter, or to apathy, for relief.

After all these ages, must we say that the song of Christmas is as vain as all the vain things proclaimed of Solomon? No; it will come true. It is not a myth. It is not a mockery. Surviving ages of slaughter, it returns to haunt us, proving in this last defeat its immortality. Because that music is far off, we know that it is not our own, but was sent into the world by One who is as far above our discordant noises as the stars are above the mists. Whatever befall, we dare not lose Faith, dare not surrender to Hate, since that would be the saddest of all defeats. And the children sang carols at our doors, as in the days of Dickens, as if to rebuke our misgiving and despair.

January 7. — One serious handicap besets a minister who labors abroad: he cannot deal with public questions with the same freedom that he can at

home. Indeed, he can hardly touch them at all — when criticism is required — save as they may be international in their range. Yesterday, on the national Day of Prayer, I made protest in the City Temple against allowing the increase of brewery supplies to stand, on the ground that it is not cricket to destroy foodstuffs at a time when we have no bread fit to eat and cannot get sugar for our children. To-day every brewery paper in the kingdom jumped upon me with all four feet, *John Bull* leading the pack. It does not matter if every journal in the land stands on its hind-legs and howls, as most of them are doing. What hurts me is the silence of the churches! The majority of Free Churchmen are against the traffic, but hardly so in the Established Church. Indeed, that Church is more or less involved in the trade, at least to the extent of allowing its properties to be used by public houses. Many of the higher clergy refused to forego their wine during the war, even at the request of the King.

The situation is unlike anything we know in America. Liquor is used in England much as we use coffee; it is entrenched in custom, disinfected by habit, and protected by respectability. Moreover, the traffic is less open, less easy to get at in England, and those who profit by it are often of the most aristocratic and influential class in the community. There is, besides, a school of English political thought which holds the sublime doctrine that the way to keep the workingman quiet and con-

tented is to keep him pickled in beer. Any suggestion of abolishing the traffic is, therefore, regarded as an invitation to anarchy, and dire predictions are made. Almost anywhere in London one sees a dozen baby-carts at the door of a public house, while the mothers are inside guzzling beer. Never before have I seen drunken mothers trying to push baby-carts! Surely England has an enemy behind the lines!

January 12. — Had a delicious tilt with Chesterton, who apparently regards the Dogma of Beer as an article of Christian faith. Every time I meet him I think of *The Man Who Was Thursday* — a story in which he has drawn a portrait of himself. He is not only enormously fat, but tall to boot; a mountain of a man. His head, seen from behind, looks larger than any human head has a right to be. He is the soul of good-fellowship, and as the wine in his glass goes down, one may witness an exhibition worth going miles to see. He leads words into the arena, first in single file, then four abreast, then in regiments; and the feats they perform are hair-raising. If he talks in paradoxes, it is for the same reason that more solemn persons talk in platitudes — he cannot help it.

From the Gospel of Beer, the talk turned to Wells and his new theology; and it was good to hear Chesterton laugh about a God unfinished and still in the making. His epigram hit it off to a dot. 'The Christ of Wells is tidy; the real Christ is titanic.' We agreed that the portraiture of Jesus by Wells is in bad drawing, being too much like Wells himself; but we remembered other portraits by the same hand, — Kipps, Polly, and the rest, — very ordinary men made extraordinary and individual and alluring by the magic of genius.

One may call Chesterton many names, — an irrationalist, a reactionary idealist, a humorist teaching serious truth in

fun, — but his rich humanity and robust common sense are things for which to give thanks. He is a prophet of normal human nature, and his uproarious faith in God is a tonic in days like these. If Dickens was the greatest American ever born in England, some of us feel that Chesterton is the best thing England has given us since Dickens. One loves him for his strength, his sanity, and his divine joyousness. The Holy Spirit, said Hermas, is a hilarious spirit!

January 17. — Dr. John Hutton, of Glasgow, preached in the City Temple to-day, his theme being 'The Temptation,' that is, the one temptation that includes all others — the spirit of cynicism that haunts all high moods. Artfully, subtly it seeks to lower, somehow, the lights of the soul, to slay ideals, to betray and deliver us to base-mindedness. Such preaching! He searches like a surgeon and heals like a physician. Seldom, if ever, have I had anyone walk right into my heart with a lighted candle in his hand, as he did, and look into the dark corners. For years I had known him as a master of the inner life, whether dealing with the Bible *At Close Quarters*, or with those friends and aiders of faith, like Browning; and there are passages in *The Winds of God* that echo like great music. As a guide to those who are walking in the middle years of life, where bafflements of faith are many and moral pitfalls are deep, there is no one like Hutton; no one near him. But, rich as his books are, his preaching is more wonderful than his writing. While his sermon has the finish of a literary essay, it is delivered with the enthusiasm of an evangelist. The whole man goes into it, uniting humor, pathos, unction, with a certain wildness of abandon, as of one possessed, which is the note of truly great preaching. In my humble judgment he is the greatest preacher in Britain.

January 23. — Just returned from a

journey into the Midlands. At Manchester I preached on Sunday in the Cavendish Street Chapel, where Joseph Parker ministered before going to the City Temple, and lectured on 'Lincoln and the War' the following evening. No man ever had a more cordial reception in any city. As a preface to my lecture I paid a tribute to the Manchester *Guardian* as one of the great institutions of this island, and expressed gratitude for its sympathetic and intelligent understanding of America and her President, in the difficult days of our neutrality. The American Consul, in seconding a vote of thanks, told an interesting fact found in the files of his office. A group of Manchester citizens, knowing the admiration of Lincoln for John Bright, — a Manchester man, — had a bust of the Quaker statesman made, and it was ready to be sent when the news of the assassination came. They cabled Mrs. Lincoln, asking what they should do. She told them to send it to Washington; and it is now in the White House.

As a fact, I did not see Birmingham at all, because a heavy fog hung over it when I arrived and had not lifted when I left. I could hardly see my audience when I rose to speak, and felt half-choked all through the lecture. As it was my first visit to Birmingham, I began by recalling the great men with whom the city was associated in my mind. The first was Joseph Chamberlain. No sooner had I uttered the name than there were hisses and cries, 'No, no! John Bright!' I had forgotten that Bright ever sat for a Birmingham district. The next name was that of John Henry, Cardinal Newman. It was received at first with silence, then with a few groans. But when I mentioned the name of Dr. Dale, there was loud applause; for he was not only a mighty preacher, but a great political influence in the city. Then I reminded my audi-

ence that, when Chamberlain was accused in the House of Commons of representing Dr. Dale, he retorted, in praise of the great preacher, that he had no mean constituency. The last man named was J. H. Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant*, one of my favorite books. If the name was recognized at all, there was no sign of it.

January 27. — Have been on another short tour, preaching to the men in the camps, including one of the khaki colleges of the Canadian army at Whitley. Twice, when the men were given a choice between a sermon and a lecture, they voted to have a sermon. And what they want is a straight talk, hot from the heart, about the truths that make us men; no 'set sermon with a stunt text,' as one of them explained. When I asked what he meant, he said: 'Such texts as "Put on the whole armor of God," or "Fight the good fight," or "Quit you like men"; they are doing that now.' But they are being undone the while by a terrible shattering of faith, and in many a moral trench-fight.

No end of nonsense has been talked about the men in the armies, as if putting on khaki made a man a saint. No, they are men like ourselves, — our boys, — with the passions and temptations of the rest of us. As one of them put it: —

Our Padre, 'e says I'm a sinner,
And *John Bull* says I'm a saint;
And they're both of 'em bound to be liars,
For I'm neither of them, I ain't.
I'm a man, and a man's a mixture,
Right down from his very birth;
For part of 'im comes from 'eaven,
And part of 'im comes from earth.

And upon this basis — being a man myself, and therefore a mixture — I talked to them, without mincing words, about the fight for faith and the desperate struggles of the moral life. Never can I forget those eager, earnest, upturned faces, — bronzed by war and weather

— many of which were soon to be torn by shot and shell. The difference in preaching to men who have seen little of war, and to those who have been in it for two years or more, is very great. I should know the difference if blind-folded. The latter are as hard as nails. Only now and then does the preacher know the thrill of having dug under, or broken through, the wall of adamant in which they shelter that shy and lonely thing they dare not lose.

February 18. — The American camp at Winchester. Preached four times yesterday in a large moving-picture theatre, — packed to the doors, — and to-day I am as limp as a rag. It was a great experience, talking to such vast companies of my own countrymen — tall, upstanding, wholesome fellows from all over the Union, among them the survivors of the *Tuscania*, torpedoed off the coast of Ireland. They are in the best of spirits, having lost everything except their courage, as one of them said; every one with a cold, and all togged out in every kind of garb — for those who did not lose their clothing had it ruined by the sea-water.

Spent to-day in Winchester, a city of magnificent memories, about which clusters more of history and of legend than about any city on this island, except London. It is the city of Arthur and the Round Table. Here the Saxon Chronicles were written; here King Alfred lies buried. It is the very birth-place of our civilization. The College and the St. Cross Hospital have about them the air of the Middle Ages. But the Cathedral is the gem of the scene, having the most beautiful nave I have ever seen. Less a cemetery than the Abbey, even an amateur architect can trace the old Norman style, shading into the early English, and then into the later English styles, showing the evolution of the building while enshrining the history of a race. In the south transept I

came upon the tomb of Izaak Walton, and I confess I stood beside it with mingled feelings of reverence and gratitude. Behind the tomb is a noble window, not more than fifty years old, into which the fishing scenes of the New Testament are woven with good effect — an appropriate memorial to the gentlest and wisest fisherman who has lived among us since Jesus lodged with the fishermen by the sea.

The afternoon service in the ancient temple touched me deeply, as if those who conducted it were awed by the presence of Eternity, and were carrying for a brief time the Torch of Faith, changing but eternal; a faith natural to humanity, and affirmed and expressed by the ordered beauty around them. Such a building is a symbol of that in man which refuses to be subdued, either by the brute forces of life or by the anarchy in his own heart; an emblem of that eternal resolve to love rather than hate, to hope rather than despair.

March 6. — Returning from Edinburgh, I broke my journey at the ancient city of York, where the kindest of welcomes awaited me. Looking out of my hotel window, I saw a music-shop founded in 1768 — older than the American Republic. Preached at three o'clock at the Monkgate Methodist Chapel; at five held an institute for ministers; and at seven lectured on Lincoln to a huge audience, Mr. Roundtree, Member of Parliament, presiding. The Lord Mayor presented me with a resolution of welcome, in which the most cordial good-will was expressed for the people of America.

Earlier in the day I was taken to various places of historic interest, including, of course, the beautiful old gray Minster. Also to the grave of John Woolman, the Quaker, a brief biography of whom I had once written. I knew he died while on a mission to England, but I had forgotten that he was buried

in York. Reverently we stood by the grave of that simple man, — daringly radical, but divinely gentle, — who was the incarnation of the spirit of Christ, and whose life of love and service, of pity and prayer, made him a kind of sad St. Francis of the new world. York is a stronghold of the Society of Friends — the noblest body of organized mysticism on earth. Aye, the war is making men either skeptics or mystics, and wisdom lies, methinks, with the mystics whose faith is symbolized in the beautiful Listening Angel I saw the other day in the Southwell Cathedral.

March 12. — The Prime Minister spoke to the Free Church Council in the City Temple to-day, and it was an astonishing performance, as much for its wizardry of eloquence as for its moral camouflage. For weeks he has been under a barrage of criticism, as he always is when things do not go right; and the audience was manifestly unsympathetic, if not hostile. As no one knew what would happen, it was arranged that he should enter the pulpit during the singing of a hymn.

As soon as he rose to speak, — his stout body balanced on tiny, dwarf-like legs, — the hecklers began a machine-gun fire of questions, and it looked as if we were in for a war of wits. The English heckler is a joy. He does not deal in slang phrases, but aims his dart straight at the target. In ten minutes the Prime Minister had his audience standing and throwing up their hats. It was pure magic. I felt the force of it. But after it was over and I had time to think it through, I found that he had said almost nothing. On the question of Bread or Beer he turned a clever rhetorical trick, and nothing else. The *Evening Star* says that the Prime Minister is not a statesman at all, but a *stuntsman*; and one is half inclined to agree with it. Certainly his genius just now seems to consist in his agility in

finding a way out of one tight corner into another, following a zigzag course. An enigmatic and elusive personality, — ruled by intuitions rather than by principles, — if he never leaves me with a sense of sincerity, he at least gives me a conservative thrill. Despite his critics the record of his actual achievements is colossal, and I know of no other personality in this kingdom that could take his place. Like Roosevelt, he knows how to dramatize what he does, making himself the hero of the story; and it is so skillfully done that few see that the hero is also the showman.

March 25. — At the Thursday-noon service on the 21st, we had news that a great battle had begun, but we little dreamed what turn it would take. Instead of the long-expected Allied advance, it was a gigantic enemy drive, which seems to be sweeping everything before it. Wave after wave of the enemy hosts beat upon the Allied lines, until they first bent and then broke; the British and French armies may be sundered and the Channel ports captured. All internal dissension is hushed in the presence of the common danger, and one sees once more the real quality of the British character, its quiet courage shining most brightly when the sky is lowering.

London is tongued-tied; people look at each other and understand. If there is any panic, it is among the politicians, not among the people. Resolute, all-suffering, unconquerably cheery, men brace themselves to face the worst — it is magnificent! There was no room for the people in the City Temple yesterday; the call to prayer comes not half so imperatively from the pulpit as from the human heart in its intolerable anxiety and sorrow. These are days when men gather up their final reasons for holding on in the battle of life, seeking the ultimate solace of the Eternal.

What days to read the Bible! Itself

a book of battles, its simple words find new interpretation in the awful exegesis of events. Many a Psalm for the day might have been written for the day; the leaping up of fires through the crust of the earth makes them luminous. As we enter the depths, those strange songs follow us. Doubt, elation, anger, and even hate are there perfectly expressed. To-day, as of old, the people imagine a vain thing; the earth trembles; the honor of God is threatened. The Apocalypse, too, has a new force, color, and beauty, as we regard it in the light of burning cities. Its pictures are like the work of some mighty artist on a vast, cloudy canvas, dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse and the shadows of the bottomless pit. Once more we see the Four Horses riding over the earth. The challenge of the Book of Job is taken up again; Jeremiah is justified in his sorrow; and the Suffering Servant of God is a living figure in this new crucifixion of humanity.

And the Gospels! Never has there been so complete a vindication of the ethics of Jesus. If, the Facts now say, you take the anti-Christ point of view, this is what it means. Repent, or the Kingdom of Hell will swallow you up! Thus the Galilean triumphs, in the terror of denying his words, no less than in the blessing of obeying them: 'Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

March 31. — Easter Day! Dr. Rendel Harris tells how, in the musty pages of the Journal of a learned society, he came upon a revealing fact. It was there recorded that, on a morning in May, 1797, which broke calmly after a stormy night, it was possible to see from the cliffs of Folkestone even the color of the cottages on the French mainland. In the spiritual world, also, there is the record of such a day of clear tranquillity, when the fierce night of the Passion had passed, and the day of the Resurrection dawned white and serene. On

that Day, and until the Ascension, — when the Great Adventurer was welcomed home, — the Unseen World was known to be near, homelike, and real.

To-day is the anniversary of that Day of Divine Lucidity, when men — plain, ordinary men like ourselves — saw through the shadows into the life of things. Softly, benignly, the Day of Eternal Life dawns upon a world red with war and billowed with the graves of those who seem doubly dead, because they died so young. Never did this blessed day shine with deeper meaning; never was its great Arch of Promise so thronged with hurrying feet. Blessed Day! When its bells have fallen into silence, and its lilies have faded into dust, pray God there may live in our hearts the promise that, after the winter of war, there shall be a springtime of peace and good-will!

When one thinks of the number of the fallen, and the heartache that follows the evening sun around the world, it is not strange that many seek communication, as well as communion, with the dead — longing to see even in a filmy vapor the outlines of forms familiar and dear. The pathos of it is heart-breaking! Even when one is sure that such use of what are called psychical faculties is a retrogression, — since genius is the only medium through which, so far, Heaven has made any spiritual revelation to mankind, — it is none the less hard to rebuke it.

Some think Spiritualism may become a new religion, with Sir Oliver Lodge as its prophet and Sir Conan Doyle as its evangelist. No matter; it has done good, and in a way too easily overlooked. Nearly all of us grew up with a definite picture in our minds of a city with streets of gold and gates of pearl; but that picture has faded. Time and criticism have emptied it of actuality. Since then, the walls of the universe have been pushed back into infinity,

and the old scenery of faith has grown dim. Admit that its imagery was crude; it did help the imagination, upon which both faith and hope lean more heavily than we are aware. Now that the old picture has vanished, the unseen world is for many only a bare, blank infinity, soundless and colorless. These new seekers after truth have at least helped to humanize it once more, touching it with light and color and laughter; and that is a real service, both to faith and to the affections. Meanwhile, not a few are making discoveries in another and better way, as witness this letter:—

DEAR MINISTER, —

Early in the war I lost my husband, and I was mad with grief. I had the children to bring up and no one to help me, so I just raged against God for taking my husband from my side and yet calling Himself good. Someone told me that God could be to me all that my husband was and more. And so I got into the way of defying God in my heart. 'Now and here,' I used to say, 'this is what I want and God can't give it to me.' After a while I came, somehow, to feel that God liked the honesty of it; liked this downright telling Him all my needs, though I had no belief that He could help me. One day I had gone into the garden to gather some flowers, and suddenly I knew that my husband was there with me—just himself, only braver and stronger than he had ever been. I do not know how I knew; but I knew. There was no need of a medium, for I had found God myself, and, finding Him, I had found my husband too.

April 15. — No spring drive is equal to the drive of spring itself, when April comes marching down the world. Kew Garden is like a bit of paradise, and neither war nor woe can mar its glory. How the English love flowers! Even in the slums of London—which are among the most dismal and God-forsaken spots on earth—one sees in the windows tiny pots of flowers, adding a touch of color to the drab and dingy scene. At the front, in dugouts, one finds old

tin cans full of flowers, gathered from no one knows where. Each English home is walled in for privacy,—unlike our American way,—and each has its own garden of flowers, like a little Eden. One of the first things an Englishman shows his guest is the garden, where the family spend much of their time in summer. April sends everybody digging in the garden.

And such bird-song! The day begins with a concert, and there is an anthem or a solo at any hour. They sing as if the heart of the world were a mystic, unfathomable joy; and even a pessimist like Thomas Hardy wondered what secret the 'Darkling Thrush' knew that he did not know; and, further, what right he had to sing in such a world as this. After listening to the birds, one cannot despair of man, seeing Nature at the task of endlessly renewing her life. His war, his statecraft, his science, may be follies or sins; but his life is only budding even yet, and the flower is yet to be. So one feels in April, with a lilac beneath the window.

April 20. — Housekeeping in England, for an American woman, is a trying enough experience at any time; but it is doubly so in war-time when food and fuel conditions are so bad. Until the rationing went into effect, it was a problem to get anything to eat, as the shops would not take new customers. Even now the bread tastes as if it had been made out of sawdust; and butter being almost an unknown quality, the margarine, like the sins of the King, in *Hamlet*, smells to heaven. Shopping is an adventure. Literally one has to deal, not only with 'the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker,' but with the fish-market, the greengrocer, the dry grocer,—everything at a different place,—so it takes time and heroic patience, and even then one often comes home empty-handed. As a last resort, we fall back on eggs and peanuts,—

monkey-nuts, the English call them, — to both of which I take off my hat. It is impossible for one person to keep an English house clean — it is so ill-arranged, and cluttered up with bric-à-brac. There are none of the American appliances for saving labor — no brooms; and the housemaid must get down on her knees, with a dustpan and hand-brush, to sweep the room. There is enough brass in the house to keep one able-bodied person busy polishing it. Arnold Bennett has more than one passage of concentrated indignation about the time and energy spent in polishing brass in English houses. It is almost a profession. One compensation is the soft-voiced, well-trained English servants, and often even they are either thievish or sluttish.

April 25. — Twice I have heard Bernard Shaw lecture recently, and have not yet recovered from the shock and surprise of meeting him. My idea of Shaw was a man alert, aggressive, self-centred, vastly conceited, craving publicity, laying claim to an omniscience that would astonish most deities. That is to say, a literary acrobat, standing on his head to attract attention, or walking the tight-rope in the top of the tent. But that Shaw is a myth, a legend, a pose. The real Shaw is no such man. Instead, he is physically finicky, almost old-maidish, not only shy and embarrassed off the platform, but awkward, blushing like a schoolgirl when you meet him. He is gentle, modest, generous, full of quick wisdom, but suggesting lavender, and China tea served in dainty old-world cups. The most garrulous man in Europe before the war, he was smitten dumb by the insanity of it, having no word of comfort or command. Unlike Romain Rolland, he could not even frame a bitter condemnation of it. So, after one or two feeble protests, he went back into his drawing-room, pulled the blinds down,

and drank China tea out of his dainty cups, leaving the world to stew in its own juice. Who can describe the fineness, the fatuousness, the futility of him! Whether prophet or harlequin, he has shot his bolt and missed the mark. Of course, the artist will live on in his work — most vividly, perhaps, in his sham-shattering wit.

April 30. — Few Americans realize what the Throne and the Royal Family mean in the life of the British people. Our idea of the King is colored by our republican preconceptions, to say nothing of our prejudices — not knowing that England is in many ways more democratic than America. The other day, in the City Temple, an American minister spoke of the King as 'an animated flag,' little dreaming of the thing of which he is a symbol and the profound affection in which he is held. There is something spiritual in this devotion to the King, something mystical, and the Empire would hardly hold together without it. The Royal Family is really an exaltation of the Home, which is ever the centre of British patriotism. Never, in their true hours, do the English people brag of Britain as a world-power, actual or potential. It is always the home and the hearth, — now to be defended, — and nowhere is the home more sacred and tender. Of every Briton we may say, as Bunyan said of Greatheart: 'But that which put glory of grace into all that he did was that he did it for pure love of his Country.' This sentiment finds incarnation in the Royal Family, in whom the Home rises above party and is untouched by the gusts of passion.

'Their gracious Majesties' is a phrase which exactly describes the reigning King and Queen, though neither can be said to possess, in the same measure, that mysterious quality so difficult to define which, in King Edward and Queen Alexandra, appealed so strongly to the

popular imagination. Gentle-hearted, if not actually shy, one feels that the formalism and ceremony of the Court appeal less to the King than to the Queen, whose stateliness sometimes leaves an impression of aloofness. Something of the same shyness one detects in the modest, manly, happy-hearted Prince of Wales, whose personality is so captivating alike in its simplicity and its sincerity. At a time when thrones are falling, the British King moves freely among his people, everywhere honored and beloved — and all who know the worth of this Empire to civilization rejoice and give thanks.

May 19. — Dr. Jowett began his ministry at Westminster Chapel to-day, — the anniversary of Pentecost, — welcomed by a hideous air-raid. Somehow, while Dr. Jowett always kindles my imagination, he never gives me that sense of reality which is the greatest thing in preaching. One enjoys his musical voice, his exquisite elocution, his mastery of the art of illustration, and his fastidious style; but the substance of his sermons is incredibly thin. Of course, this is due, in large part, to the theory of popular preaching on which he works. His method is to take a single idea — large or small — and turn it over and over, like a gem, revealing all its facets, on the ground that one idea is all that the average audience is equal to. Of this method Dr. Jowett is a consummate master, and it is a joy to see him make use of it, though at times it leads to a tedious repetition of the text. Often, too, he seems to be laboring under the handicap of a brilliant novelist, who must needs make up in scenery what is lacking in plot.

Since his return to London he has been less given to filigree rhetoric, and he has struck almost for the first time a social note, to the extent, at any rate, of touching upon public affairs — al-

though no one would claim that Dr. Jowett has a social message, in the real meaning of that phrase. No, his forte is personal religious experience of a mild evangelical type; and to a convinced Christian audience of that tradition and training he has a ministry of edification and comfort. But for the typical man of modern mind, caught in the currents and alive to the agitations of our day, Dr. Jowett has no message. However, we must not expect everything from any one servant of God, and the painter is needed as well as the prophet.

June 2. — Spent a lovely day yesterday at Selborne, a town tucked away among the chalk-hills of Hampshire. There, well-nigh two hundred years ago, Gilbert White watched the Hangar grow green in May and orange and scarlet in October, and learned to be wise. One can almost see him in the atmosphere and setting of his life, — an old-bachelor parson, his face marked by the smallpox, as so many were in that day, — walking over the hills, which he called 'majestic mountains,' a student and lover of nature. He was a man who knew his own mind, worked his little plot of earth free from the delusions of grandeur, and published his classic book, *The Natural History of Selborne*, in the year of the fall of the Bastille. Because of this coincidence of dates, it has been said that White was more concerned with the course of events in a martin's nest than with the crash of empires. No doubt; but it may be that the laws of the universe through which empires fall are best known by a man who has such quietness of soul that a brooding mother-bird will not fly away when he visits her. White asked the universe one question, and waited to hear the answer: Take away fear, and what follows? The answer is: Peace, even the peace without which a man cannot learn that when 'redstarts shake their tails, they move them hori-

zonally.' It was a day to refresh the soul.

June 10. — Attended a Ministerial Fraternal to-day, and greatly enjoyed the freedom and frankness of the discussion. A conservative in England would be a radical in America, so far are they in advance of us. Evidently our English brethren have gotten over the theological mumps, measles, and whooping-cough. For one thing, they have accepted the results of the critical study of the Bible, without losing any of the warmth and glow of evangelical faith, — uniting liberal thought with orthodoxy of the heart, — as we in America have not succeeded in doing. All confessed that the atmosphere of their work has changed; that the fingers of their sermons grope blindly amid the hidden keys of the modern mind, seeking the great new words of comfort and light. It was agreed that a timid, halting, patched-up restatement of faith will not do: there must be a radical reinterpretation, if we are to speak to the new time, which thinks in new terms. On social questions, too, the discussion was trenchant, at times even startling. There was real searching of hearts, drawing us together in a final candor, and driving us back to the permanent fountains of power. The spirit of the meeting was most fraternal, and I, for one, felt that fellowship is both creative and revealing.

June 25. — American troops are pouring into England, and the invasion is a revelation to the English people. Nothing could surpass the kindness and hospitality with which they open their hearts and homes to their kinsmen from the great West. They are at once courteous and critical, torn between feelings of joy, sorrow, and a kind of gentle jealousy — at thought of their own fine fellows who went away and did not come back. They have seen many kinds of Americans, among them

the tourist, the globe-trotter, the unspeakable fop, and the newly rich who spread their vulgarity all over Europe; but now they are discovering the real American, — the manly, modest, intelligent lad from the college, the store, the farm, — and they like him. He is good to look at, wholesome, hearty, straightforward, serious but not solemn, and he has the air of one on an errand. On the surface the British Tommy affects to take the war as a huge joke, but our men take it in dead earnest. 'Why, your men are mystics; they are crusaders,' said an English journalist to me recently; and I confess they do have that bearing — for such they really are. Last night, in a coffee-house on the Strand, I asked the Cockney proprietor if he had seen many American boys and what he thought of them. Something like this is what I heard: —

'Yerce, and I like what I've seen of 'em. No swank about 'em, y' know — officers an' men, just like pals together. Talks to yeh mately-like — know what I mean? — man to man sort o' thing. Nice, likable chaps, I alwis finds 'em. Bit of a change after all these damn foreigners. I get on with 'em top'-ole. And eat? Fair clean me out. Funny the way they looks at London, though. Mad about it, y' know. I bin in London yers an' yers, and it don't worry me. Wants to know where that bloke put 'is cloak down in the mud for some Queen, and 'ow many generals is buried in Westminster Abbey. 'Ow should I know? I live in Camden Town. I got a business t' attend to. Likable boys, though. 'Ere's to 'em!'

July 4. — Went to the American Army and Navy baseball game, taking as my guests a Member of Parliament and a City Temple friend. Never has there been such a ball game since time began. The King pitched the first ball, and did it right well, too. The papers say he has been practising for days.

Then bedlam broke loose; barbaric pandemonium reigned. Megaphones, whistles, every kind of instrument of torture kept accompaniment to tossing arms and dancing hats — while the grandstand gave such an exhibition of 'rooting' in slang as I never heard before. Much of the slang was new to me, and to interpret it to my English friends, and at the same time explain the game, was a task for a genius. Amazement sat upon their faces. They had never imagined that a hard business people could explode in such a hysteria of play. An English crowd is orderly and ladylike in comparison. Of course, the players, aware of an audience at once distinguished and astonished, put on extra airs; and as the game went on, the fun became faster and more furious. My friends would stop their ears to save their sanity, at the same time pretending, with unfailing courtesy, to see, hear, and understand everything. The Navy won, and one last, long, lusty yell concluded the choral service of the day.

July 20. — 'The Miracle of St. Dunstan's.' It is no exaggeration, if by miracle you mean the triumph of spirit over matter and untoward disaster. St. Dunstan's is the college where young men who gave their eyes for their country learn to be blind; and as I walked through it to-day I thought of Henley's lines: —

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Many of the men are horribly disfigured, and it is a mercy that they cannot see their own faces. Yet, for the most part, they are a jolly set, accepting the inevitable with that spirit of sport which is so great a trait of their race. At least, the totally blind are happy. Those who see partially, and do not know how it will turn out, mope a good deal. At the

head of the college is Sir Arthur Pearson, himself a blind man who has learned to find his way in the dark — a blind leader of the blind. It is wonderful to hear him talk to a boy brought into the college dejected and rebellious against his fate. There is no maudlin sentiment. It is much easier to cry than to succor. They sit hand in hand, — comrades in a conquest, — while Sir Arthur tells the lad, out of his own experience, that, though night has come at noon, the day is not ended. His words, taken out of their context and atmosphere, might sound preachy, as he tells how he refused to be beaten, and how darkness has its surprises. All honor to Sir Arthur, — Knight of the Dark Table, — unforgettable for his courage, his chivalry, and his cheerfulness!

(Early in August I went again to America, on another speaking tour, crossing the bar at Liverpool, in the glow of a miraculous sunset, the sacramental beauty of which haunts me still. Time out of mind I had known Uncle Sam, in his suit of nankeen trousers strapped under his instep, his blue swallow-tail coat and brass buttons, and his ancient high hat. It was not easy to recognize him clad in khaki, wearing a gas-mask and a 'tin lid,' and going over the top with a Springfield rifle in his hand; and that change in outward garb was a visible sign of much else. Down the streets of New York, at midnight, one saw long lines of men marching, singing 'Over There'; and Service Stars were everywhere, changing from silver to gold. It was an awe-inspiring America, — new in its unity, its power, and its vision of duty, — albeit to-day, it seems like a dim dream of some previous state of existence. Returning to England in October, my ship was one of fifteen loaded with troops, following a zigzag course over a lonely sea. It was at the time of the influenza epidemic, and almost every ship kept a funeral flag flying all the way. Off the north coast of Ireland we witnessed the destruction of an enemy submarine. Once more, on a Thursday noon, I took up my labors at the City Temple, in an address entitled

'The New America,' in which I tried to describe the novel experience of rediscovering my own country. Events moved rapidly, and I need add only one or two items from the diary, telling of the end of the greatest war in history, the meaning and issue of which are locked in the bosom of God.)

October 25. — Three times since I returned I have spoken to groups in behalf of Anglo-American friendship, but to little avail. My audiences were already utterly convinced, and it was like arguing with Miss Pankhurst in favor of woman suffrage — as useless as rain at sea. Somehow we never get beyond the courtesies and commonplaces of after-dinner eloquence. Yet the matter is of vital importance just now. Already there are rumors of friction between our boys and the Tommies. These are little things, but the sum of them is very great, and in the mood of the hour so many reactions of personal antagonism may be fatal. Not much idealism is left after the long struggle, and one fears a dreadful reaction, — a swift, hideous slip backward, — driving Britain and America further apart than they were before the war. Little groups do something, but what we need is some great gesture, to compel attention and dramatize the scene for the masses on both sides of the sea. Frankly, I am not clear as to the best method — except that we have not found it. Even now, all feel that the end of the war is near, and one detects tokens which foretell a different mood when peace arrives.

October 29. — Ever and again one hears rumors of a revolution in England in which things will be turned upside down. One might be more alarmed, but for the fact that the revolution has already taken place. The old England has gone, taking with it much that was lovely and fair; a new England is here, — new in spirit, in vision, in outlook, — not only changing in temper, but ac-

tually changing hands. As the Napoleonic wars ended the aristocratic epoch and brought the middle class to the fore, so the great war has ended the rule of the middle class and will bring the man down under to the top. Of course, as to outward appearance, the aristocratic and middle classes still rule; but their ideas do not rule. There will be no violent upheaval in England; the genius of the British mind — a practical mysticism, so to name it, though the practicality is often more manifest than the mysticism — will not let it be so. Again and again I have seen them drawn up in battle-array, ready for a fight to a finish — then, the next moment, they begin to parley, to give and take; and, finally, they compromise, each getting something and nobody getting all he asked. Therein they are wise, and their long political experience, their instinct for the middle way, as well as their non-explosive temperament, stand them in good stead in these days. Besides, if English society is a house of three stories, the house has been so shaken by the earthquake of war that all classes have a new sense of kinship and obligation. No doubt there will be flare-ups in Wales, or among the hot-heads on the Clyde; but there is little danger of anything more.

November 8. — Went to Oxford last night to hear Professor Gilbert Murray lecture on the Peloponnesian War of the Greeks as compared with our great war; and his words haunt me. With an uncanny felicity, the great scholar — who is also a great citizen — told the story of the war that destroyed Greek civilization; and the parallel with the present war was deadly, even down to minute details. About the only differences are the magnitude of the armies and the murderous efficiency of the weapons we now employ. As I listened, I found myself wondering whether I was in Oxford or in ancient Athens.

The lecturer has the creative touch which makes history live in all its vivid human color. Euripides and Aristophanes seemed like contemporaries.

What depressed me was the monotonous sameness of human nature throughout the ages. Men are doing the same things they did when Homer smote his lyre or Hammurabi framed his laws. For example, in the Athens of antiquity there were pacifists and bitter-enders, profiteers and venal politicians — everything, in fact, with which the great war has made us familiar. After twenty centuries of Christian influence, we do the same old things in the same old fashion, only on a more gigantic scale.

This shadow fell over me to-day as I talked with a young French officer in my study. He used this terrible sentence with an air of sad finality: 'Ideals, my reverend friend, are at the mercy of the baser instincts.' What faith it takes to sustain an ardent, impatient, forward-looking soul in a slow universe! 'Keep facing it,' said the old skipper to the young mate in Conrad's *Typhoon*; and ere we know it, the ship has become a symbol of the life of man. He did not know whether the ship would be lost or not — nor do we. But he kept facing the storm, taking time to be just to the coolies on board, much to the amazement of Jukes. He never lost hope; and if he was an older man when he got through the storm, he at least sailed into the harbor.

November 11. — London went wild to-day. As a signal that the Armistice had been signed, the air-raid guns sounded, — bringing back unhappy memories, — but we knew that 'the desired, delayed, incredible time' had arrived. The war has ended; and humanity, on its knees, thanks God. Words were not made for such a time. They stammer, and falter, and fail. Whether to shout or weep, men did not know; so we did both. Something not

ourselves has made for righteousness, and we are awed, subdued, overwhelmed. The triumph seems wrought, not by mortal, but by immortal thews, and shouts of joy are muffled by thoughts of the gay and gallant dead.

The rebound from the long repression was quick, the outburst startling. Men danced in the streets. They hugged and kissed and sobbed. Flags flew everywhere, flags of every color. Women wore dresses made of flags. Shops and factories emptied of their own accord. At an early hour a vast host gathered at the gates of Buckingham Palace, singing the national anthem. The King and Queen appeared on the balcony, and a mighty shout went up — like the sound of many waters.

St. Paul's was jammed by noon; the Abbey was packed. It melted the heart to hear them sing — there was an echo of a sob in every song. All know that the secret of our joy is locked in the cold young hearts that sleep in Flanders, in eyes that see the sun no more. Never was the world so coerced by its dead. They command; we must obey. From prayer the city turned to play again. No wonder; the long strain, the bitter sorrow, the stern endurance had to find vent. At first, peace seemed as unreal as war. It took time to adjust the mind to the amazing reality. Even now it seems half a dream. There is little hate, only pity. The rush of events has been so rapid, so bewildering, that men are dazed. Down on the Embankment I saw two old men, walking arm-in-arm, one blind, the other half-blind, and both in rags. One played an old battered hand-organ, and the other sang in a cracked voice. They swayed to and fro, keeping time to the hymn, 'Our God, our hope in ages past.' So it was from end to end of London. The gray old city seemed like a cathedral, its streets aisles, its throngs worshippers.

SUDDEN GREATNESS

BY KENNETH CHAFEE McINTOSH

A LEAN, quiet man pushed his way through the crowd into the open of the parade-ground at Fort Myer, and perched himself uncomfortably in the midst of a bundle of sticks. A weight crashed down from the top of a derrick, and the bundle, with droning, whining propeller, was thrown into the air, and *stayed there*. Breath was drawn in with sharp, audible gasping, and eyes grew round in upturned faces. The impossible had happened. Orville Wright was proving to the army that he could fly.

When the air-plane had landed clumsily on its two sled-like runners, and the reporters surged around, we have record of the following queries and replies:—

‘How fast can you fly?’

‘Forty miles an hour.’

‘How fast do you think air-planes can be made to fly?’

‘Much faster. But, of course, the flyer would be blown out of the machine at anything over a hundred miles an hour.’

‘How high can you go?’

‘High as I want to. But even in war you would never have to go over one thousand feet. No known gun could hit you at that altitude.’

‘What uses can you make of your machine?’

‘Sport mainly, and scouting in war.’

Of the thousands who saw that afternoon, and of the millions who read of the flight next morning, probably not one had the least dim perception that a mighty power was born, a power that is

already affecting the lives of every one of us, that is forcing upon us changes as vast as those forecasted when the ape-man first discovered that, by swaying erect on his bent legs, he could see his enemies and his victims farther, and have two arms free for fighting.

In the immense development of aviation forced by the war we are apt to forget the tremendous strides made in the first faltering years. As usual, figures and statistics are deceptive, and performances seemed to confirm the opinion of those who saw in the air-plane nothing but a toy and a man-killer. Three years after the Fort Myer flight, it was still a remarkable performance to remain in the air for forty-five minutes, or to climb to an altitude of six or seven thousand feet. After six years of flying, it was still a dare-devil feat to loop an air-plane three times in one flight; and the first man to fly upside down made his name as well known as that of a champion heavy-weight, and known among much the same classes of people. Pilot after pilot was featured on the sporting pages of the newspapers as he succeeded in remaining aloft five minutes longer than the hero of the month before, reached an altitude fifty feet higher, or somersaulted his vibrating little kite once oftener. And with deadly regularity pilot after pilot was killed — his effort to find out how far he could stretch the capacity of his machine being successful.

During those years, however, clumsy skids gave place to wheels and pontoons, or actual boat-hulls; and, while

planes remained rickety toys, the root-idea of every practicable type we have to-day was discovered and demonstrated, waiting only for some imperative necessity to force its development. Rotary and V-type motors began to appear.

Before the war began, aviation had reached the point where its future could be confidently predicted by the initiated as a matter of improvement of existing types, of betterment of existing design, rather than as a new departure. Then came the World War, with its pressing demands on air-craft designers and pilots, and its almost limitless money for experiment.

Aviation has attained in fifteen years a degree of progress which can hardly be matched by any other epoch-making invention in centuries. One hundred and eighteen years since the Clermont, one hundred and fifty since Franklin's kite, and aviation is already as advanced, relatively, as steam and electricity. John Hawkins and Francis Drake revolutionized naval warfare by fighting broadside instead of head-on, and once for all made the gun the master of surface ships; and the all-big-gun battleship, throwing a heavy broadside, is the legitimate child of Drake's weatherly little Pelican. Three hundred and sixty years were required to produce the modern battleship after Drake had shown the way; and there is yet no more difference visible than already distinguishes the army's new Verville-Packard from the original Wright airplane hanging in the National Museum at Washington. Orville Wright's forty-mile speed has become three miles a minute, and the end is not yet. His one-thousand-feet altitude has become seven miles, and there halts momentarily while we safeguard the gasoline and oil system against the bitter cold of the black upper air. His twenty-two minute, eighteen-mile endurance has be-

come a screaming leap from continent to continent, and air-planes now cross half a world with little comment.

Similarly, the projected uses of air-craft as 'scouts' and for 'sport' have widened as greatly. Well-appointed municipal flying-fields are multiplying rapidly, but the air-plane has far outgrown the present possibilities of a sporting craft. Possible speed has become so great that a private field capable of handling the newest planes is about as inaccessible to the average man as a private eighteen-hole golf-links; and the only sporting air-craft that are within the reach of moderate wealth are small flying-boats along lake shores and landlocked bays.

A great future is claimed for air-borne commerce, and the claim is, possibly, justified. At present, however, planes and dirigibles are enormously expensive, both in first cost and in upkeep in relation to durability; and the small amount of freight they can carry will for some time keep cargo and passenger rates above the bearing-power of the market. The problem of commercial aviation is, nevertheless, plainly stated, and once stated, problems are eventually solved. The need is for a weight-carrier of considerable durability, simple of operation and of low fuel-consumption. This is naturally an engineering problem, and the appearance of a lightweight, heavy-duty motor of 'fool-proof' design may be confidently expected sooner or later. Wings and body are already made of light, durable, rustproof metal; and the commercial air-plane a generation hence will probably resemble a plump-bodied 'blanket-fish' or 'giant ray,' of slow landing-speed and excessive stability—a machine as essentially a worker as a tramp steamer, too clumsy for sport, too helpless for aggressive war. The power-plant problem once solved, air-tramps will probably become as stand-

ardized as fabricated ships or Ford cars. Air-fleets will then increase so rapidly that a new difficulty will be encountered — how to spare enough valuable building-space in and around great cities to create ports of call for them. The answer will probably be found in huge high platforms covering warehouses and elevators and docks.

Precisely in the direction where utility and necessity have been found urgent, even imperative, is where we find the most complicated questions to be solved; questions as yet unformulated. Scouting in war remains and will remain a function of air-craft, but it has already been overshadowed by the crying need of them in the battle-line. Were scouting all we need, a single, standardized type would be quickly procurable—a plane of long endurance, reasonable mobility, and complete steadiness. But a machine that answers these requirements we find to be utterly useless in an air-battle. It climbs slowly, it manoeuvres badly, and it presents an almost unmissable target. We must have such air-planes to direct artillery fire afloat and ashore, to drop bombs, to hunt submarines, to scout, to make photograph maps of distant enemy naval bases. To use them to advantage, we must, however, have reasonable certainty that they will be able to fly unmolested.

It is the old sea-problem in a new element — to exploit the air in war-time we must *command* it. In other words, we must *fight* for it. Sailors, for five thousand years, have died to teach the flyer this lesson, — too often forgotten, — that to use our power we must first destroy the enemy's power. An attempt merely to guard against the enemy's blow may, by extreme good fortune, succeed once or twice. Never three times. *Delenda est Carthago*, and to destroy we must attack, court a battle, and fight it to a finish. If the enemy

is stronger than we, the attack is more difficult, but more than ever imperative; and to a battle of weapons is added a battle of wits. We must outwit him, outmanoeuvre him, outshoot him; but to have even the faintest hope of victory, we must attack him, put him on the defensive — make him do the guessing and take the weight of the first blow.

Even to the layman, the necessary characteristics of the fighting air-plane are thus made apparent — speed, snake-like mobility, hitting-power. Speed and mobility mean small size and immense engine-power. If that were all, this question too would be simple. But to hit hard means *weight*. Carefully guarded planes now exist in every country, which can stand a great many hits from any ordinary machine-gun, and are fairly impervious in any vital spot to a glancing blow. A direct hit at present-day maximum speed is a matter of luck. Air-planes will soon carry cannon-like machine-guns — in fact, they already are carrying 37-millimetre guns and straining to attain a practicable 3-inch gun, baulked only by this matter of weight of gun and ammunition. Speed and ability to 'stunt' cannot be lessened, for the 'upper-hand' in an air-fight is as important as was the weather gauge to sailing-ships.

This brings the war-plane designer up sharp against his second stumbling-block. The inherent nature of the service means that little available weight-carrying capacity is left after the pilot and his motor are aboard. That little must be given mostly to weapons. And fuel weighs something, and fuel means endurance. A line-of-battle plane that can stay aloft three hours at battle speed is a marvelous plane indeed. In battles between armies, much can be done in three hours, especially where practically the entire three hours can be spent in fighting. Afloat, it is different. Battleships of to-day are hard

to sink, and there is no victory until they are irrevocably sunk. The battle between fleets may last intermittently for days, if there is sea-room; and may conceivably commence several thousands of miles away from the bases of either belligerent. To get our battle-planes into the battle-line, we must carry them there; and so one more type is added to the complicated surface fleets of the world, a type as helpless as a collier, but one which must have great size and battle-cruiser speed — the first non-fighting auxiliary to demand admission to the fighting-line. A small ship will not do, for her landing-deck must be not-missable at sixty to eighty miles an hour. A slow ship is worse than useless, for the air-plane carrier must be swift enough to lessen materially the relative velocity of the home-coming plane by running away from her, and also to keep safely out of gunshot behind the crashing, swaying, hurrying battle-fleet that she serves and by which she is guarded.

There is a third problem upon which this matter of command of the air depends, which as yet has made little progress toward solution. It is not so much an air-plane problem as a war-problem, and armies and navies have solved it at terrible cost. The present designs, even the best of them, make an air-battle a matter of individual duels and a *mêlée*, no matter how great the air-fleets participating. Tactical formation is usually possible only before battle. Once joined, battle is man to man, plane to plane, and control of a fleet by a single commander is confined to individual indoctrination and training beforehand, must often be suspended during contact, and can be resumed only after the fight is over. In other words, air-fighting tactics are the land tactics of the Trojan War, the fleet tactics of the Phœnicians. Victory depends upon supermen, and supermen cannot be

made to order. Eventually, designers must find us a machine that can be one unit of an integral fighting fleet instead of one of a number of skillful duelists.

The underlying necessities of this problem have been made plain by the history of war on land and sea. The manner of applying them to the air has not been found. The root of the matter is that in its infancy every known weapon, from a bare-handed man to a machine-gun, fights *dead ahead*. Eyes and blow are directed against the nearest enemy directly in front. The first soldiers, the first ships, and the present air-planes have one thing in common — they fight ‘bows on,’ have no time to watch for signals from their commanders, and no space on either side to obey a command of movement without hindering their comrades. Edward III formed his bowmen into thin lines, presented the broadside of these formations to the enemy, and inaugurated controlled volley-fire. Man for man, the chivalry of France fully equaled that of England, and greatly outnumbered it; but no Roland, no Bayard, could avail against the disciplined storm of arrows, speeding on their deadly errand at the word of the single commanding brain of the English army. England, too, disciplined Spain at sea by an application of the same principle. The Great Armada was admirably handled, with consummate seamanship and in strict accord with naval science of centuries; but its tactics were bows-on, ship to crush ship with a ramming blow, and to reduce her by hand-to-hand fighting on her shattered decks. The English relied on broadside gunfire and handiness. Every phase of that cruelly long-drawn-out battle shows a gallant attack bows-on by the Spaniards in line abreast, met by a single line of close-hauled English ships entirely under the control of a single mind, raking ship

after ship with the full weight of their superior broadside guns.

On land and at sea, fighting is in one plane, however; so broadside fire, with its advantages of manœuvring and concentration of fire and controllability, is soluble. A flying-machine fighting broadside to the enemy has not been found, for the enemy will probably never be exactly on our own level. We must find a ship which can fight broadside up and down, as well as on either beam.

Command of the air once gained, the steady improvement of existing types will serve to exploit it to the discomfiture of an enemy. Torpedo-carrying air-planes will harass his surface ships; spotting-planes will enable us to crush him with gunfire before he can so much as see us; bombers can destroy his train and cripple his capital ships with explosives and gas.

Command of the air — this is the vital problem of military aviation; and in its wake arise problems and necessities in the path of every activity ashore or afloat. To armies and to cities it brings the necessity of bomb-shelters that will not fill up with poison-gas, and of accurate anti-air-craft batteries. To battleships, still panting from the long struggle to make themselves reasonably immune to torpedoes under water, it brings the new necessity to grow a tough turtle-back impervious to torpedoes from the air, and to rake the open funnels horizontally, or astern, in order that their gaping apertures may offer no chance for a luckily dropped bomb to wreck their vitals, and also to screen the glow of their boilers, now plainly visible from the air on the darkest night. It makes imperative a still undiscovered gas-mask, in which soldiers, sailors, yes, and civilians, may

live and work for long periods. It is forcing upon the submarine a new method of underwater propulsion, yet to be found; for an exploding bomb far outboard will cripple the present electric engine and force the submarine to the surface, where she becomes easy prey to bomb and shell.

Eight years of devoted, perilous, quiet work; seven years of feverish development — that is the history of aviation; and it is to-day probably the most far-reaching existing influence on future history. Gone forever are the sickly, thirsting expeditionary columns, which in the past have punished raiding savages in the jungles and deserts of the world at hideous cost. A few men, a few air-planes, a few days, and the chastisement is complete. Gone is the immunity of colliers and repair-ships lagging in the wake of the sea-borne fleets; and gone is the safety of the island cities.

In fifteen years aviation has superposed itself upon civilization. Its future is limitless, not predictable. It is daily demonstrating its ability to extend the scope of our economic fabric to lengths undreamed of, and in ways which were but yesterday fantastic dreams. And it has already proved its power to destroy utterly the world as we have built it; has forced us to take sober and urgent thought as to how this mighty and as yet irresponsible force may be subordinated to the common good. The industrial changes following the introduction of steam and electrical machinery are trifling and infinitesimal in comparison with those already following in the wake of mankind's new-found ability to fly.

The future of all the world is in the air — a future either glorious or terrible. Your generation and mine will decide which it shall be.

BARN ELVES

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

SOMEHOW, May always reminds you of Horace and barns. True, the poet rarely mentions the months by name; but — 'With leaves all a-flicker at breath of Spring's advent' — is n't that May, the beauteous o' the year?

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, as a fawn seeking its timorous dam within the trackless mountains, panicky with vain fear of breath of air, and of the forest. For whether the thorn with its facile leaves shudders to the caress of the breeze, or the green lizards stir the brake, at once it trembles both in heart and knees. But not as a tiger fierce do I pursue to rend thee, nor as a Gætulian lion. Now, at length, a maiden grown, cease to cling to thy mother.

Wandering about the farm, some mid-May afternoon, you will think of that. You are on a fishing trip — your second visit: the first was in November, quail-shooting. It is singular that you, who never cared much for fishing, should suddenly have decided to try a place so lacking in game-fish that a white perch is a surprise, a 'spot' is an event, and a rockfish as big as the cork used on the eighteen-foot fishing-poles common here would cause a riot. All the same, with rod, reel, and basket, here you are. You have been here a week, and have n't caught anything but catfish, eels, and 'yellow-neds.' But there's the farm. You like farming. After all, what's time or fishing compared with agricultural research?

The farm, with its old buildings and broom-grassed, piny solitudes, is interesting to explore, especially when, in dove-gray skirt and snowy shirt-waist,

her wine-dark hair deftly coiled, walks at your side the Spirit of the Farm, who is 'showing you around.' She is rare. Her walk is pheasant-like. Her clothes seem to caress her — a perfect model for a picture by the famed artist of *Society*, whose Grecian heroines, in tailored suits, on pages torn from magazines, adorn her room. They are the inspiration, perchance, of those curves of grace, the classic carriage, and the proud little sway from the waist. Or, happily, it is her Devon blood, renascent, for all its centuries of poverty and struggle, that moulds again in her slight form the lines of *haute noblesse*.

Among her sisters your eye had instantly singled her. She understood. At first she was reserved and dignified, shy; but now, free companions of the woods and fields, you wander where you will. You watch the broken-winged wild goose, tied to a post on the lawn and honking disconsolately. You feed the tiny 'just-out' bantams, hunt eggs in the tool-shed and the musty stalls, and find a guinea's nest under the weed-grown reaper. You gather armfuls of lilacs, but drop them all to burn a tattered last-year's hornet castle. No use telling her that the long-dead hornets are n't 'playing' possum.'

You race across the pasture, hurdle the bars, are introduced to the cows, name a calf, and are presented with a young and very black kitten, which, taking instant fancy to your feet, sticks thenceforth at your heels, making playful pounces at your leggin-cords. Somehow, for all its idiotic attentions, you

like it, with that red ribbon about its neck.

You slide back the huge barn-doors. Together you mount the worn rungs of the loft-ladder. 'Pioneers! O Pioneers!' Up, up, you go. Up. Still up. High — so high! To the very roof o' the world — the great, wide, hollow, odorous barn.

'Tand' qu'aux bords des fontaines,
Ou dans les frais ruisseaux,
Les moutons baign'nt leur laines,
Y dansent au préau.

'Ého! ého! ého!
Les agneaux vont aux plaines.
Ého! ého! ého!
Et les loups sont aux bois.'

'Ého! Ého! Ého!' The resonant echoes, rolling, return the shouted refrain of the old Burgundian shepherd song. 'Ého! Ého! Ého!' That's the first French this barn — and Somebody — have ever heard. Somebody likes it, too, and is silent. Off from the gables storm the startled pigeons. Out from their nests, on beam and rafter, dart the twittering swallows. It is pleasant, lying on the hay before the wide window, awaiting their return. Back they come, the proud, iris-necked cock-pigeons, a-rou-cou-coo-ing, a-bookity-boo-ing, on the sill; the swallows, Spirits of the Loft, hovering stationary in the gray-framed azure of the window. Brave they look, in their new dress-suits, steel-blue-backed, white-and-chestnut-fronted. 'Now, what,' they twitter, 'what, in the name of common sense, can this pair of human nuisances be up to, high, so high, in our domain?'

'Ého! Ého! Ého!'

'Tell me something about the swallows,' she begs, when the Spirits of the Loft are a-nest once more, and all is the silence of the hay. 'You know so many verses. Tell me one, please. I love birds.'

She does n't have to beg very hard. It was on your lips, unvoiced: —

'I stray and sob in the forest:
The throstle sits on the bough;
She springs and sings her purest,
"What ails thee, sad of brow?"

'Thy sisters, dear, the swallows,
Can rede thee true, my child,
Who chose the lattice hollows
Where erst my darling smiled.'

You don't like it? I'm sorry. Yes; it is sad, but sad things are the loveliest and the farthest from earth. You will like this one. It is old English. Perhaps one of your Devon ancestors wrote it. Those morioned harriers of the Spanish Main grew poetic, sometimes, in the alehouse.

'The martins and the swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars.
The robins and the wrens
Are God Almighty's friends.

'The laverock and the lintie,
The robin and the wren —
If you disturb their nests,
You'll never thrive again.

'For swallows on Mount Calvary
Plucked tenderly away
From the brow of Christ two thousand
thorns,
Such gracious birds are they.'

What's that? You don't see how I can shoot a bird? *You* would n't shoot one, of course. How about that quail somebody shot with my gun, last fall? Sitting, too. And right under old Hector's nose, while he was holding his point so patiently! Somebody's so tender-hearted she would n't think of going hunting again. What? She is? And is going to tramp ten miles of sedge-fields, tear her stockings to rags, scratch her hands, and shoot at anything that will sit still long enough? Good for you! Won't we have a time! We'll be *cou-reurs de marais*, in your canoe, on the river. With old Hector up front, to watch for falling mallards, we'll follow the happy day. I'll be here when the shooting season opens — it's only six months off. I'll bring my sixteen-gauge

gun and a pair of leather leggins for you.

‘Ého! Ého! Ého!’

How you show off! When you were a boy, someone said, ‘Fraid cat,’ and you insantly rode your bicycle down certain brownstone front steps, landing on your head, in the middle of the street, and almost beneath the passing car-wheels. You hear her mocking laughter yet — the cruel, peppermint-sticky little coquette, your first flame, who ‘dared’ you.

It is different now. She follows eagerly, while you reveal the life of the barn, unveiling a creation of which she has scarcely surmised the existence. She knows the boring-bees; the ‘black-faces’ sting, but the ‘white-faces’ don’t. The ‘death-watch’ beetle, ticking in the wall, frightens her, but she likes the nervous mud-daubers, brown and blue, and exclaims in wonder when she first hears their dry, gritty clicking, busily plastering their mud tunnels against the inner shingles.

Thin wings suddenly flutter overhead. ‘Oh! oh! A bat! Don’t let it get in my hair!’ Down she burrows under the hay while, crazily flickering to and fro, the ‘leather-bird’ darts and twists in the semi-twilight.

You stand, with pitchfork raised. ‘It’s gone now. Come out, Barn Elf.’

She rises, blinking and sneezing, her hair loose and full of clinging straws. One’s gone down her back. What a time it takes to get it out! How she laughs and shrinks and shudders! What’s the matter with your fingers? The loosened hair is rearranged and pinned; the errant straw is, at last, recovered, and nature-study is resumed; but it is useless to expatiate upon bats and their habits.

‘I think they’re awful. I wish every one in the world was dead. I’m going down if it comes again. There! — Oh! oh!’ at each returning swoop. Finally,

the bat hangs upside down from a rafter, and is quiet.

‘My goodness! But you can see things!’ she exclaims, enthusiastically chewing a clover-stalk and looking sidewise at you from under her straw-filled hair. ‘What an eye you’ve got! No wonder you beat father shooting partridges last fall.’

‘Hush, Barn Elf. See that weasel’s head peeping out of the rathole, in the corner? Too late. “Pop” goes the weasel. They always do, just when you look; it’s their way. He’s hunting rats. He won’t bother your bantams. If he does — I’ll get him if I have to watch all night. Yonder’s a pewee’s nest, on the old broom, behind that rafter, by the west window. It’s not finished yet. There are no swallows on that side of the barn. Come over and see. No, the nests are empty; they’ve driven all the beauties away. Pewees are democrats. They hate “swallowtails.”’

She is glad to learn. She does not question. Composed, she listens, satisfied with your knowledge. Yet now and then a side-glance at the ladder-opening. Only the faintest flush of cheek, only the twitching of the bitten straw, give token of the ‘awfulness’ unheard of — but not undreamed of —

‘In the loft so long, all by herself, with the stranger!’

‘Here comes that horrid bat again! I’m really afraid. I’m going down this minute!’

But why so slow about descending? What glamour is in the odorous air? That little trusting hand, why does it quiver in your hand, like an imprisoned bird? That paling, dawn-flushed face, where is its composure now? That slender form, why does it tremble? Why, half-knowing she knows not what, does she look at you with eyes so strangely luminous? She is a woman, for all her sixteen years. — Deep called unto deep. You can read the whirl of thought with-

in the waiting, straw-flecked head. — Deep called unto deep. There's Chloe-Tyndaris. This is the Sabine Farm.

A kiss lays low the walls of Thee and Me.

Take it, and go down. Walk home, with the sunset swallows skimming the mist-draped, bending rye.

'Eho! Eho! Eho!'

Nightfall. Milking and supper done, the table cleared, and the lamps lighted in the sitting-room, the family dispose themselves to chat and knit, but ever with an eye upon the dining-room across the hall. Dorothy has made a 'catch.' That's nothing. She's been a flirt since she was twelve, as several rural hearts can mourn.

Nine o'clock: the sitting-room is dark and silent. Ten: the tethered wild goose honks and crickets shrill. Still, by the shaded lamp, you read. She is fond of reading, apt of memory, and even knows Latin, in a way. How beautiful she is! The crimson lamp-light gilds her hair. A straw still clings. You reach and pluck it and lay it in your book. No flush, this time, betrays what now she understands. Chin in hand, across the table, steadfastly she looks at you — a look that seals the kiss and hallows Swallow Barn. Translate from the pocket-copy of Horace you always carry: *Felices ter, et amplius, quos irrupta tenet copula*. 'Happy, yea, thrice happy, they whom the unbroken bond doth bind.'

Another week. Here yet. And still fishing. You love her. Everybody knows it. She likes you. Why does she return each night from the distant village school? It used to be only on Saturdays that she came home. She has a camera. Often, at school, behind her book hiding a tiny photograph, she will

bend her head. Her chums will know. She will give each a look at the 'stylish' outlines of her 'city' conquest. She will carry it, desirably tucked in pleasant places, until it's worn to shreds.

Gone a week. You've written twice. And, be sure, when your first letter came, the county knew it. Her sisters will tease. Bravely she will bear it. She will flash out at them, and stamp her foot: 'Yes. He does lo — like me. I'm not a bit ashamed. It's no such thing! He's not twice my age! What if he is? I — I even like the city!'

Then you get a letter — four pages crushed into a small envelope. It is a wonder, that letter, and perfect except for legibility and orthography. (She's better at reading.) More brightly shine the occasional misspelled words than all Alaska's river-gold, than all the diamonds of the Rand. A thing of joy is that letter, telling the life of every day, the life of the farm: —

'Brother dug out two cunning little fox-cubs, down on the river shoar. I'm going to keep one. It has a little white spot in its cute little nose and its name is Tansy. I was home, Saturday and Monday. I saw a woodcock fly across the road in the pasture. Oh, it's so hot! The pewee's nest is finished building — where, I reckon you know. I send you a straw. The river is beautiful. Oh, I wish — I wish you were here.

'BARN ELF.

(You called me that.)'

'Eho! Eho! Eho!'

She loves you. Straws show how the wind blows. Dorothy and Swallow Barn are yours, should you go back. Go back. Heed not the Wise of Earth. More are under than on it. Go back. The old farm, and its rain-torn, briary fields, will be forevermore the home of Oread, Dryad, and Faun — an idyl of Sabinian days.

VATICAN POLITICS AND POLICIES

BY L. J. S. WOOD

I

ON the 30th of July, 1904, France left the Vatican unceremoniously, just a short note from the *chargé d'affaires*, put on paper, but diplomatically called verbal, being all the notice of her departure. The Ambassador, M. Nisard, had been called home on leave a month before. After an interval of nearly seventeen years, on May 28, 1921, she returned, with all the *éclat* possible and desirable. It was Cardinal Merry del Val who put on record the now celebrated phrase that 'France was too great a lady to come up the backstairs'; and ever since the resumption of diplomatic relations has been spoken of, it has been regarded here as a *sine qua non* that it must be carried out in the *grande manière*, if at all. That has been done; and indeed all that has led up to it in France, — the Committee report, the Chamber debate, the Senate opposition and delay, the suggestions of half-way resumption, with a representative in Rome but no nuncio in Paris, and, finally, M. Briand's determination, after a question had been put courteously but significantly from Rome, to carry the thing through without waiting for authorization from the Senate, — all this has enhanced the importance of the event.

By the very force of things, it had to be. Not only was the opinion of the country so manifestly in favor of it, but, after the abundant signs of good-will on the part of the Holy See, and more particularly after the honors of the altar

given to France's St. Joan of Arc, and the honors paid to France's civil representatives last spring, not a Frenchman but would have felt that he was lacking in the *noblesse* obliging the 'eldest daughter of the church,' if his country had not played the game. And there can be little doubt that the opposition in the Senate — all that is left of the violent prejudice of seventeen years ago — will be overcome, the confirmatory vote of the French Parliament obtained, M. Briand's provisional step officially indorsed. A hundred and fifty politicians cannot oppose the clearly expressed desire of the great majority of the elected representatives and the overwhelming majority of the nation.

The way of reconciliation and collaboration is not quite clear. Obstacles remain. But diplomacy, backed by evident good-will on both sides, may be trusted to find a way round them if it cannot definitely break them down.

The status of Catholics in Alsace-Lorraine has to be regularized. After the conquest in 1870, Germany prudently left them the status which, as French Catholics, they enjoyed under the Concordat of July 15, 1801, between France and the Holy See. Since 1906, therefore, while Catholics in France have been subject to the dispositions of the Law of Separation of Church and State, those in Alsace-Lorraine have retained the status given under the old Concordat. Although they are exceedingly unwilling to resign their privileged

position, common sense demands that conditions be homogeneous throughout the country.

A second difficulty is found in the Law of Separation itself. Pius X refused to accept it, on the ground that some dispositions, particularly regarding the *Associations Cultuelles*, went counter to the divinely given constitution, rights, and duties of the Catholic Church, the charge of safeguarding which was laid on him as Pope. While, on the one side, Benedict XV of course realizes and takes up that charge and responsibility as fully as his predecessor, on the other side, the French Government has pledged its word that the Separation Law shall not be touched. An easy way out of the difficulty lies in ignoring it—not saying anything about the matter at all. If it cannot be ignored, a way around the difficulty is indicated by the record of the actual putting into practice of those dispositions of the law since 1906. It is argued that, inasmuch as the supreme courts before which cases have been brought have invariably interpreted them in a way so favorable to the Church that their tenor is shown to be innocuous, they do not in fact carry the meaning on which Pius X's refusal to accept the law was based.

A third difficulty is found in the realm of world-politics—the Near East, the privileged position given to France there by Turkey, the privileges granted, as accessory to that position, by the Holy See, and the changes in the situation brought about by the great war. Summed up, the situation was that, under the old Capitulations, France held from Turkey the protectorate over all Catholics in the Near East, with a few exceptions; and in consideration of that, the Holy See instructed Catholics in general, both individuals and religious communities, to apply to her for protection. It also

gave to the representative of France certain privileges, mainly liturgical—a special place, and special honors, for instance, at important religious functions.

But with the passing of the old Turkish Empire the Capitulations no longer exist. The privileges granted by the Holy See were, as Cardinal Gasparri has authoritatively said, accessory to the principle in relation to the Capitulations: inevitably they cease to exist, in consequence. The old order has, in fact, gone by the board. In the Protocol to the Sèvres Treaty, drawn up at the meeting of the Council of the Powers at San Remo in May, 1920, it is definitely stated that the old protectorate and privileges have lapsed; and the signature of France is attached to that Protocol, together with those of the other great powers.

France holds the mandate for Syria, Great Britain that for Palestine; but French feeling is loath to surrender the old privileges in the Holy Land. It realizes the political advantage that the favored position of France there and in the Near East generally gave to her; and everything spoken and written recently in France on the subject of the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See has shown how the wish for reconciliation with Rome is motivated by the hope of regaining, through the religious agency, the privileged political position of the old days. No attempt indeed has been made to disguise the fact that it is political advantage, particularly in the Near East, that is sought. On its side the Holy See has all goodwill, in consideration of what France has done for the Catholic religion in the Near East during past centuries; but the fact remains, and has been stated clearly in Cardinal Gasparri's celebrated letter to M. Denys Cochin, of June 26, 1917, that, when the old Turkish régime and the Capitulations ceased

to exist, the religious privileges granted to France by virtue of them came to an end as well.

Evidently, then, there are points on which France and the Holy See have to reach an understanding. But the restoration of diplomatic relations, the reconciliation, is a fact. The importance of the event is self-evident. The old policy, which Waldeck-Rousseau started, and Combes and Briand carried to lengths far beyond the original intention, was summarized, when completed by the Separation Law, in Viviani's famous phrase, 'We have put out the lights of heaven.' Waldeck-Rousseau dissociated himself from the acts of his successors; Combes has died at the very moment the great change is being carried out; it is no other than Briand who is carrying it out, while Viviani attends the Funeral Mass of Cardinal Gibbons. *Au fond*, it may be nothing more than the inevitable victory of common sense over a phase of political fanaticism; but in itself it is a striking event. And, further, it carries beyond the limits just indicated by France and the Holy See. For, firstly, it has had immediate repercussion here in Italy; and, secondly, it has raised the diplomatic edifice of Rome, the world-position of the Papacy, to such a height that the world cannot help noticing it. The Holy See — to change the metaphor — seems to be riding on a great wave resulting from the storm of world-war; and the world may wonder where, how far, and in what direction, it may steer itself or may be carried.

II

On the part of Italy there is, of course, not the slightest objection to the restoration of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See. When the British Empire determined to send Sir Henry Howard as representa-

tive to the Vatican at the end of 1914, Sir Edward Grey took the prudent step of sounding in advance the Italian Government, and was assured that no objection would be made, or was felt. The step was diplomatically cautious and courteous, but was unnecessary. Numerous powers had representatives at the Vatican; the Italian Law of Guaranties explicitly recognizes that the Pope may receive accredited representatives from foreign powers, and it gives them all the prerogatives and immunities due by international law to such envoys. If an objection was inconceivable when England was making a new departure, breaking a centuries-old tradition, it is more inconceivable now, when France returns after an interval of only seventeen years.

But, even though any objection is out of the question, the arrival of France at the Vatican has made Italians think. In actual fact, during and since the war, numbers of states have been establishing or reëstablishing relations with the Holy See, without any particular notice being taken here. It required the striking nature of the return of France to wake public opinion up to the fact that Italy is practically the only great European country unrepresented at the Vatican. And in newspapers and magazines there has been a flood of comment on that fact, ever since M. Briand decided to send M. Jonnart to the Vatican as Ambassador of France. 'Everyone sees the diplomatic advantage of being represented at the Vatican; we are the only great nation out of it; we lose thereby; a remedy should be found.' On that there is practical unanimity, but the question then arises, 'How?'

The actual position, as between Italy and the Holy See, is to-day what it was in 1870, after the Italian troops entered Rome, or, to be more accurate, in 1871, after the passing of the Law

of Guaranties.¹ Officially, the protest of Pius IX has been repeated by each successor — Leo XIII, Pius X, and the present Pope. Benedict XV has been as explicit as his predecessors. In his first Encyclical, of November 1, 1914, he said: 'Too long has the Church been curtailed of its necessary freedom of action, ever since the Head of the Church, the Supreme Pontiff, began to lack that defense of his freedom which the providence of God had raised up during the course of centuries. . . . While We pray for the speedy return of peace to the world, We also pray that an end be put to the abnormal state in which the Head of the Church is placed — a state which in many ways is an impediment to the common tranquillity. Our Predecessors have protested — not from self-interest, but from a sense of sacred duty — against this state of things; those protests We renew, and for the same reason, to protect the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.'

Every thinking man recognizes the necessity for the Vatican to uphold that official attitude. If it did not do so, it would lose its base — base of action, if there is anything doing; base on which to continue standing, if not. But much water has passed under Tiber bridges since 1871. There is no need to recapitulate here all that has happened during the past fifty years. From the clear-cut cliffs on either side of the dividing river, rocks have been falling into the stream and forming stepping-stones, while the flow of prejudice and bitter feeling has slackened. Through pressure of the World War, of late the line of stones has become almost continuous. Has the moment come to cement them into a bridge? It would seem that there are many thoughtful Italians who think it has; and on the

side of the Holy See, there have been many signs of good-will — tempered naturally by what one may now call caution, in place of the strict reserve of former days.

One such sign appeared just twelve months ago, in the Pope's Encyclical Letter on Reconciliation among the Nations and the Restoration of Christian Peace, of which one passage ran: 'This concord between civilized nations is maintained and fostered by the modern custom of visits and meetings, at which the Heads of States and Princes are accustomed to treat of matters of special importance. So then, considering the changed circumstances of the times and the dangerous trend of events, and in order to encourage this concord, We should not be unwilling to relax in some measure the severity of the conditions justly laid down by Our Predecessors, when the civil power of the Apostolic See was overthrown, against the official visits of the Heads of Catholic States to Rome.'

That is a very remarkable concession. In its literal form it is conditional, for the Holy See must envisage the bare possibility of a head of a Catholic state — who may not himself be a Catholic — or the Parliament of such a state, making some move, either in ignorance or by premeditation, not in consonance with the spirit of the present times and of the above concession, but rather in the spirit of the times now past. The Holy See must be free to safeguard its sovereign dignity in view of untoward eventualities. But in substance the veto against the visits to 'the Usurper' in Rome of the heads of Catholic states is lifted. It was on account of this veto that the Austrian sovereign could never return the Italian sovereign's official visit; and, in fact, no Catholic head of a state — with the accidental exception, on one occasion, of the Prince of Monaco, and, of course, the notorious

¹ See the author's paper on 'The Temporal Power,' in the *Atlantic* for June, 1919.

case of President Loubet, whose visit was largely responsible for the breaking off of relations between France and the Holy See — has been to Rome since 1870.

But here, too, the words of concession are followed up immediately by the saving clause of principle: 'But at the same time we formally declare that this concession, which seems counseled or, rather, demanded by the grave circumstances in which to-day society is placed, must not be interpreted as a tacit renunciation of its sacrosanct rights by the Apostolic See, as if it acquiesced in the unlawful situation in which it is now placed. Rather do We seize this opportunity to renew for the same reasons the protests which Our Predecessors have several times made, not in the least moved thereto by human interests, but in fulfillment of the sacred duty of their charge to defend the rights and dignity of this Apostolic See; once again demanding, and with even greater insistence now that peace is made among the nations, that "for the Head of the Church too an end may be put to that abnormal condition which in so many ways does such serious harm to tranquillity among the peoples."'

We have, then, the attitude of the Holy See outlined with sufficient clearness: in principle it is exactly where it was; in practice it has shown signs of real good-will. But, if anything is to be done, it awaits a move from the other side. In that, it is logical. If the Holy See were to speak out in the ordinary language of the world one may imagine it expressing itself thus: 'You took away my independence when you took away the Temporal Power by which it had been guaranteed for a thousand years. Sovereign freedom and independence I must have. Your Law of Guaranties does not give it to me: because the text does not contain it; because such law is unilateral, and a

sovereign cannot have regulations imposed on him by anyone or he loses his sovereignty; and because the law, made by one Parliament, could be revoked at any moment by another. It is ephemeral. Even if it gave independence, it could not guarantee it. But if you offer me independence, actual and apparent to the world, and based on a guaranty as effective as the Temporal Power of the old days, I will consider the offer, and, if satisfied, will ratify the new arrangement in a bilateral contract as between two sovereigns.'

Is it possible for Italy to make a move? The government of the day could not make concrete proposals unless it had practical assurance that they would be acceptable in substance to both interested parties — the Holy See on the one side, and Italian public opinion, represented by Parliament, on the other. The government should find no difficulty in getting the information necessary. As regards the Holy See, it is notorious that there has always been an unofficial channel of communication between Italy and the Vatican. There are almost daily happenings, some of little, some of great importance, on which mutual knowledge and understanding is necessary. The Italian railway authorities — to take a very small matter — make special arrangements for the journeys of cardinals to and from Rome; when several Princes of the Church are traveling at the same moment, to a Conclave for instance, a special train is put at their disposal. During a Conclave the most elaborate precautions are taken to prevent any inconvenience to single cardinals while they are in Rome, and to ensure the entire freedom of the Sacred College while it is in solemn session in the Vatican, at the moment when the name of the new Pope is announced from the balcony of St. Peter's, and during the ensuing functions. At great feasts

in St. Peter's, the Cardinal Archpriest has an escort of Italian *carabinieri* in his own basilica, which technically does not belong to the Holy See.

When any excitement among the people here is threatened, the government keeps the Vatican informed of the precautions taken against disturbance of public order in its neighborhood. There are a hundred points on which exchange of information between the two bodies is convenient. During the war communications of a practically official nature passed; as, for instance, during the negotiations for exchange of Italian and Austrian prisoners, a benevolent initiative, in great measure due to and organized by the Holy See, but cut short at the last moment by the prejudice of one Italian minister. In that case, communication between the Foreign Office and the Secretariat of State was, if not official, actually direct.

The Italian government should find no difficulty in learning, privately but authoritatively, the views of the Holy See, if it has concrete proposals to suggest. On the other side, the Chamber of Deputies is divided up into clearly defined parties, and a prime minister can estimate to a nicety, after private conversation with the party leaders, whether or no he can count on their support on any given question. Every prime minister, too, has his own ways of bargaining for such support if he wants it. Public opinion is largely influenced by the press. In the present case the bulk of it would surely be favorable; and if the question were put before the Italian people in the obvious way that presents itself, after the very explicit example set by France of renewing relations with Rome solely in the country's political interest, the proposal might go through — all other circumstances being favorable — on a wave of patriotic enthusiasm, in addition to religious satisfaction of the great mass of the

people. The patriotic note would drown what little sectarian clamor might arise.

Recent Italian premiers have been well disposed to the Holy See; one of them, Signor Nitti, is notoriously desirous of seeing his name go down in history as the statesman who settled the Roman Question; and as he is equally notoriously anxious to return to the place now occupied by Signor Bonomi, it is quite possible that the latter might have no objection to doing the thing himself, while he has the opportunity.

III

As to the lines on which agreement could be reached, presuming, as is probable, that preliminary soundings show the possibility of approach, we have, speaking generally, a new willingness to consider the question on the part of Italy, and undoubted signs of good-will on the part of the Holy See. From that it is not a difficult advance to reach, on the part of Italy, the recognition that the existing Law of Guaranties does not give and guarantee fully and patently the necessary liberty and independence of the Pope; and, on the part of the Holy See, an attitude of relaxation of severity, in consideration of the changed spirit of the times, to which the Pope himself has so often alluded, and which, while it may go some way to meet Italian susceptibilities, may be sufficiently explicit and far-reaching to satisfy such claims of the Holy See as are fundamentally and absolutely vital because founded on the divinely given constitution of the Church.

Would it be possible to draw up an agreement, presumably in the form of a Concordat, — a bilateral understanding, that is, between two sovereign powers, — by which Italy would get the political advantage of direct diplomatic representation and communication, which is so evidently desired and

is now gained by France and other nations; and to embody also in that agreement clauses which should subjectively recognize the full sovereignty of the Pope and objectively provide a guaranty of it which he could accept as satisfactory? Sovereignty, it is recognized, must rest on territory: whether as much as would go in a teacup, — theoretically sufficient, practically absurd, — or the old States of the Church, or the City of Rome — practically out of date.

Largely theory must govern consideration; to any and every solution practical objections can be found. Granting that consideration of political interest impels Italy to move; and granting, as is practically assured, benevolent consideration by the Holy See, what guaranty of his sovereign liberty and independence will the Pope consider satisfactory? That is the point on which no one can prophesy. What is quite certain is, that there is no moral obligation on him to claim the old guaranty, the old Temporal Power as it used to exist; but he must claim something, and something satisfactory, in its place.

Before leaving the subject a passing note must be made of that very remarkable phenomenon of the times, the rush of civil governments to Rome. Before the war the Holy See had diplomatic relations with a dozen states; now it has such relations, either sending a representative or receiving one, or, in the large majority of cases, both sending and receiving, with twenty-five. Quality, too, has increased, as well as quantity. Before the war Rome sent to foreign powers only five nuncios, including those of the second class, and two internuncios; it received only two ambassadors and twelve ministers, of foreign states. Now it sends out nineteen nuncios and five internuncios, receiving eight ambassadors and seventeen ministers. Governments which had no

relations have established them. Governments which had broken off relations have restored them. Governments which had second-class relations have raised them to first class.

In the first category the British Empire is noticeable. It sent a minister on special mission at Christmas, 1914, for the announced purpose that its policy, reasons, aims, intentions, and conduct in the war might be rightly understood at the Holy See. Now that war is over, it has converted its special mission into a permanent legation, by reason of the proved value of representation there. Holland, in the spring of 1915, carried through Parliament the proposal to send a representative to the Holy See, on the ground that it was the country's special and vital interest that peace should be brought about as soon as possible, and that it was to Holland's interest to coöperate with the Vatican. Now that peace has come, Holland has made its relations permanent, receiving a separate internuncio instead of a subordinate share in the Nuncio at Brussels. In this category, too, come all the states — Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and the rest — that have risen from the war. In the second category, France is the outstanding figure. The third is very numerous: the German Embassy replacing the Prussian Legation; Belgium, Chile, Brazil, Peru raising their legations to the full rank of embassies.

And it is remarkable how this phenomenon has come about without objective effort on the part of the Holy See: the civil governments have approached Rome, not Rome the civil governments, though, of course, she has extended to them the most cordial welcome. If, indeed, one regards the simple objective historical facts, appearing on the surface, affecting the Holy See in relation to the war, the phenomenon seems more remarkable still. The Papacy

proclaimed its neutrality and impartiality; the Pope announced his policy of doing everything possible: first, to relieve suffering; second, to bring about peace. On the first count his success was amazing, showing to the world in a really remarkable manner the unique character and power of the institution of the Papacy. On the second count he seems, to all outward appearances, to have failed completely. A clause in the secret agreement of April, 1915, by which Italy entered the war, — a clause which was, under the resulting circumstances, valueless, — prohibited him from having anything to do with the Peace Conference whenever and however that might come about. It was valueless because the Holy See always envisaged peace by agreement, and would never have taken part in a peace imposed by conquerors on conquered; whereas the Allies always held that there could be no just and lasting peace — such as the Holy See itself desired — unless founded on the defeat of the party responsible for the war and the consequent recognition by Germany that war does not pay.

That was always the fundamental difference between the Pope and the Allies in their outlook on peace. President Wilson's reply to the Papal Peace Note of August, 1917, with which the Allies associated themselves, brought that point out clearly. Strive as he would for peace, the Pope seemed to have no success at all. Yet we now have the striking procession of the nations of the world toward the Vatican, which, on the face of things, seems to have failed utterly to do what it set itself to do. There is the contradiction; but there is the actual, evident fact, from which there is no getting away, of the position of increased prestige and power occupied by the Holy See to-day.

It is certainly one of the great historical phenomena to be noted among

the results of the great war. But to prophesy as to future historico-political possibilities arising from it would be premature, particularly in view of the very sudden way in which it has come about. There is a point, however, which rivets the attention. No one, in considering to-day's phenomenon, can help thinking of old times, when the Pope had relations and agreements with all the powers of the world — the historico-political world that counted then: Europe. Such relations were between temporal sovereigns of states and the Pope — who also was temporal sovereign of a state, but at the same time supreme spiritual sovereign of the Catholic princes with whom he had relations.

There is a varied history of the vicissitudes of those relations. But, as the Pope has said more than once lately, times have changed. If we run down the list to-day we find His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain the only remaining sovereign of the class of the olden days; we find states which may be called, in regard to their peoples, Catholic: Poland, Belgium, Bavaria, even France, and others; but Rome's diplomatic relations with the world to-day are not with Catholic princes, but with 'democratic' states, represented by parliaments and prime ministers. It has been said in disparagement of limited companies that they have 'no souls to be saved or bodies to be kicked.' In the old days of Catholic princes and of the Temporal Power, both these conditions stood. Such entities to-day have the first half of the phrase only in the measure of righteousness of feeling expressed in the policy of the nation influencing the Government; and the second half stands only in the lessened and entirely changed measure of adjustment of diplomatic differences. In truth, to-day, Rome's aspect in its relations with the world flocking to it must be very differ-

ent from that of olden days. How it will align itself will be matter for interesting study by future students of history.

And it is for the future students of history, not for a passing note-maker of the time, to comment on another striking phenomenon. There is one great country to which the Pope's eyes turned specially in every crisis of the war; which, up to the very last minute, he believed never would come in; to which his eyes turned all the same after it had done so; to which the eyes of the

Vatican are still turned, the more so in view of its evidently increased prestige and objective and subjective importance — and that is the one country which is not joining in the rush to Rome. The United States receives a purely religious representative of the Pope in the person of an Apostolic Delegate, but it has no diplomatic relations with the Holy See. That, too, is a policy as to which future students of history, at the Vatican and in America, will have opportunity for noting results and forming judgment.

THE LABOR SITUATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY A. SHADWELL

THE editor of the *Atlantic* has requested me to explain the labor situation in Great Britain to American readers, and has propounded several questions, which I will try to answer in the course of this essay. He asks for an interpretation, rather than a résumé, of the facts, and I will therefore assume that the reader has a certain knowledge of outstanding events. My task is, as I understand it, to explain the broad meaning of what is going on in England without entering into too much detail. This, of course, involves matters of opinion, and a preliminary word on my own standpoint is due. I write as a detached observer, who has for many years studied social conditions and industrial movements from the life in many countries, without any partisan predilections of any kind, political, financial, or theoretical; with friends and acquaintances in every camp, from

the Duke of Northumberland to John Maclean, and with no interest to serve but the truth. If I am wrong, it is due to lack of judgment, not to bias, or to want of study.

I

Let me begin with the summary statement that so far we have passed through inevitable troubles and trials better than we had any sound reason to expect. We are by no means through with them yet; but as each successive corner is turned, the prospect improves.

This view may cause some surprise and be set down as 'optimistic'; but optimism has nothing to do with it, as I shall show. It is based on a reasoned anticipation, formed during the war from past and current conditions, of the industrial situation likely to arise after it, and on a broad survey of the actual course of events since the Armistice.

True, it runs counter to popular opinion; but popular opinion was, and is, ill informed in two ways. The public was first led into false anticipations, and then disillusion was unduly heightened by a one-sided view of the actual facts.

The war was generally expected to lead straight into a sort of Utopia, in which the lion would lie down with the lamb and the prophecy contained in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah would be at least on the way to fulfillment. There was no substance in this sanguine vision; it was simply a nebulous hope, born of war-excitement and fed by platform phrases, such as 'a land fit for heroes to live in' and the blessed word 'reconstruction.'

I can remember no such prolific beggetter of nonsense as this idea of reconstruction. All the socialists, visionaries, and reformers saw in it their opportunity, and interpreted it in their own way; politicians hung their promises on it, and simple folk rose to it like trout to a fly in May. It proved an irresistible lure and was in everyone's mouth. It created a fool's paradise, in which every wish was to be gratified. Under its influence grandiose schemes were hatched and all sense of proportion was lost. The alluring prospect took a thousand forms, but the general idea was that everyone was going to have a much better time after the war than ever before. In particular, industrial conditions were to be improved out of recognition; the standard of living was to be raised; men were to work less and earn more; strife between employers and employed was to be banished; peace and prosperity were to reign; and all this immediately. The illusion was too popular to be resisted; protest was useless.

The currency obtained by these notions is shown by the frequent references in recent disputes to the falsifica-

tion of promises and expectations. But good judges were not taken in by the rosy visions of reconstruction. More than five years ago — ten months before the first Russian revolution and eighteen months before the arrival of Bolshevism — I predicted, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, great trouble after the war. I said that it would be a severer trial than the war itself; that the prospect was full of menace; and that everyone in a position to judge, with whom I had discussed the question, was of the same opinion. This reading was based on solid facts, which I elaborated a year later in the same review. I gave reasons for anticipating 'revolutionary changes, not effected without much tribulation and a period of adversity.'

I recall this, not to vaunt my prescience, which was shared by everyone who knew the real conditions and was not blinded by illusions, but to show that there is nothing obscure or mysterious about the present situation. It is due to forces recognized and understood years ago. Those forces have since been stimulated by events at home and abroad. Bolshevism; high prices; the spectacle of war-fortunes attributed to profiteering and held to be the cause of high prices; successive increases of wages extracted by demonstrations of force; the rapid growth of trade-unionism; artificial prosperity created by inflation of currency; war-time restrictions, especially of drink; revolutionary propaganda — all these have had their effect, and superficial observers have freely attributed the present situation to the influence of one or another of them.

That is a mistake. The trouble is more deeply rooted in the past and cannot be rightly understood without a knowledge of the historical evolution of labor movements, which can be indicated here only in brief outline.

II

During the nineteenth century the growth of industrialism was accompanied by the periodical appearance of an active ferment among the wage-earners, at regular intervals of about twenty years. The outstanding dates, marking the rise of active movement, are 1831, 1851, 1871, 1889, and 1911. It will be observed that but for 1889, which a little antedated the lapse of twenty years, the succession has been remarkably symmetrical. To enumerate the signs of this ferment at each appearance would occupy too much space. I can say only that it took both political and industrial forms, sometimes one and sometimes the other predominating, with a sort of oscillating movement. It issued broadly in legislation and in the advance of trade-unionism in numbers, organization, legal status, and privileges. There were collateral and associated movements, both practical and theoretical; but I am concentrating attention on the points of greatest activity.

What is the explanation of this periodicity? The state of trade has something to do with it. Each successive time of ferment was associated with an upward movement of trade, following a depression; but this alone will not account for the phenomenon. For in each period of twenty years there have been intermediate terms of rising trade, during which no corresponding advance in the labor movement has occurred. In some of them a certain amount of response was perceptible; but it was very small compared with the activity of the fermentative years enumerated. These were followed in each case by a period of apparent exhaustion, during which strength was gathered for a fresh advance.

The chief explanation of this, in my opinion, is to be found in the natural

procession of the generations, by which the old gradually give place to the young. The latter know nothing of the struggles and exhaustion of the past; they are fresh, full of energy and fight. More than that, their standpoint is different, their outlook wider, their aspirations higher — or, if not higher, more purposeful, because nearer to practical attainment. They start where the previous generation left off. This development has been particularly noticeable in recent years. It is the result of the many educative influences that have been brought to bear, and of the whole process of social change that has permeated the population.

The notion that class-differences have widened is quite erroneous. In Great Britain, whatever may be the case in other countries, there has been a great and multiform approximation of classes. I have witnessed it going on all my life and at an increasing pace. Those who do not know it are either bad observers or too young to be able to compare the present with the past. The contemplation of figures showing the extremes of nominal wealth and poverty is misleading. It hides the approximation in real conditions. To take the most visible thing, no one even thinks of building either the palaces or the hovels that once regularly represented the extremes. The hovels are abolished, the palaces are being abandoned, the extremes have come much nearer together, and the same process is going on in all the things that matter. There has been a great diffusion of real wealth in comforts and conveniences, a great diffusion of knowledge and the means of self-improvement, a great diffusion of political power and administrative functions. Men of all classes meet on level terms in the council chamber and on the magisterial bench; all classes mingle on the railway platform, where millionaires not infrequently betake

themselves to a third-class, labor leaders to a first-class, compartment.

Everyday life teems with such visible signs of the tendency toward the obliteration of former distinctions; anyone who looks can see it. Indeed, it is so obvious that those who maintain the obsolete theory of a widening gulf have to close their eyes to avoid seeing patent facts.

But the appetite grows with what it feeds on. Each rise in the standard of living and social status becomes a starting-point for a further advance, which is actively entered upon when a new generation, with fresh aspirations, has gained sufficient strength, by the cumulative effect of growing up while the old dies off, to make the essay. This is, I believe, the chief explanation of the periodical ferment.

The last manifestation began in 1911, and several circumstances combined to give it a special character. Trade was rapidly improving, and wage-earners, more strongly organized than ever before, and more conscious of strength, had an unanswerable case for a larger share in the rising prosperity; for prices had been going up, while wages were stationary. By the formation of the political Labor Party, ten years before, the Socialist element had joined hands with some of the large trade-unions and had exercised increasing influence in the joint councils of the party. The remarkable successes of labor candidates in the general election of 1906, consolidated in those of 1910, had given a great stimulus to the movement on the political side and inspired it with confidence.

But still more conducive to a state of active ferment was the spread of organized revolutionary propaganda, and the introduction of new ideas, about this time or shortly before, — industrial unionism, syndicalism, and a little later, guild-socialism, — which differed

from the old by making trade-unionism the source, and not merely the instrument, of revolution.

These ideas made little visible impression at the time, and were ridiculed by the advocates of State Socialism, to whom they were obnoxious; but they struck root and began to grow, chiefly in Scotland and South Wales. They were a leaven, and their influence is seen in the marked prominence of those areas in the turmoil during and since the war. In 1911, however, the movement was still confined to the old trade-union line of demanding advances of wages and allied changes, and enforcing their concession by strikes. Employers, blind to the new strength and vigor of the unions, adopted the fatal policy of refusing legitimate demands, which they could well afford to concede, until a strike took place, and then promptly giving way. The result was a series of strikes, unprecedented in number and magnitude, and for the most part successful, which had the effect of still further increasing the strength and self-confidence of the unions, enhancing the prestige of an active policy, and embittering the relations of employers and employer.

There is always a see-saw going on between industrial and political action, each having the ascendancy in turn. In the years preceding 1911, political action was in the ascendant, but it had apparently exhausted its potency, and a reaction had set in, which prepared the way for another turn with the industrial weapon. The striking success of the latter in 1911-12 led, as usual, to over-use and reaction. Strikes were still very numerous in 1913, — indeed, they were more numerous, — but they were on a smaller scale and did not last so long.

Then, in 1914, the character of the conflict began to change. There were indications of declining trade, many

employers were awaiting an opportunity to retaliate for the squeezing they had undergone, and what would have followed in the ordinary course was a period of renewed strife on the opposite line of employers' demands and workmen's resistance.

This is the background to the present situation. The prospect immediately preceding the war was one of declining trade and industrial conflict, waged with stronger forces and more embittered feelings than before. At the same time, it is to be noted that the period of prosperity-strife had produced other and contrary effects. It had led to a better appreciation of the principle of conciliation and to the development of conciliation machinery. In some quarters the relations between employers and employed had improved, and this element must not be overlooked; for it, too, plays no small part in the present situation. Still, the outstanding features of the industrial position before the war were a spirit of acute antagonism and the prospect of a determined conflict, in which the trade-unions would probably have had the worst of the encounter, with the result of reaction against the industrial weapon and recourse once more to the political.

III

Now the broad effect of the war has been to reproduce all these conditions on a higher scale, or in a more acute form, together with the complications introduced by government control, the break-up of international economy, the general impoverishment, and other aggravating circumstances. The economic process just outlined was short-circuited, so to speak; and a state of prosperity was restored by the war-demands on industry. It was artificial, of course, paid for by realizing capital assets and mortgaging the future; and it was con-

ditioned by war-psychology. But the usual influence of prosperity on the labor market was rather heightened than modified by the special circumstances, as the country settled down to the business of carrying on war with all its strength. The demand for labor revived, unemployment diminished, wages rose, and strikes reappeared after some months of abeyance.

This movement went on at an increasing pace during the early part of 1915; but it was not until July of that year that organized labor began to realize the immense strength conferred on it by the emergency of war in indispensable industries.

The occasion was a dispute in the South Wales coal-mining district, where feeling between employers and employed was already much strained, and revolutionary theories had for some years been actively propagated among miners, chiefly by the agency of the Labor College. Originally they were in the right. The standing agreement was about to lapse, and they asked for a new one, with certain advances. The owners boggled and put them off, until the general mass of the miners, convinced that they were being tricked, became exasperated and ripe for revolt, regardless of the war.

And here I may say that British workmen never did believe that the Germans had any chance whatever of winning, until their complacency was somewhat shaken by the advance in the spring of 1918. This accounts for their apparent indifference to the effect of strikes upon the war: it was not due to lack of patriotism, but to complacency. I found it out by going among them in many districts, including South Wales. A young miner there, whom I knew personally, told me that they would have stopped out for six months rather than submit to injustice.

'But what about the war, then?'

'Oh, if I was n't at work, I should join the army and fight.'

They never thought that there was any real danger of defeat, and consequently were ready to accept the arguments pressed on them by revolutionaries, pacifists, and pro-Germans, that every compulsory war-measure was really unnecessary, and that the war was merely an excuse for the subjection of Labor by 'Capitalism.' This belief was fostered by the ultra-patriotic, bombastic prophets, who told them week by week that the Germans were practically beaten and that wonderful events would shortly happen. They readily believed this nonsense because it was just what they wanted to hear; and it played into the hands of those engaged in promoting trouble for their own ends.

In this mood the Welsh miners successfully defied the government and the law, and their success opened the door to all the trouble that followed. The trade-unions learned that they would get nothing unless they asserted themselves boldly, but that, if they did, they were irresistible and could coerce the government. Gradually the lesson sank in by repeated experience in the three great indispensable industries — coal, railways, and engineering. Employers fell into the background through government control, and the hostility of labor was transferred from them to the government, which inspired distrust and lost authority by conceding to force what it refused to argument.

This policy discredited the moderate trade-union leaders who were unwilling to go to extremes from patriotic motives, and at the same time exalted the temper of the militant wing. The trade-unions waxed mightily in strength and self-confidence; unemployment fell to zero, while wages rose continually. It has very often been asserted that the rise of wages only followed, without

overtaking, the rise in the cost of living. That is doubtful, but, even if it is statistically correct, it does not apply to earnings, which increased far more through overtime; and it takes no account of family incomes, which swelled out of all proportion through the unlimited demand for boys and girls at very high wages.

The effect of all this was a general state of prosperity never dreamed of before. I witnessed it myself repeatedly in all the large centres; and the unanimous testimony of health-visitors, district nurses, midwives, and other persons whose duties take them constantly into the poorest homes, confirmed this impression with a cumulative mass of detailed evidence, to which the decline of pauperism gave statistical support. The standard of living was visibly and generally raised to an artificial height, which made reversal proportionately difficult when the economics of war, carried on by an inflated currency and State loans, came to an end. The people were the less prepared for reversal because they were given very freely to understand that the conditions of life were to be changed all round for the better after the war. The nonsense about 'reconstruction,' 'a land fit for heroes to live in,' and similar visionary promises was taken seriously.

Prosperity did not produce contentment, because popular indignation was continually aroused by the denunciation of 'profiteering,' which was held up to the ignorant by the ignorant as the sole cause of high prices. This put a powerful weapon in the hands of social-revolutionary agitators, who made the most of it. The same tendency was promoted within the trade-unions by the success of militant tactics, while the self-importance of labor leaders was fostered by incessant appeals, consultations, flattery, offers of ministerial jobs, and other marks of distinc-

tion. The theory that Labor produces everything and ought to have everything seemed to be convincingly demonstrated.

The ferment was further increased by the new theories superimposed on the old ones, and actively spread by young intellectuals, drawn both from the trade-unions, through the Labor College, and from the old universities. Both have exercised a marked influence: the former by educating young workmen in revolutionary theory and tactics, the latter by taking up the mantle of Fabianism, permeating the Labor movement with new ideas, supplying it with arguments, and guiding its action.

It is not surprising that in the excited state of mind caused by the topsy-turvydom of war, the feeling that society was ripe for a radical transformation was already gaining ground in 1917, when the Russian Revolution occurred, and seemed to realize in a concrete form the half-conscious aspirations formed out of the elements I have indicated. A miscellaneous gathering of excited persons was hastily arranged in the name of Labor, and it was resolved to establish soviets in Great Britain. Nothing came of it, but this incident is significant of the state of mind then prevailing. Things had got out of focus. A good many labor men had lost their heads, and others, who never had heads to lose, thought their time had come.

The Bolshevik Revolution followed and increased the confusion; it sobered some, but deepened the intoxication of others. The general stir going on in 1917 was further marked by the increase of strikes, journalistically labeled 'labor unrest,' by the rise of the Syndicalist shop-steward movement, and by an ambitious reconstruction of the Labor Party which was widened to include individual members, with special facilities for the admission of women. The intellectual element was formally

recognized by the phrase 'producers by hand or by brain,' whom the party claimed to represent 'without distinction of class or occupation.'

IV

My excuse for recounting all this ancient history is that it is indispensable to a clear understanding and a balanced judgment of subsequent events. I have cut it down to a minimum, but have said enough, I hope, to show that trouble was inevitable after the war, and that there were ample grounds for expecting more trouble than has actually occurred. Any reader who puts together the several factors I have enumerated can see how greatly the prospect of strife impending before the war had been enhanced. The trade-unions had been schooled in it, and Mr. Lloyd George himself had, in 1917, advised them to be 'audacious' in demanding an after-war settlement.

My comment at the time was that the advice was quite superfluous, and that there would be more audacity than he would like. The Left Wing felt that revolution was in the air, that the trade-unions were attuned to their purpose and that the end of the war would leave the field open to them and to class-war. They yearned to exchange external for internal war, and the Armistice was no sooner concluded than they raised the cry — 'Get on with the only war that really matters — the class-war!' Employers, on their side, chafing under bureaucratic control and the excess-profits duty, resentful at their treatment by the Government, which had never consulted and flattered them as it had the Labor side, were preparing to get their own back.

The campaign was not long delayed: January, 1919, saw it opened by the engineers and the 'Triple Alliance,' a combination of miners, railwaymen,

and transport-workers, which had been set on foot in 1912, after the general coal strike, and fully established at the end of 1915. All came forward with large demands, behind which the militant revolutionaries were busy stirring up violence whereby they hoped to usher in the revolution they believed to be imminent. Every pretext was seized upon, and every sort of provocation brought into play, to stimulate the class-war. The editor has relieved me of the task of recounting events in detail, and it will be enough to summarize them.

The year 1919 was marked by a series of attempts by the Left Wing to bring matters to a head, and they met with a certain measure of success. On several occasions public order was threatened, and some collisions actually occurred; but they never got very far. The revolutionary gun went off at half-cock, or misfired, every time. The public remained calm, though by no means indifferent, while the trade-unions refused to go beyond a certain point and showed a general disposition to abide by constitutional methods.

The views held at this time by advanced, but not the most extreme, men in the trade-union movement were well expressed by Mr. Cramp, of the Railwaymen's Union, at the annual meeting of the society at Plymouth in June, 1919. 'The centre of gravity,' he said, 'is passing from the House of Commons to the headquarters of the great trade-unions. . . . While social in outlook, our ultimate aim is the control of industry.' But he did not advocate the forcible seizure of control; they must first fit themselves for it by proper training. I do not think the ideas of what may be called the rational revolutionary section can be better put.

Commenting on Mr. Cramp's statement, the moderate Socialist paper, the *Clarion*, contrasted his view with that

of the 'hot-heads,' who 'believe that they are fully qualified now, immediately, to take control of the mines, the railways, the shipyards, the factories, the government of the country and the management of our international affairs. In this conceit of ignorance lies the danger of the troubled time. The wild men are using all devices of incitement — not excepting a plentiful supply of lying — to prompt them to instant revolt.'

They tried it, as I have said, on several occasions, but always failed. Success depended on the amount of support they could command from the general body of men concerned, and in every case the test of actual experiment proved that, though they had enough influence to start trouble, they had not enough to carry it through. And each successive failure weakened such influence as they had and strengthened the forces of sobriety.

This is what I mean by saying that the prospect has improved as each corner has been turned. To observers at a distance, it may appear that the state of things here has progressively worsened. On the surface, it has perhaps done so. The last three months have been economically the worst we have experienced. They have been a climax, the severest crisis we have yet gone through; but the more decisive by reason of its severity. And the issue confirms what I wish to assert with all the emphasis at my command, namely, that superficial appearances are deceptive, and that under the surface things have steadily improved.

The set-back of the revolutionary Left Wing is only part of the story; but before going on to other considerations, I will finish what I have to say on that head.

The organizations and agencies representing the Left Wing are many in number and varied in complexion, but

only two exercise any serious influence on workmen, and both of them have arisen within the trade-unions. They are the Labor College, at which young trade-unionists are schooled in Marxian economics and sent out to spread those doctrines among their fellows, and the Shop-Stewards' Movement. The former is an active and vigorous institution, started in 1909, and it has produced a number of young trade-union leaders, who have become prominent in recent years. It operates chiefly among miners in South Wales and Scotland, where the gospel according to Saint Marx is taking the place of the old teaching among a temperamentally religious people. Its influence has been conspicuous in the incessant turmoil in the mining industry, culminating in the great dispute of this year; but the termination of the conflict marked the limits of its sway, previously weakened by the breakdown of the Triple Alliance. In both of these crucial cases the plain sense of English workmen asserted itself against the adventurous policy of the Left Wing; and that fact is symptomatic of the present general trend of events.

The Shop-Stewards' Movement operates chiefly among engineers and ship-yard workers. Led by revolutionaries, it is an attempt to turn an old trade-union institution to revolutionary purposes. The Clyde is its home and headquarters, but it has been carried by traveling agents to many centres. Its constructive aim is not clearly defined, but it is rather Syndicalist or Guildist than Socialist, especially among electrical engineers, though some prominent leaders profess Communism. But here too the revolutionary influence has been waning, through the failure of several abortive demonstrations, the general economic situation, and the leaden weight of unemployment.

As for the political organizations, those that have drawn their inspiration from Moscow and pinned their faith to Bolshevism are sinking, with its failure, into insignificance. They never had any hold over the general body of workmen, who have no use for revolution or the 'dictatorship of the proletariat'; and since the visit of members of the Labor Party to Russia in 1920, Bolshevism has gradually, but steadily and perceptibly, dropped into general disfavor in official trade-union circles, which once coquetted with it. The decisive refusal of the Labor Party to admit Communists, in June last, put the seal on a long series of rebuffs; for the Labor Party is more revolutionary in complexion than the trade-unions, which furnish the most solid and sober part of it.

The same tendency is seen in the gradual dropping of 'direct action,' or the attempt to dictate the public policy by such labor-organizations as the Triple Alliance and the Trade-Union Congress, which was much in evidence in 1919 and 1920, when it was believed that the 'centre of gravity was passing from the House of Commons to the headquarters of the great trade-unions.' The 'Council of Action,' a self-constituted and irresponsible junta of persons overconscious of their own importance and wire-pulled from Moscow, never did anything but talk, and has quietly faded into oblivion. All that Bolshevism has achieved here is discussion among Socialists.

In short, the traditional sobriety of British workmen has been steadily vindicating itself, all through the alarms and excursions of this trying time. In the end, it has always carried the day. The great coal dispute is the culminating demonstration of its slow-working but massive influence. I do not mean merely the termination, in which the moderate element signally defeated

the extreme, but in the very demands of the Federation, and still more in the conduct of the dispute. The demands, and the tone in which they were made, present a striking contrast to those employed on previous occasions. Instead of claims for ever more pay, less work, and revolutionary changes, put forward in imperative language, the Federation presented a reasoned case for modifying the proposed reduction of wages universally admitted to be excessive and inequitable. The policy of ruining the pits, advocated by the Welsh and Scottish Left Wing, was defeated, and the whole three months of idleness and privation passed without the slightest disorder, save for two or three trifling incidents. Could that have happened anywhere else?

V

But there is another and a positive side to the story. It would be a great mistake to infer from the failure of revolutionary plans and the subsidence into a calmer atmosphere that the Labor movement is falling back into the old rut and yielding to reactionary influences. Not at all. It is moving forward steadily and massively, after its wont. On the side of employers and capitalists there has been a corresponding struggle between the Right and Left wings; the Right Wing of moderation and acceptance of change, the Left Wing of dogged resistance and pugnacity; and in this case, too, the Left Wing is being defeated. The revolutionary press talks much of a grand conspiracy against Labor and a plot to smash trade-unionism, just as the reactionary press talks of Bolshevik plots and a conspiracy to overthrow society and smash the British Empire. There is as much, and as little, in the one cry as in the other. There are reactionary employers who would like to smash trade-unionism and reduce work-

men to a state of subjection; and Bolshevik aims, which have never been concealed, have been furthered by much underground intriguing. But neither are succeeding. These fears are out of date on both sides. There is no substance in them, and the campaign is kept up only by the ammunition which each supplies to the other.

The truth is that the relations of employers and employed are undergoing a radical transformation, which amounts to a revolution, peacefully and gradually accomplished. Once more the British — or perhaps I should say the English — people are displaying that genius for stability in change, for movement without losing balance, which has carried them safely through so many revolutionary periods in the past. I confess that I hardly expected it, so great was the turmoil and excitement at one time; but now I plainly see it going on. A test of extreme severity has been imposed by the artificial prosperity and demoralization due to war-conditions and government control, followed by the difficult process of unwinding the chain, and, finally, by the unprecedented depression of trade, entailing unemployment on a scale never heard of before and reductions of wages all round.

But the country is standing the test with increasing sureness. This has not been visible on the surface, because only one side of the account is presented to the public. Newspapers devote their space to the exciting, not the humdrum events, and foreign correspondents are particularly bound by this law. They report strikes, disagreements, and disturbances, but say nothing — indeed, know nothing — of the peaceful proceedings and the far greater mass of disputes avoided.

To deal adequately with this side of the case would take a whole article; I can treat it only summarily here.

During the present year reductions of wages affecting some five million wage-earners, distributed over nearly all the chief industries, have been arranged in the great majority of cases without any rupture. They have been effected by three different methods: (1) sliding scales in accordance with cost of living; (2) sliding scales in accordance with selling price; (3) negotiations between employers and trade-unions.

1. The *Labor Gazette* (official) for December last gave a list of twenty-four industries having a cost-of-living sliding scale, and I have a further list of sixteen. The most important groups are railwaymen, textile workers of many kinds, dyers and cleaners, police, government and municipal services, civil engineering.

2. The most important industry applying the selling-price method of adjustment is iron and steel, in which reductions ranging from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 per cent have taken place, affecting about 125,000 persons.

3. Arrangement by negotiation has been effected in ship-building, building, mercantile marine, cotton, engineering, coal, and many other smaller groups.

Several principles of the first importance have emerged from this time of stress, greatly strengthened and extended. I place conciliation by joint committees of employers and employed in the forefront. Long established and well tried in a purely voluntary form, it was advancing in favor and usefulness before the war; but the Whitley Inquiry of 1919 resulted in a great extension of this principle. Under the Industrial Court Act, 70 joint councils have been set up, and 140 district councils, where single boards existed before.

Most of them have been active and efficient. The same act conferred powers of intervention on the Ministry of Labor by three methods: (1) Conciliation; (2) Arbitration; (3) Investigation.

During 1920 the Ministry settled 904 cases: 265 by negotiation, 633 by arbitration and six by inquiry. This work proceeds almost unnoticed.

I must be content to mention two other highly important principles — a minimum statutory wage, and insurance against unemployment. Both have been greatly extended. But of greater significance than any of these more or less mechanical institutions is a change of attitude which has set in among employers. They have begun to take a new view of the wage-earners and to accord them a different position. The idea has dawned that they are really partners in a coöperative enterprise. It is not profit-sharing, or even copartnership in the old sense, but a new conception of the true relationship. It has not got very far and is not yet clearly perceived, but I see it emerging. Employers are beginning to take their men systematically into consultation, and to give them an interest in the common enterprise. It takes different forms in different conditions, but the spirit is the main thing.

The scheme proposed by coal-owners, which was accepted before the stoppage and is the basis of the new agreement, illustrates the spirit. Mr. Hodges, the miners' secretary, has called it the most far-reaching proposal made in modern industry. It provides for a standard minimum wage, as the first charge on the industry; then for a standard profit bearing a fixed relation to the aggregate of wages, and after that, for the division of further profits in fixed proportions. It is not so much profit-sharing as product-sharing, which has always seemed to me the true idea; and the ascertainment of the amounts by a joint audit of the books is a recognition of partnership rights.

It is in this direction that the solution of our most difficult industrial problem is to be found — the problem

of output or working efficiency. The worst effect of war-conditions and government control has been to foster and fix the habit of restricted output and slack work. The blame for it rests primarily on employers, and it was bad enough before the war; but it is far worse now, and more responsible for the excessive cost of production, which has ruined our market, than high wages. It is up to employers to cure it by a large-minded — in effect a revolutionary — change of attitude, which will give wage-earners a new status, a new interest, and a new responsibility.

There are serious obstacles. The first is the old evil tradition. A typical discontented but not revolutionary workman said to me lately: 'The employers

are changing their attitude, but it is too late.' No, it is not too late, if the old tradition is sincerely, consciously, and purposefully abandoned. Here lies the danger of reactionary employers, who are the second obstacle. They will play into the hands of the theoretical system-mongers, who will seek to undermine and break up good relations and promote strife by every means in their power. These are the third obstacle. But they will have little power, if the enlightened employers are sincere and steadfast, and if they deal firmly with their reactionary colleagues.

This is the way things are moving and will move, because they must. A revolution is in progress, but a peaceful and practical one.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT COAL?

BY ARTHUR E. SUFFERN

THE controversy between the senators sponsoring legislation affecting the coal-industry and the National Coal Association again calls attention to the imperious nature of this question. If every voter in the United States had at one time or another visited a coal-mine, we should be in a better position to visualize some of the problems in the coal-industry. Such intimate acquaintance with the conditions of the industry would make it easier to obtain a comprehensive treatment of the problem before Congress. However, a knowledge of the technical process of production will not be sufficient. An understanding of the inter-relationships of all the important factors affecting the

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industry is necessary. Not until we see concretely the technical elements of the problem and the importance of the inter-relationship between mining, transportation, and the consumption of coal, shall we have a sufficient general appreciation of the complications of the coal-industry to formulate an intelligent public policy.

A strike of the miners demanding a 30-hour week and earnings that will enable them to live during the year seems arbitrary and absurd to most people. But they dismiss the matter without inquiring into the conditions that have occasioned such demands. Those who take the trouble to analyze the problem will find that the miners are at-

tempting to control, in a very inadequate way, circumstances that properly belong to the public. In fact, the miners seek to do the same thing we all do, that is, use collective effort to control forces and conditions too strong and adverse for the individual. In this case these forces and conditions are beyond the control of either the miners or the operators, or both combined.

The industry has been idle on the average ninety-three working-days during the year for the last thirty years. This means that owners, miners, and consumers have been paying a heavy bill for waste and inefficiency. We are just beginning to catch a glimpse of the waste through idleness of capital and labor in all industries. The World War demonstrated to modern nations some of their latent possibilities when they attempted to attain full productive power. And this proved important solely in connection with the use of existing equipment. A consideration of full productive power does not stop with existing equipment. It takes into account the fruits of new invention and better organization.

Coal-mining was one of the first of the basic industries to find out what it meant to run to full capacity. It meant glutted markets for coal. This was because the industry was not properly organized, and coördinated with other industries. Since competitive gain was the dominant motive, anybody who owned coal-lands could open a mine and produce coal for the market. The result has been over-investment in periods of prosperity, and a full productive capacity far beyond the needs of the country. This factor, along with seasonal demand and inadequate storage facilities, has made it impossible to maintain continuity of production. No element in the problem is more important than this. But no move (except in the anthracite field) has ever been made

to cope with the over-expansion of mining capacity. Various estimates place this at from 19 to 33 per cent during the last five years. A proper balancing of mining capacity with our country's needs is necessary to the conservation of our resources, to any attempt to maintain steady production, to efforts to relieve the railroads of unreasonable demands upon their facilities, and to the encouragement of improvements in technical processes.

The stage of efficiency in technical process in the industry is said by production engineers to be on a par with an attempt to raise wheat by digging the soil with a spade. This is needless, because adequate mechanical equipment can easily be had. But the owners who seek to provide such equipment and operate under different mining methods are immediately faced by the conditions established by the most wasteful competitive exploitation. Such equipment used in conjunction with the 'long-wall' system would force conservatism in opening mines, would involve longer waiting for returns on investment, and would necessitate a coördination between the coal-industry, transportation facilities, factory fuel-needs, and household consumers' demands, which, as yet, is little appreciated.

Much criticism has been directed toward the railroads in recent years, for their failure to furnish sufficient cars to the mines. It may be readily granted that there has been failure to make the best use of car-equipment under all circumstances, both during the government administration and during private control of the railroads. But a more significant matter in relation to the transportation of coal is the legal requirements on the railroads for service. Another factor of equal importance is the physical impossibility of making railroads keep pace with all the vagaries of investment, arbitrary operation of

mines, and the whims of the consuming public.

The railroads are compelled by law to furnish cars to any concern opening a coal-mine which can easily be connected by a switch. The more mines there are to be served, the more difficult the problem of allotting the existing cars and meeting the demands of transportation. Consumers complicate the situation still further by their seasonal demand, and by promiscuous purchasing, which involves much cross-hauling. The Fuel Administration saved 160,000,000 car-miles a year by a zoning system, and enabled the existing car-equipment to make 300,000 additional trips. To force railroad investment in car-equipment to keep pace with the opening of an increasing number of unnecessary mines, is a decidedly wasteful process. It is quite as wasteful for consumers to insist upon a car-equipment to meet unreasonable demands.

If the high prices for coal in the last few years shall make consumers more responsive to measures of relief over which they have control, a very useful purpose will have been served. It is now known that coals most subject to deterioration and spontaneous combustion can be stored successfully on a large scale. Moreover, production engineers say that 10 to 15 cents per ton is a liberal estimate of the cost of putting coal in and taking it out of stock, if the process is well organized and the best equipment is used.

Storage at the point of consumption would immediately affect the continuity of production, relieve railroad congestion, and permit more efficient use of railway equipment. This practice, supplemented by a policy of 'buying early,' would enable the whole process of distribution of local supply to be organized in a way to reduce the expense to the minimum.

To direct the expansion of mining capacity, to change technical processes in production, to distribute and use railway facilities properly, to encourage local storage and better distribution of the supply, will require a form and degree of control over the industry as a whole which, as yet, has not been considered seriously. Mere publicity through investigation, record-keeping, and reports may be designated as the loosest form of control. In so far as it would give an adequate factual foundation for considering conditions in the coal-industry, it would serve a useful purpose. It will undoubtedly be followed by an attempt to deal with waste and inefficiency. The greatest degree of control is put forth by advocates of 'nationalization.' They rest their case on the assumption of the priority of the public welfare over all other interests. Furthermore, they found their programme upon what the best production engineers in many countries say we should do in dealing with the industry according to the best-known science at our command. It remains to be seen whether a form of control in between these extremes can be had, and whether it would enable us to conserve our resources and to reorganize the industry.

Some who are versed in constitutional law are of the opinion that a basis of control could be obtained through a law extending the Federal powers to license businesses. The question may be raised, whether this power would prove effective enough to determine when new mines should be opened, to enforce the exploitation of the thick veins or the thin veins, and the best grades or low grades of coal to suit our needs, to require the recovery of the maximum percentage of coal at the minimum of expense, to control technical processes and the use of equipment, to standardize and enforce accounting, to regulate distribution, to standardize coal according

to quality, to deal with wages and conditions of labor, and to provide for adequate coöperation between managers and workers.

The mere enumeration of these factors forces the attention upon matters with which we shall have to deal. A process of mining that leaves from 20 to 50 per cent of the coal in the ground cannot long be condoned. Shoveling 600,000,000 tons of coal into mine-cars by hand, at a cost of 89 cents per ton, when it can be done by loading machines at a very small expense, is as primitive as digging the soil with a spade. To continue a method of mining by 'rooms' permits of little use of machinery, whereas the 'long-wall' system is favorable to the use of machinery and larger mine-cars, recovers the maximum percentage of coal, and is conducive to safety in the industry.

The investigations of the Federal Trade Commission and the Fuel Administration into costs demonstrates that one of the best things that could happen to the coal-industry would be an introduction to adequate and dependable record-keeping. The existing powers of regulation over transportation could easily be extended to supplement a policy of conservation, and encourage localities to provide storage and regularize their demands. To continue to permit the buying and selling of coal without a classification according to quality is to perpetuate a disadvantage both to the producer and to the consumer. Wherever commodities have been graded and standardized, the producer profits by the sale of a superior article, and the purchaser is protected against misrepresentation.

In the case of coal, as in general with all industries, the last factor in the industry to receive careful consideration is the human one. The production engineers seem to be the only people who

have caught the meaning of the vision of bringing three fourths of a million of men out of underground work. Not only would it mean the release of an immense labor-power that could be profitably diverted to other employment, but proper organization and technical equipment would give those remaining in the industry better wages and working conditions. The vista of increasingly harmonious relationships between capital and labor in the industry would be considerably widened by such a development.

One thing is certain: we shall make a choice in connection with the present problem. Either we shall seek adequate powers and procedure for regulation, or we shall permit the waste and inefficiency to continue. But we shall ultimately face conditions in both anthracite and bituminous fields which will compel a policy of regulation. Both wasteful, competitive exploitation and concentration of ownership and monopoly will lead to the same result. Each entails a consequence which will force control in the interest of public welfare. If this is true, all parties concerned — owners, workers, railroads, manufacturers, and household consumers — could do no better than agree upon and work for a plan of industrial control founded upon adequate sovereign powers and enforced through effective organization.

It should be entirely reasonable to suggest that a nation depending increasingly upon power and industries for growth and progress should turn to the use of technical equipment and organization to conserve its resources. Moreover, consumers depending altogether upon coal for power, warmth, and health will ultimately demand an effective basis of control to meet these needs, regardless of the obstacles that may now seem to hinder its attainment.

TAKING FROM THE FEW FOR THE MANY

BY RUSSELL ROBB

It is easy for the public to destroy the value of private property; it is even easy for the public to take property away from the individual; but it seems extremely difficult for the public to take property, or its value, away from individuals, and at the same time increase the public's possessions.

One difficulty seems to be that the mere taking away so upsets confidence, or the equilibrium of social organization, that either the value of the thing taken disappears or some new burden or privation arises which quite offsets the value of the takings. It seems, in other words, to change the conditions that produced the value of the property taken, and also the conditions that produce new value for the public.

In very bald confiscation it is seen that often very little value rests in things by themselves. A thing has value only when there are joined with it the persons who are to enjoy and use it, and also the conditions and opportunities that make enjoyment and use possible.

The loot of the mobs in Russia had great value while the old régime was in power, but the value depended principally upon the old social conditions. When the social condition changed, and the looting was a symptom and a result of the change, many of the articles taken immediately lost their value. It was easy to take the objects, but nothing of value was added to the public possessions. Ball-dresses have value where there are balls, but are of little use otherwise. Statuary, pictures, fine furniture and hangings are valuable if

there are fine houses, with owners who want such things; but their value disappears with the disappearance of the conditions that make enjoyment and use of such property possible.

Until the rise of Bolshevism and its sympathizers and apologists, it seemed as if only the most elemental minds could imagine that anything was to be gained by the public through such raw confiscation as has happened in Russia; but attempts have been made even in this country to destroy value or take away property by more indirect methods. Often it has been thought that something could be gained for the many by taking away from the few; but the public benefit seems always to shrink far below the value that is taken from the individual, and usually both lose through the effort.

For a long time, for instance, the public was deluded into thinking that anything that could be taken away from the railroads, street-railroads, lighting companies, and other public-service corporations was pure gain for the public. They succeeded, it is true, in taking enormous value away from the utilities, but the value was not transferred to the public; it was only destroyed. The value that attached to these utilities existed under conditions that induced owners to put new capital into them, extend the use, and maintain the greatest service. When the public attempted to take value away from the owners by loading the properties with burdens and by insisting upon prices that were less than worth and cost, the public

did not add to their own profit, but began to lose conveniences they wished to have, and, in some cases, even ran the risk of losing service, or did lose it altogether, to their own great hardship and cost.

It is curious that property of this kind has been conspicuously selected for attack. It represents a large portion of the country's permanent investment, and the investment has been made to give the public generally the advantages of the great useful agencies that have been the outcome of the last century's scientific discoveries. It is not property carefully sequestered behind a barbed fence, holding to itself technical knowledge devoted to creating benefits and luxury for a favored class. It is for the very purpose of adding to the national life the most widespread use of advantageous service. Of all forms of private property no other approaches so nearly to the ideal of socialized property. It is devoted to the service of the whole public, regulated by bodies chosen by the public and plainly put at their mercy. It is not like land, which the individual owner may build upon or not, may use or not, as he pleases; it is not like buildings, which are too similar in kind to the property of the majority to meddle with; it is not like manufactories, which may be operated wholly, or in part, or not at all, which may be torn down or built up or changed, which may produce goods to be sold at the price that seems best for the good of the property; it is not like mines or timber tracts, whose owner disposes of them or keeps them, like any personal property; it is not like the thousand and one objects of portable property, still the most sacred kind and the best protected because most people have some of it.

We hear very much of the 'common good,' and of the Utopian condition when all property will be for the service

of all; when the old rights of ownership will be less inviolable; when control of all property will rest with the common people; and yet the first movement that leads away from purely individualistic control and use is met, not with encouragement, but with suspicion and attack. It seems a pity that so much experience and loss is necessary before the public learns the difficulties in the way of taking value to themselves. The heartening fact is that they do learn it.

With the inauguration of the income tax, with its surtaxes, it seemed as if at last a way had been discovered by which something of value could be taken from the individual by the public, wholly to the relief and profit of the public. It seemed such 'easy money' for all but the few, that there sprang up great support for a philosophy of taxation which holds not that those who dance shall pay, nor yet that all shall pay in proportion to what they have, but that those who have the most shall pay the fiddler.

As in other cases of confiscation, it has been easy for the many to take from the few, but difficult to do it to the advantage of the many. Too bald a taking creates conditions that are more burdensome than they were before. It looked like a profitable scheme to the public, this 'let the rich do it'; but there is usually some reason for the existence of all things, and even the possessors of wealth have their function in the life of the people. The possessor, in order to remain a possessor, must perform the rare and difficult feat of refraining from 'blowing in' his possessions. The self-control that makes this possible has been useful to society, and it has been worth while to keep it alive by a reward in the form of income return. Society is likely to find that it cannot play hot and cold; that it cannot bestow this reward with one hand

and take it away with the other, and still retain the service.

The man with an income of two thousand dollars a year thinks 'refraining' is easy for all those having over two thousand dollars a year. Some economists think it is easy for those having over, say, five thousand dollars a year. They even invent the term 'costless saving,' to apply to the excess income that they think it is easy to refrain from spending. Why it should be easy for the individual in dealing with his own money, when it has proved so difficult for all those in positions of trust in institutions and in government, is not clear. The national government, for instance, is now taking a very large proportion of the large incomes from individuals, so that this generation may promptly pay the war cost; but with the most constant efforts by all those seeking to hold down expenditures, there is great difficulty in preventing government undertakings that would require even greater taxes.

It has seemed wholly good to the public to take large proportions of the large incomes, and there has been strenuous objection to anything that looked like taxing the dancers in proportion to their dancing. Experience, however, is gradually bringing to light the disadvantages to the public, even in this case, of taking from the few for the many. Great amounts that the government takes from individuals would otherwise be devoted to productive industry, would go into houses, would be lent to railroads and other public utilities, would serve generally to make capital

less difficult to obtain, and would have substantial effect in lowering the capital charges that the consumer has to pay in rent and in the prices of the goods he consumes. All capital charges that enter into costs are gradually being adjusted to prevailing rates. Nothing can prevent it, and there is something like two hundred and fifty billions of wealth on which capital charges must be paid. As time goes on, there will enter into rents, and into the prices of goods that the public buys, a somewhat larger return on two hundred and fifty billions than there formerly was. Whether the return will be larger by one quarter, one half, or one per cent, is difficult to tell. The increased capital charges that consumers will pay may not be six hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year, or two billion and a half, or any amount between; but comparatively small increases in supply have often a curiously exaggerated effect on prices; and it would require a very slight effect on the rate of capital return to raise costs to the general public by more than all that is taken by the government through the surtaxes.

The result of our system of surtaxes seems to be but another illustration of the difficulty of bettering the public by taking from the few. Justice, after all, is not so much an ideal that shines aloft, unaffected by universal law, as it is a practical reality. It always seems finally to be decided that the 'just' procedure is not what someone has imagined to be immutable, but what experience proves must be, because of natural laws.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MILLINERY MADNESS

A HAT is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence — or so at least one would judge by the tense and concentrated faces reflected in the mirrors of 'Miss Hattie's Hat Shop,' as that specialist's consulting-room is euphemistically called.

The purchase of a hat should never be undertaken alone, any more than one should have one's teeth pulled out without a friendly face to confront one when 'coming out' of gas. And, by the way, what a good idea it would be to have a whiff of some anæsthetic applied to the victim who enters a millinery establishment to have twenty-five dollars painlessly extracted. 'Crown-work' is sometimes a nervous strain to the occupant of the dental chair. It is often an equally trying experience to the visitor in the millinery parlor.

To be sure the sight of a hat that seems designed by Fate — or France — to suit one's own particular contour and coloring frequently acts like a narcotic, and drugs one's conscience into complete subjection to the saleslady's wishes. No practitioners in psycho-analysis or hypnotic suggestion could more successfully subdue the conscious will and gain a mastery over the victim than the plausible Miss Hattie.

This is what happened when I went to look at hats — not to buy them: —

'Oh, no, madam, \$29.87 is not at all dear for this little toque,' Miss Hattie protested to me when I faintly murmured at the price.

'What, you say that you don't wear feathers because you belong to the Auburn Society? Why, dear, auburn

hair like yours is very fashionable this season, only we call it *henna* now instead of red, and black feathers look real well with it. What, you don't wear birds' feathers? Well now, is n't that a joke! This *is* n't a bird's feather; it's just made out of whalebone! We don't mind killing whales, do we, and yet I suppose it hurts them to be shot more than it does birds, they're so much less fluffy.'

All this time the hat is being deftly pinned to my head. It is only by a supreme effort of will that I can tear it off, most of my hair coming down in the struggle; but I am determined not to be hypnotized into submission so early: it shows such pitiable weakness.

'I'm only looking, not buying, and I don't like that hat,' I insist; 'either *it* is too young or *I* am too old — in fact, I think the shapes are perfectly terrible this year. Now look at that —' And I pointed a finger of derision at what appeared to be a fruit-basket filled with oranges and bananas that was lying on the table beside me.

Suddenly a female more like a Fury than a Shopper bore down upon me with a look that froze my blood.

'You are speaking of *my hat*, madam, and it is *not* for sale,' she announced with bitter scorn. 'Perhaps you did n't know that yellow is all the rage this year.' And she flounced away bearing her agricultural exhibit with her. (*Exit slave, bearing fruit.*)

This experience unnerved me so that I felt a susceptibility to hypnotism stealing over me, of which Miss Hattie was quick to take advantage by producing head-coverings of other shapes and shades.

'How should you like something in the line of Burgundy?' she suggested, awaking pleasant memories of pre-prohibition days; 'or maize is very fashionable this year, as well as pelican. Then there is always bisque, or jade, or even wistaria.'

Where were the blues and reds that did not sail under false colors? Where were the browns of yesteryear? I tried to intimate, from my state of partial hypnosis, that, though I recognized the faces of all the colors she was introducing to me, I had forgotten their names.

'Now you just leave it all to me,' the skillful practitioner purred soothingly; 'I have just the hat for you — something refined, and at the same time snappy.'

She placed upon my fevered brow an austere and uncompromising pyramid, designed on the antediluvian lines of Mrs. Noah's hat, as remembered in my own early Noah's-Arkaic days.

'Say, I'm just tickled to death with the way you look in that hat,' my hypnotizer went on, making a few passes in front of my face, thereby completing her mesmeric success. 'You're just stunning in it — perfectly stunning.' ('Yes, and stunned, too,' I murmured inaudibly.)

'The way the brim comes down and hides your face is just too becoming for words. Now I'm going to put your old hat in a piece of paper, because of course you want to wear the new one and I don't blame you — not one mite.'

Her deft fingers were working as fast as her tongue. She knew that I must not 'come to' while in her parlor.

'Now, here you are, Miss Smithkins. I'm so glad we had just what you wanted, and so cheap, too. Good-morning. — Come again. — I remember the charge address.' And before I knew it I was in the street below.

My first coherent thought was that I had not even asked the price of the

hat I was wearing; and I did not entirely shake off my stupor till I saw my reflection in a shop-window and awoke with a scream.

ON OUR STREET

At the risk of being dubbed egotistically mendacious, I set down the fact that Pollyanna would have thrived on our street. The typical pessimist (somehow or other I have n't kept step with the pessimists well enough to know who he may be) would have shriveled up and died.

For on our street (and I set it apart in a paragraph to mark its importance) every woman is in love with her husband and her home, and every man is in love with his wife and his children.

And we are all poor. That is, in a material sense we are poor. We would n't trade places with Rockefeller, though, any of us. He has a bad stomach, you know. And we can eat our own fresh cabbage out of our own backyard gardens, and sleep the night through with never a hoof-beat of the nocturnal mare.

Every man and every woman on our street could participate with full privileges in the home-coming celebrations of several and sundry colleges scattered here and there over the globe. Mr. Witwer, with his Rhodes scholarship, makes this last statement possible. Therefore, the traditional spots may be knocked forever from the theory that college women make poor wives and poorer mothers. They do not. We can prove it on our street.

The age-limit on our street seems to be about thirty-five. The salary-limit, so far, has placed itself at three thousand; *vide* Mr. Witwer. The average is twenty-four hundred. But Mr. Witwer's little girl is crippled, and the difference must be devoted to medical attention for her. Last week the doctor

told us that in another year she may walk. The news made us all as happy as if it had been our own Dorothy or our own Mary. There are a number of little Marys on our street and a corresponding number of little Johns. We have no Gwendolyns or Percys.

On Saturday afternoons our young assistant professors and engineers work on our lawns and our gardens. They all wear khaki when they do it, and haul out their old puttees or boots. For every man on our street spent his allotted time in Uncle Sam's service, and each had a shoulder decoration. Some of the decorations extended to the left pocket-flap before they returned home. We are as proud of these as if the right were ours, individually, to stow them away in our cedar chests. And we are as proud of Mr. Towner in his olive-green-and-red triangle as we are sympathetic of his fading sight that debarred him from more active service.

We share three or four 'by-the-day' women, to help us over the hard places, and, aside from a schoolgirl or two to help with the babies once in a while afternoons, we are servantless. Our husbands operate their own boot-black kits and pressing-boards. They boast about the shine on their boots and the lack of shine on their clothing.

We save our pleasure pennies for the movies, Galli-Curci, football, and Sir Oliver Lodge. We browse about the bookstalls for Einstein and Lansing, Kipling, de Maupassant, 'Opal,' and Peter B. Kyne. We all flivvered down to watch the bulletin-board report of the July bout, and came back with the thought predominant that peace with Germany had been consummated.

Are we some of the 'wild young people' John F. Carter, Jr., wrote about last September? Should n't wonder if we were. Our men were at Armageddon. One or two of our women were there. Most of us have an easy time

convincing our parents, when they park their Packard and Peerless plutocracy out in front of our houses and come in to romp with the children, that 'this is the life.' Our particular form of 'wildness' seems to be a reversion to lace-paper valentine days, to old-fashioned gardens, old-fashioned religion, and old-fashioned marriage days.

We're pretty happy on our street.

AN IMPULSIVE ODE TO A PICTURE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ON A BOX OF SUGAR

(On or about his 215th birthday)

Great Benjamin! I cheerfully concede
That, to Miss Reed,
As hungry and half-ill
Along the streets of Philadelphia you sped,
A-munching,
A-crunching
That loaf of baker's bread,
You may have seemed
Beauteous and sightly,
And have been deemed
A person rightly
To have a place
— That is, your face —
Upon a sugar-box.

And afterwards in France,
In homespun coat and pants,
With white locks streaming,
And from your countenance
Kindness perspiredly beaming,
You certainly had them clustering
— Those demoiselles —
As with your gracious spells
(Your best French mustering),
You held them all
In thrall.

Benjamin, you were great
In all affairs of state;
Your Almanac's wise pages
Have hurtled down the ages

Its precepts terse and many,
Teaching a spendthrift nation
The art of conservation
And how to save the Penny.
And from that teeming brain
Came forth a streaming train
Of wonderful inventions;
And it was thought a pity
If, in (nearly) every city,
You were not head of each committee
At all conventions.

But You and Sugar! O Good Benjamin,
What juxtaposition does this put you
in!
What but the brain of some young pro-
fiteer
Would e'er have thought to start on
A scheme to paint the features of a
seer
Upon a sugar carton?
When at my daily task in kitchen, cook-
ing,
To sugar-box I go,
Your countenance seems to me severely
looking,
As if to say, 'Go slow.'
As in I dip, you seem to be a-calling,
'Go slow — go slow — go slower —
Market reports that sugar 's still a-fall-
ing;
Wait till it gets still lower.'
And now when early strawberries are
needing sweeting,
And rhubarb clamors for the sugar-box,
Your lips reproachful seem to be en-
treating,
'Cease sugaring,' and then to be repeat-
ing

Your adage, meant the prodigal to
move,
'Who dainties love, you know, will beg-
gars prove.'
(T was writ to touch the conscience of
the cook —
The fourteenth page in his 'Poor
Richard' book.)

And when it comes to cake and lemon
pie
(With all that rich meringue),
Your presence there upon my sugar-
box,
Your disapproving scowl — it fairly
mocks;
No matter what I try;
I fain would say, 'Go 'lang.'
'T is true, of sugar cooking takes a
mint;
Yet with all due respect to Richard's
thrift,
I do maintain it is a wondrous gift
To make good stuff to eat
And make it sweet
Yet put no sugar in 't.

I'm glad, Good Benjamin, to gaze on
thee
Hanging in state-house and the halls of
Art;
Your homely features, lit with charity,
Are of our nation's life a treasured part;
But would you mind it greatly if I say,
I believe it would ensure us
More freedom in a culinary way,
If they would take you off and put on,
say —
Say, Epicurus.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Cornelia J. Cannon, wife of the distinguished biologist, Professor Walter B. Cannon, will be remembered as the author of the striking paper, 'Can our Civilization Maintain Itself?' in the *Atlantic* for November, 1920. E. Barrington is a British traveler and scholar. That passionate pilgrim, A. Edward Newton, sends us a post-card announcing the consummation of his pious journey to Wales, where he has just placed a memorial nosegay on the grave of his 'Light-Blue Stocking,' Mrs. Thrale. Warren K. Moorehead, an archaeologist of long experience and of recognized authority in his chosen field, and member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners, is Curator of the Department of Archaeology at Phillips Academy, Andover.

* * *

Mrs. A. Devereux (Cornelia N.) writes to the editor from Albany that the experiences described in these letters befell her on the exact road which is now the Union Pacific R.R. The engineers who were so kind to us were part of the 1st Corps [commanded] by Maj. Gen. Dodge, sent out to survey the ground for the Union Pacific. The date of my husband's going out on 'the Plains,' [she adds] . . . is fixed in my memory, definitely, because he was all ready to put his horses in the wagon . . . on Saturday, when, a last errand taking him to the business part of town, he learned of the death of Abraham Lincoln; and as he was Pastor of the Congregational Church in Council Bluffs at that time, he said he must wait to start on his vacation excursion, reopen the church, and preach a sermon to lead his people in their intense grief.

At ninety-three, she writes as vigorously as if the habit of correspondence were still strong upon her.

* * *

Charles H. Grandgent, for many years Professor of Romance Languages at Harvard, is a Dantean of wide reputation. Stuart P. Sherman, critic and philosopher, is Professor of English at the University of Illinois. Edgar J. Goodspeed is a professor of Biblical lore in the University of Chicago, who seasons his patristic learning with the love of strictly contemporary life. Emma Lawrence (Mrs. John S. Lawrence, of Boston) is a new writer, several of whose stories

will appear in the *Atlantic* during the winter. Amy Lowell, critic, scholar, and poet, lives in Brookline, Massachusetts. Joseph Fort Newton is pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, in New York City. Lieutenant-Commander Kenneth Chafee McIntosh, U.S.N., is stationed at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. Cary Gamble Lowndes is a banker of Baltimore, a sportsman, and an adventurer in letters.

* * *

L. J. S. Wood, the Rome correspondent of the well-known British Catholic weekly, the *Tablet*, has lived in Rome for many years, and has devoted serious study to the politics of both the Quirinal and the Vatican. Dr. A. Shadwell, the veteran Labor editor of the London *Times*, after practising medicine in his early days, has given himself up to the study of sociological and industrial questions. He has traveled widely and has investigated conditions in Canada and the United States, as well as in Russia, Germany, and England. Any personal characterization of Dr. Shadwell should mention the list of his amusements as he gives them in *Who's Who*. 'Recreations: being taken out by his dogs, fishing, music'—the pastimes of a philosopher. Arthur E. Suffern, head of the Department of Economics at Beloit College, is the author of 'Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America,' which took the first prize in the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Economic Essay Contest in 1913. In 1914 he was made Special Investigator of the Coal Industry by the U.S. Commission on Industrial Relations. Russell Robb is a member of the famous Boston firm of Stone and Webster.

* * *

Here are answers to questionings perhaps more frequent than any others, regarding the 'new' education.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE, OHIO, July 15, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Nothing constitutes me a spokesman for the progressive school movement except, inspired thereto by the communication of M. T. H. in the July Contributors' Column, my insistent desire for expression. If you will humor me so far, I will limit myself to two points.

It is unnecessary to teach a child obedience: that is instinctive. Every parent can testify to the beautiful, implicit obedience that children yield — sometimes. In other words, it is not respect for authority which is needed, for one cannot help respecting it when one meets it. What we need to teach is, how to recognize authority and how to tell the spurious from the genuine. Now, the trouble with the conventional school is too often that the teacher, though but a scribe, as Dallas Lore Sharp points out, attempts to exercise authority. Of course, when the children find it out, — as they do, — they resent it, and thus definitely learn *disrespect* for authority-claimants in general. In the new schools, no one claims the respect due authority, but everyone, teacher and pupil alike, strives to earn it.

Much the same reasoning applies to the discipline in doing what you do not want to do, which is thought so necessary. The only true and useful discipline is that which is self-imposed. And that sort of discipline is abundantly present in the progressive school. Does anyone think that the sometimes elaborate projects get miraculously done without tiresome details and hard work? Can it be imagined that a school which deliberately seeks to keep its pupils under real life-conditions could or would eliminate the 'irksomeness of the steady grind'? Drudgery it does virtually eliminate, for drudgery is a state of mind, due to being compelled to labor without illumination and without understanding and without joy. The pupil in the progressive school knows full well the 'weariness of routine'; has learned what the pupil in the conventional school rarely learns, that 'the world's work must be done somehow' — what has the orthodox curriculum got to do with the 'world's work'? But he learns also why it must be done, and how it may be made a thing of joy because of some underlying purpose. The curse of our age is that so many are asking whether the world's work is worth doing. Is this because so many are more — not better — educated? The aim of education for life is to send the child forth to do the work of the world, even the weary routine (no longer unintelligible drudgery, however) with eager zest, because the adventure of life is worth while. HORACE B. ENGLISH.

* * *

Askalon, too!

SO. PASADENA, CAL., June 28, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Does the following incident suggest that there is 'culture' in Pasadena like unto Chicago and Boston?

A few days ago I made some purchases in a grocery; the clerk who served me offered to carry my packages to my automobile, and as we walked to it, he waved his hand toward the many automobiles parked along the street and said, "These more than anything fulfill the words of the prophet."

"How is that?" I asked.

And he replied: "'The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways; they shall seem like torches and they shall run like the lightnings.'"

I did not know what prophet said it, and I was so amazed I had not the wit to ask; but on reaching home I found it in the second chapter of Nahum. Could there be a more apt description of the ways and appearance of the modern chariot? Very truly,

GRACE C. SIMONS.

* * *

There will be cramps in the nation's 'inwards' before the last Jew is assimilated. That we have always thought, and here is proof of it.

NEW YORK CITY, July 1, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A Jew of Jews, like the undersigned, stands aghast before the present-day flood of articles on the Jewish question. 'T is a veritable pogrom in printer's ink. And inky pogroms are deadlier than bloody ones, and blacker.

As a Super-Jew, I feel at any rate grateful for the sympathetic tone of Paul Scott Mowrer's disquisition on 'The Assimilation of Israel.' But how weak in its argument! The Jew, forsooth, does not assimilate: he refuses to intermarry, and occasionally attends the synagogue. Ergo, his is a double allegiance! And this in the same breath with the statement that the Jew has given evidence during the great war of his loyalty to America. In what way, then, does religious loyalty interfere with political allegiance?

And the solution of the problem? Inter-marriage — *Q.E.D.* But this is no solution of the Jewish question; rather, a dissolution of the Jewish people. It means, let the Jew cease to be a Jew, and he will have no trouble.

Mr. Mowrer's article is an illustration of the greatest of all sins — the Sin of Being Different. Life is a monstrous rubber-stamp affair. Liking depends on likeness. The Unlike must be annihilated. The sympathetic ones, like Mr. Mowrer, would kill the Jew with kindness. Euthanasia —

To many a thinking Jew, as to a few thoughtful Gentiles, the remedy seems to be, not in the Jews ceasing to be Jews, but in the Christians becoming Christians.

All this is said with no malice, and with a painful consciousness of the nearness of the wastebasket to the editorial desk. But I feel that there is a great deal of amateurishness in all these discussions of the Jewish problem. The expert has not yet been heard from. The undersigned does not claim to be an expert. But he proudly proclaims himself a Jew of Jews, and a Pharisee. And while everybody has something unbecoming to say about the Pharisee, why should not the Pharisee be given a chance to state his own case?

Respectfully,

JOEL BLAU.

Rabbi, Temple Peni-El, New York City.

* * *

If ever we showed disrespect toward the art of Charlie Chaplin, may we be forgiven! Here's matter worth reading.

ARLINGTON, FLA., July 12, 1921.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

The interesting article on the movies in the current number of your magazine omits what seems to me to be a very important feature of the film pictures. People leading the monotonous lives that the largest numbers of our population do — and it is the same all over the world — are patronizing these shows for the hypnotic effect produced. Charlie Chaplin is not merely a great artist, but he is a careful student of psychology, and he has proved that it is the gliding movements of his feet and entire figure which carry the minds of his guests along with the smoothly flowing current of a pleasant dream. He carefully avoids changing the focus of the eyes of the spectators by forcing them to read any inserts, and keeps cleverly devised scenes moving swiftly across the screen. The audiences are lulled into rest and forgetfulness of the incidents of everyday life, and are unconscious of the lapse of time.

The movies take the place of alcoholic stimulants or drugs, and are so much cheaper that they would be used to a much greater extent if the scenarios were only written in the proper way, without any attempt to transpose literature. Old and young, rich and poor, alike enjoy a pleasant dream while harmlessly hypnotized. In my opinion there should not be a line of script; there should not be the slightest attempt to instruct or elevate or degrade — just scenes from life and action. Music can be introduced if the musicians are kept out of sight, and if it is of the same soft and low and sweet kind that comes to us in pleasant dreams. Nothing must be allowed to happen in the theatre to arouse us from our hypnotic state.

There is no telling what pleasure may be given to a world-weary race by the development of this new discovery of a practical method of sending us off into those wonderful regions which Shakespeare alone could describe. If he could only have had this new medium, instead of the crude *genre* of language, we should now be reveling in visions such as we have no conception of in the dull lives we are now leading, amid the confusing noises and ugly surroundings of our so-called civilization. The newest art may easily become the greatest of all, and its development cannot proceed too rapidly if it only moves along the right lines; and so far Charlie Chaplin is the true pioneer who is pointing the way to better days.

Yours very truly,

R. S. HOWLAND.

And, speaking of movies, here is another letter with a different story.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Katharine Fullerton Gerould's discerning and thought-provoking article on 'Movies,' in the July issue, seems to me of not quite the even excellence of most of her papers. In the second and more academic section, on what the movies might be, her analysis is penetrating. In the first section, on what they are, she tends to illustrate her opening remark that there is a lot about movies she does n't know. On any such ignorance, however, she is to be, in some ways, congratulated.

Incidentally, there are a number of irresponsible statements or implications: that Aristotle ordained three 'sacred' unities; that an epic need have no unity of action; that movies can be justified if they keep their patrons from something worse; and that the notion that saloons were vicious is a joke.

The assertion that the peril of the moving-picture is sensationalism and cheap sentimentalism, rather than salaciousness, is eminently true. *Life* once had a picture of the front rows of children watching wholesale murder on the screen, with the title, 'Passed by the National Board of Censorship.' Annette Kellerman *sans* everything is wholesomeness itself, compared to such free play of jealousy, hate, and murder.

But I cannot agree that 'motion-picture producers are much more scrupulous than theatrical managers.' The salaciousness which is, to a considerable extent, kept out of films by the censors is worked for all it is worth in uncensored advertisements. The movies have made 'vamp' (a savage euphemism for 'courtesan') a word lightly used by young girls, have familiarized patrons with low dance-halls and dens of crime, and, if 'they have closed up' any 'literary red-light district,' it was only to reopen it under new management.

The one fault, sex-appeal, which has been partly checked in moving-pictures, is, except for an occasional undesirable crook play, about the only *positive* moral charge which can be brought against the regular stage. (Even here the sometimes under-dressed chorus is balanced by the bathing-girls so featured in the movies, and the most undressed revues are often quite free from vulgar lines.) On the other hand, moving-pictures have evil contacts with many more phases of life. They are at their worst when they take themselves seriously, and they do preach incessantly. The movies have taken over the problem-play and are always attacking marriage, divorce, or birth-control — championing some supposed reform which will give them license to portray what may be advertised, and to some extent filmed, pruriently, or in some other sensational manner.

The film *comedies* have this much of palliation, however: they do not insist on being taken seriously. No wonder Mrs. Gerould is not proud of Charlie Chaplin as American Ambassador-at-Large. But this much can be said for the stock characters of slap-stick comedy (those of the old Italian farce, PUNCHINELLO, MUTT and JEFF, CHARLIE CHAPLIN): the whole point of them is their indestructibility, though they 'die daily,' and their lack of amenability to moral sanctions, — that is, their unreality. It is not Mutt or Charlie (or the characters of the real stage, for that matter) whom romantic youngsters pattern after and so get into trouble — as in the last of the 'Juvenile Court Sketches' in the June *Atlantic*; it is the characters of the movie 'dramas,' for they seem convincing and real.

A last serious charge against the pictures is that they disregard the laws of physical and moral cause and effect, except for a few yards of hasty, hypocritical reconciliation with them at

the end of the film. A man or woman may go the limit; but an easy reformation, feebly motivated, the opportune deaths of a few extra wives, husbands, or incriminating witnesses, and other *deus-ex-machina* contrivances, readily clear the way for them to retain, under a semblance of righteousness, their ill-gotten gains or pleasures. Whatsoever a man soweth, he can reap something else with a little manipulation at the studio.

Mrs. Gerould's constructive criticisms of the cinema are admirable; in her destructive criticisms she has praised them with faint damnation.

CLYDE MURLEY.

And, by way of final suggestion, this: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Gerould's article on the movies is one of the happiest of her many delightful contributions to the *Atlantic*. She pungently phrases what many of us have been soberly feeling about the movies' vulgarity, sensationalism, and sentimentalism. She also feels the big epic and realistic appeal that may be made, and, for that matter, has been accomplished, to a certain extent.

May I make a supplemental suggestion, along the lines of what we want the movie to become — namely, a work of art? The movie is not drama, says Mrs. Gerould. Very true. But it is a picture — not necessarily a realistic or epic picture, at that. All the world loves good pictures. We hang them in galleries and call them art. A moving-picture has all the advantages of a static picture, save one, — color, — and that, we are told, will soon be supplied by a new process of color-photography. Moreover, the movie has an advantage which the painting has not, namely, motion.

Why can't we have the tragedy and comedy of life portrayed by motion? In other words, why should not the art of pantomime be revived? Likewise, the art of dancing. Sculpture, too, might come to life. New phases of art might be tested, — cubist, futurist, what not, — and new theories of stagecraft would inevitably develop. As for suggestions from the past, I can imagine a farcical skit, Molière-like in texture, in which grotesquerie would prove an art; another, a dancing pantomime of lyric love, a veritable spring song; Judith of Bethulia, a pantomime of tragic intensity; and the Book of Ruth, one of solemn beauty.

If only the movie would stop trying to talk, it might act. It could move the world with the poetry of motion.

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LEROY ARNOLD.

How often must we be told that in the wilderness true values appear?

CAMP YALE, DAILY, COL., July 6, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is tough, as well as inconvenient, to be poor, but honest, and I am wandering if the opposite life is any better — that is, less inconvenient. I have stopped working, and therefore my income ceases to flow into my coffers, if such an old-fashioned thing still exists in this modern age. I am enjoying a sort of enforced exile up 8000 feet in the air, camping by my lonesome, and I assure you it is great fun.

The dreaded hour has arrived when my sub-

scription to Boston's only magazine has expired, and I must decide between two alternatives: shall I renew my subscription immediately and live for a while on beans, which, though a Bostonian, I dislike, or shall I expend the money on food for the body? Here is where the inconvenience of being poor but honest comes in. I might borrow the magazine from some good Samaritan; but I very much doubt if the ranchers around here ever read the *Atlantic*.

I must confess, *Atlantic*, that I have literary ambitions, which one of my English professors in college seemingly tried to destroy; for he had a very disagreeable habit of selecting my themes and exposing their crudeness to the public gaze. According to him, my sins of omission and commission were like the sands of the sea. First, he began to howl over my scarcity of commas; and when I tried to satisfy him by scattering them liberally around, he objected very sarcastically. Then, at another time, he read a short story of mine in which the hero's name changed very frequently. I wrote that story in a hurry and could not remember my hero's name. Fortunately, I did not have a heroine. I hope, *Atlantic*, you are not so particular as to commas and the changing of the hero's name.

During the past few months, the *Atlantic* has contained many articles on education, and I think that something is the matter with our educational system, for, in spite of a college education, and some experience in teaching, I am having the deuce of a time to spell some words, and I have no dictionary here. If I have misspelled a few words, please overlook them and blame it not on my ignorance but on the system.

Sincerely yours,

ABRAHAM SEGAL.

P.S. Have decided to live on beans.

* * *

How we came to say it is past understanding, but say it we did. We make tardy amends to our readers by printing these pleasant paragraphs from a friendly reader, Mr. H. W. Yozall.

I am sorry to see in the June *Atlantic* one of your contributors assigning Lewis Carroll to the University of Cambridge. Shades of Wolsey and Henry VIII, the faculty of whose great *Ædes Christi* Dodgson so originally adorned!

My father once told me of dining at the high table of the House, and listening with eager expectation for the witticisms of Dodgson, who was sitting opposite. But not one word did he speak during the whole meal. They adjourned to the senior common room for nuts and wine, and talk fell on the subject of notes used by famous speakers and various systems of memorizing. The Dean told how Charles Dickens always visualized his lecture as a wheel, with the different divisions as its spokes. After completing each division, he would strike away a spoke with a curious gesture of the right arm. 'And when he came to the last spoke,' said the Dean — 'Then he had spoken,' Dodgson interrupted, and relapsed into silence for the rest of the evening.

Finally, you of course have heard how Queen Victoria, having read *Alice in Wonderland*, wrote to the author commanding him to send her his next book; to which request Dodgson responded by sending his *Symbolic Logic*.

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Many readers to whom Miss Converse's miracle play gave pleasure will care to learn that, besides a great number of performances in many American church communities, the play was given by the International College in Smyrna, under extraordinarily picturesque conditions.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
The Best Country in the World

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

There are a lot of people out here in Smyrna, and in other parts of the Near East, who are very grateful to you for publishing in your March issue that beautiful little play by Florence Converse, 'Thy Kingdom Come.'

Each year we hold a student conference here at Smyrna. The conference is held on the campus of the International College at Paradise. (We did not name the place. The Romans called it Paradise long years ago. We try to make good on the name.) This year there were delegates from the Balkans, Asia Minor, Greece, Syria, and Egypt.

On one evening of the conference, just at sunset, we presented Miss Converse's 'Thy Kingdom Come.' Faculty, students, and faculty children took part. Some three hundred watched the play in reverent silence. The play was given outdoors, in a little natural theatre on a hillside overlooking a valley, where the ruins of old Roman aqueducts added to the impressiveness of the hour. In the background was a hill that might have been Calvary. Natural rocks formed the tomb.

The parts had been studied for weeks, and the costumes were perfect. The speaking and the action were so natural that one forgot for the time that it was but a presentation. It thrilled with present life. Of course the conference helped create an atmosphere almost ideal, and the play was given the week following the Eastern Easter. We left out a little of the doughboy slang, which many of these students would not have understood, and we added one thing. As the angels came over the brow of the hill, to roll the stone away, a chorus of girls, hidden in a cleft of rocks below in the valley, sang,—

'Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say,
Alleluia!'

There was truly a thrill as those clear young voices carried the song of triumph through verse after verse. It seemed as if angelic voices had joined the earthly choir.

Cordially yours,

S. RALPH HARLOW

Not the lost Atlantis, but the lost *Atlantic*, gives the fine tragic note nowadays. Here is a sequel to the grim story in the June Column.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I was more than ordinarily interested in your published account of the man who stole a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here in Portland, Oregon, I stepped to a newstand at Morrison and Fourth streets, to buy a *Saturday Evening Post* containing an article by H. G. Wells, and had recrossed the street, when two men came running up.

'You got an *Atlantic*,' one of them said.

'No,' I replied, thinking they had brought me a copy they supposed I had bought and left on the counter. 'I got a *Saturday Evening Post*.'

'No, you got an *Atlantic* on the stand across the street.'

I did not yet grasp the situation, and replied that I bought my *Atlantic* some days before.

'But you were seen to take it. You took it from the stand.'

Then I understood what had happened. Someone not myself had stolen a copy from the stand. It appears that out here the *Atlantic* is one of the fundamental needs of the human race; so much so that, lacking the price, one must steal it. The incident you publish seems to prove that human hunger for the *Atlantic* is not confined to the Pacific Coast.

M. O. N.

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Now and again brides have written us that they are taking the *Atlantic* with them on their honeymoon. Those were pretty compliments, of course; but here is incense.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

This is not Boston—far, far from it. Yet the other day, when caring for a young mother (a country girl—Texas-born and bred), I entered her room and found the young mother lying beside her half-hour-old son, happy and comfortable—reading the last *Atlantic*.

Our Texas sunshine seems to produce vigorous bodies and minds. ALICE I. B. MASSEY.

Why drag in Texas sunshine!

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When Miss Dora M. Briggs wrote us the interesting letter regarding her unpleasant experience before a Naturalization Board, which we published in the *Atlantic* for July, she dated her communication from Springfield, Massachusetts. We published the letter with the date-line, and thus passed on to our readers the mistaken impression we ourselves received—that it is upon Springfield that the stigma rests. At the time it seemed extraordinary, for Springfield is famous for its civic sense. We are glad to announce that the responsibility should be placed elsewhere.